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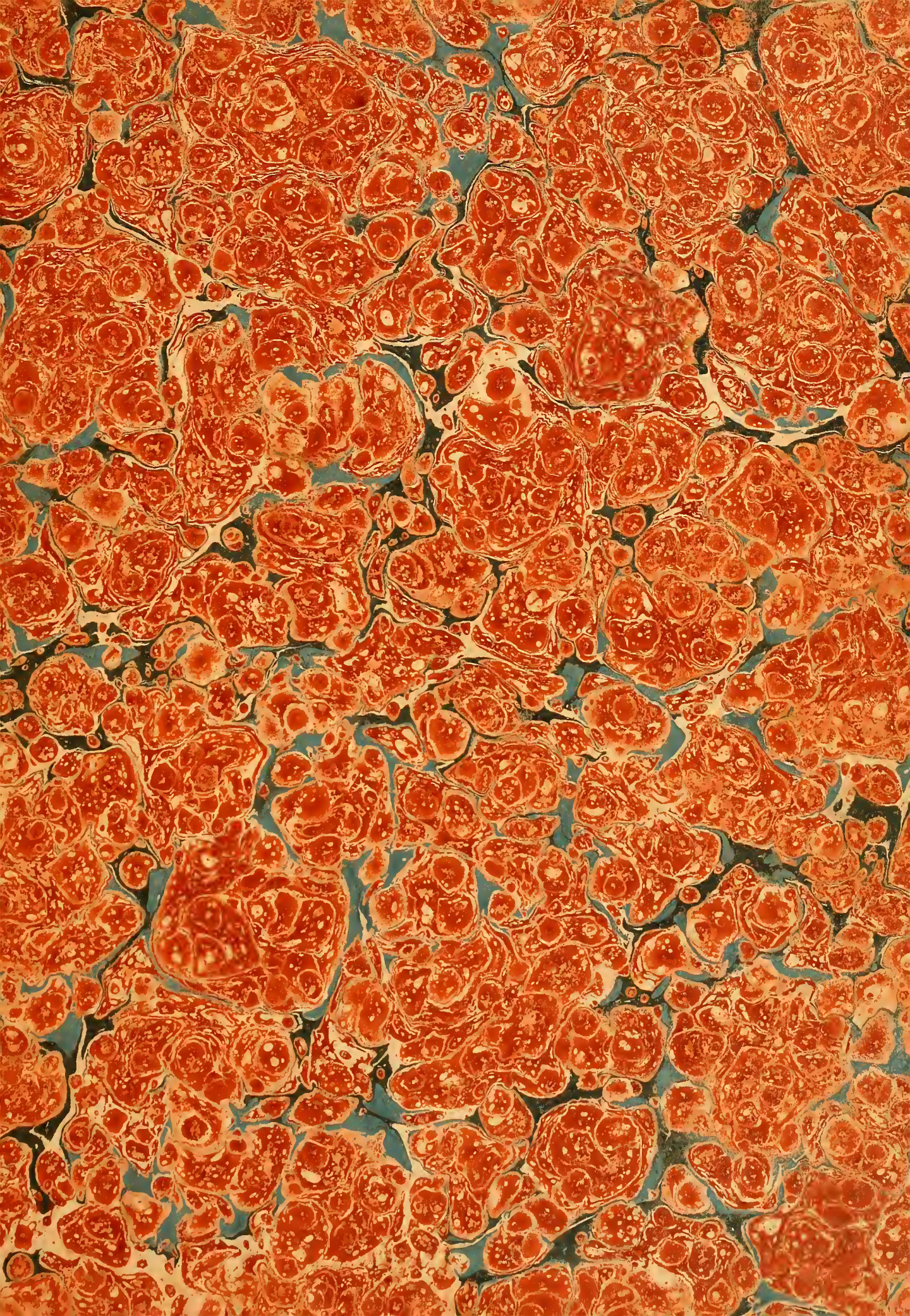

THE

WORKS

OF THE LATE

RIGHT HONORABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

VOLUME the SECOND.

With a Complete INDEX.

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE, for J. and R. TONSON,

At *Shakespear's Head* in the *Strand*.

M DCC LXI.

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REMARKS

ON SEVERAL

PARTS

OF

ITALY, &c.

In the YEARS 1701, 1702, 1703.

Verum ergo id eſt, ſi quis in coelum aſcendiſſet, naturamque mundi et pulchritudinem ſiderum perſpexiſſet, inſuavem illam admirationem ei fore, quae jucundiſſima fuiſſet, ſi aliquem cui narraret habuiſſet.

Cicer. de Amic.

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.

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To the Right Honorable

JOHN LORD SOMERS,

BARON of *EVESHAM.*

My LORD,

THERE is a Pleaſure in owning Obligations which it is an Honor to have received, but ſhould I publiſh any Favors done me by Your Lordſhip, I am afraid it would look more like Vanity than Gratitude.

I had a very early Ambition to recommend myſelf to Your Lordſhip's Patronage, which yet encreaſed in me as I travelled through the Countries, of which I here give Your Lordſhip ſome Account: For whatever great Impreſſions an *Engliſhman* muſt have of Your Lordſhip, they who have been converſant Abroad will find them ſtill improved. It cannot

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cannot but be obvious to them, that though they ſee Your Lordſhip's Admirers every where, they meet with very few of Your Well-wiſhers at *Paris* or at *Rome*. And I could not but obſerve when I paſſed through moſt of the Proteſtant governments in *Europe*, that their Hopes or Fears for the Common Cauſe roſe or fell with Your Lordſhip's Intereſt and Authority in *England*.

I here preſent Your Lordſhip with the Remarks that I made in a Part of theſe my Travels; wherein, notwithſtanding the Variety of the Subject, I am very ſenſible that I offer nothing new to Your Lordſhip, and can have no other Deſign in this Addreſs, than to declare that I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obliged, and

moſt Obedient Humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

PREFACE.

THERE is certainly no place in the world where a man may travel with greater pleaſure and advantage than in Italy. *One finds ſomething more particular in the face of the country, and more aſtoniſhing in the works of Nature, than can be met with in any other part of* Europe. *It is the great ſchool of Muſic and Painting, and contains in it all the nobleſt productions of Statuary and Architecture both ancient and modern. It abounds with cabinets of Curioſities, and vaſt collections of all kinds of Antiquities. No other country in the world has ſuch a variety of Governments, that are ſo different in their Conſtitutions and ſo refined in their Politics. There is ſcarce any part of the nation that is not famous in Hiſtory, nor ſo much as a mountain or river that has not been the ſcene of ſome extraordinary action.*

As there are few men that have talents or opportunities for examining ſo copious a ſubject, one may obſerve among thoſe who have written on Italy, *that different Authors have ſucceeded beſt on different ſorts of Curioſities. Some have been more particular in their accounts of Pictures, Statues and Buildings; ſome have ſearched into Libraries, cabinets of Rarities, and collections of Medals; as others have been wholly taken up with Inſcriptions, Ruins and Antiquities. Among the Authors of our own country, we are obliged to the Biſhop of* Salisbury, *for his maſterly and uncommon obſervations on the Religion and Governments of* Italy: Laſſels *may be uſeful in giving us the names of ſuch Writers as have treated of the ſeveral States thro' which he paſſed: Mr.* Ray *is to be valued for his Obſervations on the Natural productions of the place. Monſieur* Miſſon *has wrote a more correct account of* Italy *in general than any before him, as he particularly excels in the Plan of the country, which he has given us in true and lively colors.*

There

There are ſtill ſeveral of theſe Topics that are far from being exhauſted, as there are many new ſubjects that a traveller may find to employ himſelf upon. For my own part, as I have taken notice of ſeveral Places and Antiquities that no body elſe has ſpoken of, ſo, I think, I have mentioned but few things in common with others, that are not either ſet in a new light, or accompanied with different reflections. I have taken care particularly to conſider the ſeveral paſſages of the ancient Poets, which have any relation to the Places and Curioſities that I met with; for before I entered on my voyage I took care to refreſh my memory among the Claſſic *Authors, and to make ſuch collections out of them as I might afterwards have occaſion for. I muſt confeſs it was not one of the leaſt entertainments that I met with in travelling, to examine theſe ſeveral Deſcriptions, as it were, upon the ſpot, and to compare the natural face of the country with the Landſcapes that the Poets have given us of it. However to avoid the confuſion that might ariſe from a multitude of quotations, I have only cited ſuch verſes as have given us ſome Image of the place, or that have ſomething elſe beſides the bare Name of it to recommend them.*

MONACO, GENOA, &c.

ON the twelfth of *December*, 1699, I ſet out from *Marſeilles* to *Genoa* in a Tartane, and arrived late at a ſmall *French* Port called *Caſſis*, where the next morning we were not a little ſurprized to ſee the mountains about the town covered with green Olive-trees, or laid out in beautiful Gardens, which gave us a great variety of pleaſing proſpects, even in the depth of winter. The moſt uncultivated of them produce abundance of ſweet plants, as Wild-Thyme, Lavender, Roſemary, Balme and Myrtle. We were here ſhown at a diſtance the Deſerts, which have been rendered ſo famous by the Penance of *Mary Magdalene*, who, after her arrival with *Lazarus* and *Joſeph* of *Arimathea* at *Marſeilles*, is ſaid to have wept away the reſt of her life among theſe ſolitary rocks and mountains. It is ſo Romantic a ſcene, that it has always probably given occaſion to ſuch Chimerical relations; for it is perhaps of this place that *Claudian* ſpeaks, in the following deſcription.

Et locus extremum pandit quà Gallia littus
Oceani praetentus aquis, quà fertur Ulyſſes
Sanguine libato populum moviſſe Silentûm,
Illic Umbrarum tenui ſtridore volantûm
Flebilis auditur queſtus; ſimulachra coloni
Pallida defunctaſque vident migrare figuras, &c. Cl. In. Ruf. L. 1.

A place there lyes on *Gallia*'s utmoſt bounds,
Where riſing ſeas inſult the frontier grounds.

Ulyſſes here the blood of victims ſhed,
And rais'd the pale aſſembly of the dead:
Oft in the winds is heard a plaintive ſound;
Of melancholy ghoſts, that hover round;
The lab'ring plow-man oft with horror ſpies
Thin airy ſhapes, that o'er the furrows riſe,
(A dreadful ſcene!) and ſkim before his eyes.

I know there is nothing more undetermined among the Learned than the Voyage of *Ulyſſes;* ſome confining it to the Mediterranean, others extending it to the great Ocean, and others aſcribing it to a world of the Poet's own making; though his converſations with the dead are generally ſuppoſed to have been in the *Narbon Gaul.*

Incultos adiit Laeſtrigonas Antiphatenque, &c.
Atque haec ceu noſtras interſunt cognita terras,
Fabula ſive novum dedit his erroribus orbem. Tib. L. 4. El. 1.

Uncertain whether, by the winds convey'd,
On real ſeas to real ſhores he ſtray'd;
Or, by the fable driven from coaſt to coaſt,
In new imaginary worlds was loſt.

The next day we again ſet ſail, and made the beſt of our way 'till we were forced, by contrary winds, into St. *Remo*, a very pretty town in the *Genoeſe* dominions. The front to the ſea is not large, but there are a great many houſes behind it, built up the ſide of the mountain to avoid the winds and vapours that come from the ſea. We here ſaw ſeveral perſons, that in the midſt of *December* had nothing over their ſhoulders but their ſhirts, without complaining of the cold. It is certainly very lucky for the poorer ſort, to be born in a place that is free from the greateſt inconvenience, to which thoſe of our northern nations are ſubject; and indeed without this natural benefit of their climates, the extreme miſery and poverty that are in moſt of the *Italian* governments would be inſupportable. There are at St. *Remo* many plantations of Palm-trees, though they do not grow in other parts of *Italy.* We ſailed from hence directly for *Genoa,* and had a fair wind that carried us into the middle of the gulf, which is very remarkable for tempeſts and ſcarcity of fiſh. It is probable one may be the cauſe of the other, whether it be that the fiſher-men cannot imploy their art with ſo much ſucceſs in ſo troubled a ſea, or that the fiſh do not care for inhabiting ſuch ſtormy waters.

Atrum

———————*Atrum*
Defendens piſces hyemat mare——— Hor. Sa. 2. li. 2.

While black with ſtorms the ruffled ocean rolls,
And from the fiſher's art defends her finny ſholes.

We were forced to lye in it two days, and our Captain thought his Ship in ſo great danger, that he fell upon his knees and confeſs'd himſelf to a Capuchin who was on board with us. But at laſt, taking the advantage of a ſide wind, we were driven back in a few hours time as far as *Monaco*. *Lucan* has given us a deſcription of the Harbour that we found ſo very welcome to us, after the great danger we had eſcaped.

Quàque ſub Herculeo ſacratus nomine portus
Urget rupe cavâ pelagus: non Corus in illum
Jus habet aut Zephyrus: Solus ſua littora turbat
Circius, et tutâ prohibet ſtatione Monaeci. Lib. 1.

The winding rocks a ſpacious harbour frame,
That from the great *Alcides* takes its name:
Fenc'd to the weſt, and to the north it lies;
But when the winds in ſouthern quarters riſe,
Ships, from their anchors torn, become their ſport,
And ſudden tempeſts rage within the port.

On the Promontory where the town of *Monaco* now ſtands, was formerly the temple of *Hercules Monaecus*, which ſtill gives the name to this ſmall Principality.

Aggeribus ſocer Alpinis atque arce Monaeci
Deſcendens.——————————— Virg. AEn. 6.

There are but three towns in the dominions of the Prince of *Monaco*. The chief of them is ſituate on a rock which runs out into the ſea, and is well fortified by nature. It was formerly under the protection of the *Spaniard*, but not many years ſince drove out the *Spaniſh* Garriſon, and received a *French* one, which conſiſts at preſent of five hundred men, paid and officer'd by the *French* King. The Officer who ſhowed me the Palace told me, with a great deal of gravity, that his maſter and the King of *France*, amidſt all the confuſions of *Europe*, had ever been good friends and allies. The palace has handſome apartments, that are many of them hung with

pictures of the reigning Beauties in the court of *France*. But the beſt of the furniture was at *Rome*, where the Prince of *Monaco* reſided at that time ambaſſador. We here took a little boat to creep along the ſea-ſhore as far as *Genoa;* but at *Savona*, finding the ſea too rough, we were forced to make the beſt of our way by land, over very rugged mountains and precipices: For this road is much more difficult than that over mount *Cennis*.

The *Genoeſe* are eſteemed extremely cunning, induſtrious, and inur'd to hardſhip above the reſt of the *Italians;* which was likewiſe the character of the old *Ligurians*. And indeed it is no wonder, while the Barrenneſs of their country continues, that the Manners of the inhabitants do not change: Since there is nothing makes men ſharper, and ſets their hands and wits more at work, than Want. The *Italian* proverb ſays of the *Genoeſe*, that they have *a ſea without fiſh, land without trees, and men without faith.* The character the *Latin* poets have given of them is not much different.

Aſſuetumque malo Ligurem. Virg. G. 2.

The hard *Ligurians,* a laborious kind.

Pernix Ligur. Sil. It. El. 8.
Fallaces Ligures. Auſ. Eid. 12.
Apenninicolae bellator filius Auni
Haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata ſinebant. AEn. 11.

Yet like a true *Ligurian*, born to cheat,
(At leaſt whilſt Fortune favor'd his deceit.)

Vane Ligur, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentaſti lubricus artes. Id.

Vain fool and coward, cries the lofty maid,
Caught in the train which thou thyſelf haſt laid.
On others practiſe thy *Ligurian* arts;
Thin ſtratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are loſt on me; nor ſhalt thou ſafe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire. *Dryden.*

There are a great many beautiful palaces ſtanding along the ſea-ſhore on both ſides of *Genoa*, which make the town appear much longer than it is, to thoſe that ſail by it. The city it ſelf makes the nobleſt ſhow of any in the world. The houſes are moſt of them painted on the outſide; ſo that they

they look extremely gay and lively, beſides that they are eſteemed the higheſt in *Europe,* and ſtand very thick together. The New-ſtreet is a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greateſt Princes to inhabit. I cannot however be reconciled to their manner of painting ſeveral of the *Genoeſe* houſes. Figures, perſpectives, or pieces of hiſtory are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the walls, that would otherwiſe look too naked and uniform without them: But inſtead of theſe, one often ſees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders. If theſe were ſo many true columns of marble, ſet in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where they ſtand, but as they are now, they only ſhew us that there is ſomething wanting, and that the palace, which without theſe counterfeit pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the addition of ſuch as are real. The front of the *Villa Imperiale,* at a middle diſtance from *Genoa*, without any thing of this paint upon it, conſiſts of a *Doric* and *Corinthian* row of pillars, and is much the handſomeſt of any I ſaw there. The Duke of *Doria*'s palace has the beſt outſide of any in *Genoa,* as that of *Durazzo* is the beſt furniſhed within. There is one room in the firſt, that is hung with tapeſtry, in which are wrought the figures of the great perſons, that the family has produced; as perhaps there is no houſe in *Europe*, that can ſhow a longer line of heroes, that have ſtill acted for the good of their country. *Andrew Doria* has a ſtatue erected to him at the entrance of the Doge's palace, with the glorious title of Deliverer of the common-wealth; and one of his family another, that calls him its preſerver. In the Doge's palace, are the rooms where the great and little Council with the two Colleges hold their aſſemblies; but as the ſtate of *Genoa* is very poor, tho' ſeveral of its Members are extremely rich, ſo one may obſerve infinitely more ſplendor and magnificence in particular perſons houſes, than in thoſe that belong to the public. But we find in moſt of the ſtates of *Europe*, that the people ſhow the greateſt marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greateſt magnificence. The churches are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the inſide, all but one corner of it being covered with ſtatues, gilding, and paint. A man would expect, in ſo very ancient a town of *Italy,* to find ſome conſiderable antiquities; but all they have to ſhow of this nature is an old *Roſtrum* of a *Roman* ſhip, that ſtands over the door of their arſenal. It is not above a foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the beak of a ſhip, had not it been found in ſo probable a place as the haven. It is all of Iron, faſhioned at the end like a Boar's head; as I have ſeen it repreſented on medals, and on the *Columna Roſtrata*

Roſtrata in *Rome*. I ſaw at *Genoa*, Signior *Micconi*'s famous collection of ſhells, which, as Father *Buonani* the Jeſuit has ſince told me, is one of the beſt in *Italy*. I know nothing more remarkable in the government of *Genoa*, than the Bank of St. *George*, made up of ſuch branches of the revenues, as have been ſet apart, and appropriated to the diſcharging of ſeveral ſums, that have been borrowed from private perſons, during the exigencies of the common-wealth. Whatever inconveniencies the ſtate has labour'd under, they have never entertained a thought of violating the public credit, or of alienating any part of theſe revenues to other uſes, than to what they have been thus aſſigned. The adminiſtration of this bank is for life, and partly in the hands of the chief citizens, which gives them a great authority in the ſtate, and a powerful influence over the common people. This bank is generally thought the greateſt load on the *Genoeſe*, and the managers of it have been repreſented as a ſecond kind of Senate, that break the Uniformity of government, and deſtroy in ſome meaſure, the Fundamental conſtitution of the ſtate. It is however very certain, that the people reap no ſmall advantages from it, as it diſtributes the power among more particular members of the republic, and gives the commons a figure: So that it is no ſmall Check upon the Ariſtocracy, and may be one reaſon, why the *Genoeſe* Senate carries it with greater Moderation towards their ſubjects, than the *Venetian*.

It would have been well for the republic of *Genoa*, if ſhe had followed the example of her ſiſter of *Venice*, in not permitting her Nobles to make any purchaſe of lands or houſes in the dominions of a foreign prince. For at preſent the Greateſt, among the *Genoeſe*, are in part ſubjects to the monarchy of *Spain*, by reaſon of their eſtates that lye in the kingdom of *Naples*. The *Spaniards* tax them very high upon occaſion, and are ſo ſenſible of the advantage this gives them over the republic, that they will not ſuffer a *Neapolitan* to buy the lands of a *Genoeſe*, who muſt find a purchaſer among his own countrymen, if he has a mind to ſell. For this reaſon, as well as on account of the great ſums of money which the *Spaniard* owes the *Genoeſe*, they are under a neceſſity, at preſent, of being in the intereſt of the *French*, and would probably continue ſo, though all the other States of *Italy* entered into a league againſt them. *Genoa* is not yet ſecure from a Bombardment, though it is not ſo expoſed as formerly; for ſince the Inſult of the *French*, they have built a mole with ſome little ports, and have provided themſelves with long guns and mortars. It is eaſy for thoſe that are ſtrong at ſea to bring them to what terms they pleaſe; for having but very little arable land, they are forced to fetch all their corn

corn from *Naples, Sicily,* and other foreign countries; except what comes to them from *Lombardy,* which probably goes another way, whilſt it furniſhes two great armies with proviſions. Their Fleet, that formerly gained ſo many victories over the *Saracens, Piſans, Venetians, Turks* and *Spaniards,* that made them maſters of *Crete, Sardinia, Majorca, Minorca, Negrepont, Leſbos; Malta,* that ſettled them in *Scio, Smyrna, Achaia, Theodoſia,* and ſeveral towns on the eaſtern confines of *Europe*, is now reduced to ſix gallies. When they had made an addition of but four new ones, the king of *France* ſent his orders to ſuppreſs them, telling the republic at the ſame time, that he knew very well how many they had occaſion for. This little fleet ſerves only to fetch them wine and corn, and to give their Ladies an airing in the ſummer-ſeaſon. The republic of *Genoa* has a crown and ſceptre for its Doge, by reaſon of their conqueſt of *Corſica*, where there was formerly a *Saracen* King. This indeed gives their ambaſſadors a more honourable reception at ſome courts, but at the ſame time may teach their people to have a mean notion of their own form of government, and is a tacit acknowledgement that Monarchy is more honourable. The old *Romans*, on the contrary, made uſe of a very barbarous kind of Politics to inſpire their people with a contempt of Kings, whom they treated with infamy, and dragged at the wheels of their triumphal chariots.

PAVIA, MILAN, &c.

FROM *Genoa* we took chaiſe for *Milan*, and by the way ſtopped at *Pavia*, that was once the metropolis of a kingdom, but is at preſent a poor town. We here ſaw the Convent of *Auſtin* Monks, who about three years ago pretended to have found out the body of the Saint, that gives the name to their Order. King *Luitprand*, whoſe aſhes are in the ſame church, brought hither the corps, and was very induſtrious to conceal it, leſt it might be abuſed by the barbarous nations, which at that time ravaged *Italy*. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is diſcovered at laſt. The Fathers however do not yet find their account in the diſcovery they have made; for there are Canons regular, who have half the ſame church in their hands, that will by no means allow it to be the body of the Saint, nor is it yet recognized by the Pope. The Monks ſay for themſelves, that the very name was written on the Urn where the aſhes lay, and that in an old record of the convent, they are ſaid to have been interred between the very wall and the altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the Monks told us, begun to juſtify themſelves by miracles. At the

the corner of one of the cloiſters of this convent are bury'd the Duke of *Suffolk*, and the Duke of *Lorrain*, who were both killed in the famous battle of *Pavia*. Their Monument was erected to them by one *Charles Parker*, an Eccleſiaſtic, as I learned from the inſcription, which I cannot omit tranſcribing, ſince I have not ſeen it printed.

Capto a Milite Caeſareo Franciſco I. Gallorum Rege in agro Papienſi Anno 1525. 23. *Feb. inter alios proceres, qui ex ſuis in praelio occiſi ſunt, occubuerunt duo illuſtriſſimi principes, Franciſcus Dux Lotharingiae, et Richardus de la Poole Anglus Dux Suffolciae a Rege Tyranno Hen. VIII. pulſus regno. Quorum corpora hoc in cœnobio et ambitu per annos* 57. *ſine honore tumulata ſunt. Tandem Carolus Parker à Morley, Richardi proximus conſanguineus, Regno Angliae a Reginâ Eliſabethâ ob Catholicam fidem ejectus, beneficentia tamen Philippi Regis Cath. Hiſpaniarum Monarchae Invictiſſimi in Statu Mediolanenſi ſuſtentatus, hoc qualecunque monumentum, pro rerum ſuarum tenuitate, chariſſimo propinquo et illuſtriſſimis principibus poſuit* 5. *Sept.* 1582. *et poſt ſuum exilium* 23. *majora et honorificentiora commendans Lotharingicis. Viator precare Quietem.*

This pretended Duke of *Suffolk* was Sir *Richard de la Poole*, Brother to the Earl of *Suffolk*, who was put to death by *Henry* the eighth. In his baniſhment he took upon him the title of Duke of *Suffolk*, which had been ſunk in the family ever ſince the attainder of the great Duke of *Suffolk* under the reign of *Henry* the ſixth. He fought very bravely in the battle of *Pavia*, and was magnificently interr'd by the Duke of *Bourbon*, who, tho' an enemy, aſſiſted at his funeral in mourning.

Parker himſelf is bury'd in the ſame place with the following inſcription.

D. O. M.

Carolo Parchero à Morley Anglo ex illuſtriſſimâ clariſſimâ ſtirpe. Qui Epiſcopus Dei, ob fidem Catholicam actus in Exilium An. xxxi. *peregrinatus ab Invictiſſ. Phil. Rege Hiſpan. honeſtiſſimis pietatis et conſtantiae praemiis ornatus moritur anno a partu Virginis,* M. D. C. xi. *Men. Septembris.*

In *Pavia* is an univerſity of ſeven colleges, one of them called the college of *Borromée*, very large, and neatly built. There is likewiſe a ſtatue in braſs of *Marcus Antoninus* on horſeback, which the people of the place call *Charles* the fifth, and ſome learned men *Conſtantine* the Great.

Pavia is the *Ticinum* of the ancients, which took its name from the river *Ticinus* which runs by it, and is now called the *Teſin*. This river falls into the *Po*, and is exceſſively rapid. The Biſhop of *Saliſbury* ſays, that he ran down with the ſtream thirty miles in an hour, by the help of but one rower. I do not know therefore why *Silius Italicus* has repreſented it as ſo very gentle and ſtill a river, in the beautiful deſcription he has given us of it.

Caeruleas

Caeruleas Ticinus aquas et ſtagna vadoſo
Perſpicuus ſervat, turbari neſcia, fundo,
Ac nitidum viridi lentè trahit amne liquorem;
Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis
Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham. L. 4.

Smooth and untroubled the *Ticinus* flows,
And through the chryſtal ſtream the ſhining bottom ſhows:
Scarce can the ſight diſcover if it moves;
So wond'rous ſlow amidſt the ſhady groves,
And tuneful Birds that warble on its ſides,
Within its gloomy banks the limpid liquor glides.

A Poet of another nation would not have dwelt ſo long upon the clearneſs and tranſparency of the ſtream, but in *Italy* one ſeldom ſees a river that is extremely bright and limpid, moſt of them falling down from the mountains, that make their waters very troubled and muddy, whereas the *Teſin* is only an outlet of that vaſt lake, which the *Italians* now call the *Lago Maggiore*.

I ſaw between *Pavia* and *Milan* the convent of *Carthuſians*, which is very ſpacious and beautiful. Their church is extremely fine, and curiouſly adorned, but of a *Gothic* ſtructure.

I could not ſtay long in *Milan* without going to ſee the great church that I had heard ſo much of, but was never more deceived in my expectation than at my firſt entering: For the front, which was all I had ſeen of the outſide, is not half finiſhed, and the inſide is ſo ſmutted with duſt, and the ſmoke of lamps, that neither the marble, nor the ſilver, nor braſs-works ſhow themſelves to an advantage. This vaſt *Gothic* pile of building is all of marble, except the roof, which would have been of the ſame matter with the reſt, had not its weight rendered it improper for that part of the building. But for the reaſon I have juſt now mentioned, the outſide of the church looks much whiter and freſher than the inſide; for where the marble is ſo often waſhed with rains, it preſerves itſelf more beautiful and unſully'd, than in thoſe parts that are not at all expoſed to the weather. That ſide of the church indeed, which faces the Tramontane wind, is much more unſightly than the reſt, by reaſon of the duſt and ſmoke that are driven againſt it. This profuſion of marble, though aſtoniſhing to ſtrangers, is not very wonderful in a country that has ſo many veins of it within its bowels. But though the ſtones are cheap, the working of them is very ex-

penſive. It is generally ſaid there are eleven thouſand ſtatues about the church, but they reckon into the account every particular figure in the hiſtory-pieces, and ſeveral little Images which make up the equipage of thoſe that are larger. There are indeed a great multitude of ſuch as are bigger than the life: I reckoned above two hundred and fifty on the outſide of the church, though I only told three ſides of it; and theſe are not half ſo thick ſet as they intend them. The ſtatues are all of marble, and generally well cut; but the moſt valuable one they have is a St. *Bartholomew,* new-flead, with his ſkin hanging over his ſhoulders: It is eſteemed worth its weight in gold: they have inſcribed this verſe on the Pedeſtal, to ſhow the value they have for the workman.

Non me Praxiteles ſed Marcus finxit Agrati.

Leſt at the ſculptor doubtfully you gueſs,
'Tis *Marc Agrati,* not *Praxiteles.*

There is juſt before the entrance of the choir, a little ſubterraneous Chapel, dedicated to St. *Charles Borromée,* where I ſaw his body, in Epiſcopal robes, lying upon the altar in a ſhrine of rock chryſtal. His chapel is adorned with abundance of ſilver-work: He was but two and twenty years old when he was choſen Arch-biſhop of *Milan,* and forty ſix at his death; but made ſo good uſe of ſo ſhort a time, by his works of charity and munificence, that his country bleſs his memory, which is ſtill freſh among them. He was canoniſed about a hundred years ago: and indeed if this honor were due to any man, I think ſuch public-ſpirited virtues may lay a juſter claim to it, than a ſour retreat from mankind, a fiery zeal againſt *Heterodoxies,* a ſet of chimerical viſions, or of whimſical penances, which are generally the qualifications of *Roman* Saints. Miracles indeed are required of all who aſpire to this dignity, becauſe they ſay an Hypocrite may imitate a Saint in all other particulars, and theſe they attribute in a great number to him I am ſpeaking of. His merit. and the importunity of his countrymen, procured his Canonization before the ordinary time; for it is the policy of the *Roman* Church not to allow this honor, ordinarily, 'till fifty years after the death of the perſon, who is candidate for it; in which time it may be ſuppoſed that all his contemporaries will be worn out, who could contradict a pretended miracle, or remember any infirmity of the Saint. One would wonder that *Roman* Catholics, who are for this kind of worſhip, do not generally addreſs themſelves to the holy Apoſtles, who have a more unqueſtionable right to the title of Saints than thoſe of a modern date; but theſe are at preſent quite out of faſhion in

in *Italy,* where there is ſcarce a great town, which does not pay its devotions, in a more particular manner, to ſome one of their own making. This renders it very ſuſpicious, that the intereſts of particular families, religious orders, convents, or churches, have too great a ſway in their Canonizations. When I was at *Milan* I ſaw a book newly publiſhed, that was dedicated to the preſent head of the *Borromean* Family, and entitled, *A diſcourſe on the humility of* Jeſus Chriſt, *and of St.* Charles Borromée.

The great church of *Milan* has two noble pulpits of braſs, each of them running round a large pillar, like a gallery, and ſupported by huge figures of the ſame metal. The hiſtory of our Saviour, or rather of the bleſſed Virgin, (for it begins with her birth, and ends with her coronation in Heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of *Epiſode*) is finely cut in marble by *Andrew Biffy.* This church is very rich in relics, which run up as high as *Daniel, Jonas,* and *Abraham.* Among the reſt they ſhow a fragment of our countryman *Becket,* as indeed there are very few treaſuries of relics in *Italy,* that have not a tooth or a bone of this Saint. It would be endleſs to count up the riches of ſilver, gold, and precious ſtones, that are amaſs'd together in this and ſeveral other churches of *Milan.* I was told, that in *Milan* there are ſixty convents of women, eighty of men, and two hundred churches. At the *Celeſtines* is a picture in Freſco of the marriage of *Cana,* very much eſteemed; but the painter, whether deſignedly or not, has put ſix fingers to the hand of one of the figures: They ſhow the gates of a church that St. *Ambroſe* ſhut againſt the Emperor *Theodoſius,* as thinking him unfit to aſſiſt at divine ſervice, 'till he had done ſome extraordinary penance for his barbarous maſſacring the inhabitants of *Theſſalonica.* That Emperor was however ſo far from being diſpleaſed with the behavior of the Saint, that at his death he committed to him the education of his children. Several have picked ſplinters of wood out of the gates for relics. There is a little chapel lately re-edified, where the ſame Saint baptized St. *Auſtin.* An inſcription upon the wall of it ſays, that it was in this chapel and on this occaſion, that he firſt ſung his *Te Deum,* and that his great convert anſwered him verſe by verſe. In one of the churches I ſaw a pulpit and confeſſional, very finely inlaid with *Lapis-Lazuli,* and ſeveral kinds of marble, by a Father of the convent. It is very lucky for a Religious, who has ſo much time on his hands, to be able to amuſe himſelf with works of this nature; and one often finds particular members of convents, who have excellent mechanical genius's, and divert themſelves, at leiſure hours, with Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Gardening, and ſeveral kinds of handycrafts. Since I have mentioned confeſſionals, I ſhall ſet down here ſome inſcriptions that I have ſeen over them in *Roman*-catholic countries,

which are all texts of Scripture, and regard either the Penitent or the Father. *Abi, Oſtende Te ad Sacerdotem—Ne taceat pupilla oculi tui—Ibo ad patrem meum et dicam, Pater peccavi—Soluta erunt in Cœlis—Redi Anima mea in Requiem tuam—Vade, et ne deinceps pecca—Qui vos audit, me audit—Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati eſtis et onerati—Corripiet me juſtus in miſericordiâ—Vide ſi via iniquitatis in me eſt, et deduc me in viâ aeternâ—Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum.* I ſaw the *Ambroſian* library, where, to ſhow the *Italian* genius, they have ſpent more money on pictures than on books. Among the heads of ſeveral learned men I met with no *Engliſhman,* except Biſhop *Fiſher,* whom *Henry* the eighth put to death for not owning his ſupremacy. Books are indeed the leaſt part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to ſee in an *Italian* library, which they generally ſet off with pictures, ſtatues, and other ornaments, where they can afford them, after the example of the old *Greeks* and *Romans.*

——————Plena omnia gypſo
Chryſippi invenias: nam perfectiſſimus horum
Si quis Ariſtotelem ſimilem vel Pittacon emit,
Et jubet archetypos pluteum ſervare Cleanthas. Juv. S. 2.

Chryſippus' ſtatue decks thy library.
Who makes his ſtudy fineſt, is moſt read;
The dolt, that with an *Ariſtotle's* head
Carv'd to the life, has once adorn'd his ſhelf,
Strait ſets up for a Stagyrite himſelf. *Tate.*

In an apartment behind the library are ſeveral rarities often deſcribed by travellers, as *Brugeal's* elements, a head of *Titian* by his own hand, a manuſcript in *Latin* of *Joſephus,* which the Biſhop of *Saliſbury* ſays was written about the age of *Theodoſius,* and another of *Leonardus Vincius,* which King *James* the firſt could not procure, though he proffered for it three thouſand *Spaniſh* Piſtoles. It conſiſts of deſignings in mechaniſm and engineering: I was ſhown in it a ſketch of bombs and mortars, as they are now uſed. Canon *Settala's* cabinet is always ſhown to a ſtranger among the curioſities of *Milan,* which I ſhall not be particular upon, the printed account of it being common enough. Among its natural curioſities I took particular notice of a piece of chryſtal, that encloſed a couple of drops, which looked like water when they were ſhaken, though perhaps they are nothing but bubbles of air. It is ſuch a rarity as this that I ſaw at *Vendome* in *France,* which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour ſhed over *Lazarus,* and was gathered up by an Angel, who put it in a little chryſtal vial, and made

made a preſent of it to *Mary Magdalene.* The famous *Pere Mabillon* is now engaged in the vindication of this tear, which a learned eccleſiaſtic, in the neighbourhood of *Vendome,* would have ſuppreſſed, as a falſe and ridiculous relic, in a book that he has dedicated to his dioceſan the Biſhop of *Blois.* It is in the poſſeſſion of a *Benedictin* convent, which raiſes a conſiderable revenue out of the devotion that is paid to it, and has now retained the moſt learned Father of their order to write in its defence.

It was ſuch a curioſity as this I have mentioned, that *Claudian* has celebrated in about half a ſcore epigrams.

Solibus indomitum glacies Alpina rigorem
Sumebat, nimio jam precioſa gelu.
Nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,
Sed medio manſit proditor orbe latex:
Auctus honor; liquidi creſcunt miracula ſaxi,
Et conſervatae plus meruiſtis aquae.

Deep in the ſnowy *Alps* a lump of Ice
By froſts was harden'd to a mighty price;
Proof to the Sun, it now ſecurely lies,
And the warm Dog-ſtar's hotteſt rage defies:
Yet ſtill unripen'd in the dewy mines,
Within the ball a trembling water ſhines,
That through the chryſtal darts its ſpurious rays,
And the proud ſtone's original betrays;
But common drops, when thus with chryſtal mixt,
Are valu'd more, than if in Rubies fixt.

As I walk'd through one of the ſtreets of *Milan,* I was ſurpriſed to read the following inſcription, concerning a Barber that had conſpired with the Commiſſary of health and others to poiſon his fellow-citizens. There is a void ſpace where his houſe ſtood, and in the midſt of it a Pillar, ſuperſcribed *Colonna Infame.* The ſtory is told in handſome *Latin,* which I ſhall ſet down, as having never ſeen it tranſcribed.

Hic, ubi haec Area patens eſt,
Surgebat olim Tonſtrina
Jo' Jacobi Morae:
Qui factâ cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit. Commiſſario
Et cum aliis Conſpiratione,
Dum peſtis atrox ſaeviret,

Lethiferis

Lethiferis unguentis huc et illuc aſperſis
Plures ad diram mortem compulit.
Hos igitur ambos, hoſtes patriae judicatos,
Excelſo in Plauſtro
Candenti prius vellicatos forcipe
Et dexterâ mulctatos manu
Rotâ infringi
Rotaeque intextos poſt horas ſex jugulari,
Comburi deinde,
Ac, ne quid tam Sceleſtorum hominum reliqui ſit,
Publicatis bonis
Cineres in flumen projici
Senatus juſſit:
Cujus rei memoria aeterna ut ſit,
Hanc domum, Sceleris officinam,
Solo aequari,
Ac nunquam in poſterum refici,
Et erigi Columnam,
Quae vocatur Infamis,
Idem ordo mandavit.
Procul hinc procul ergo
Boni Cives,
Ne Vos Infelix Infame ſolum
Commaculet!
M. D. C. xxx. *Kal. Auguſti.*

Praeſide Pub. Sanitatis M. Antonio Montio Senatore R. Juſtitiae Cap. Jo. Baptiſtâ Vicecomit.

The citadel of *Milan* is thought a ſtrong fort in *Italy*, and has held out formerly after the conqueſt of the reſt of the dutchy. The governor of it is independent on the governor of *Milan;* as the *Perſians* uſed to make the rulers of provinces and fortreſſes of different conditions and intereſts, to prevent conſpiracies.

At two miles diſtance from *Milan* there ſtands a building, that would have been a maſter-piece in its kind, had the architect deſigned it for an artificial echo. We diſcharged a piſtol, and had the ſound returned upon us above fifty ſix times, though the air was very foggy. The firſt repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more diſtinctly in proportion as they decay: There are two parallel walls which beat the ſound back on each other, 'till the undulation is quite worn out, like the ſeveral re-

ver-

verberations of the ſame image from two oppoſite looking-glaſſes. Father *Kircher* has taken notice of this particular echo, as Father *Bartolin* has done ſince in his ingenious diſcourſe on ſounds. The ſtate of *Milan* is like a vaſt garden, ſurrounded by a noble mound-work of rocks and mountains: Indeed if a man conſiders the face of *Italy* in general, one would think that nature had laid it out into ſuch a variety of ſtates and governments as one finds in it. For as the *Alps* at one end, and the long range of *Apennines*, that paſſes through the body of it, branch out on all ſides into ſeveral different diviſions; they ſerve as ſo many natural boundaries and fortifications to the little territories that lie among them. Accordingly we find the whole country cut into a multitude of particular kingdoms and commonwealths in the oldeſt accounts we have of it; 'till the power of the *Romans*, like a torrent that overflows its banks, bore down all before it, and ſpread itſelf into the remoteſt corners of the nation. But as this exorbitant power became unable to ſupport itſelf, we find the government of *Italy* again broke into ſuch a variety of ſub-diviſions, as naturally ſuits with its ſituation.

In the court of *Milan*, as in ſeveral others in *Italy*, there are many who fall in with the dreſs and carriage of the *French*. One may however obſerve a kind of aukwardneſs in the *Italians*, which eaſily diſcovers the airs they give themſelves not to be natural. It is indeed very ſtrange there ſhould be ſuch a diverſity of manners, where there is ſo ſmall a difference in the air and climate. The *French* are always open, familiar and talkative: The *Italians*, on the contrary, are ſtiff, ceremonious and reſerved. In *France* every one aims at a gaiety and ſprightlineſs of behavior, and thinks it an accompliſhment to be briſk and lively: The *Italians*, notwithſtanding their natural fierineſs of temper, affect always to appear ſober and ſedate; inſomuch that one ſometimes meets young men walking the ſtreets with ſpectacles on their noſes, that they may be thought to have impaired their ſight by much ſtuddy, and ſeem more grave and judicious than their neighbours. This difference of manners proceeds chiefly from difference of education: In *France* it is uſual to bring their children into company, and to cheriſh in them, from their infancy, a kind of forwardneſs and aſſurance: Beſides, that the *French* apply themſelves more univerſally to their exerciſes than any other nation in the world, ſo that one ſeldom ſees a young gentleman in *France* that does not fence, dance, and ride in ſome tolerable perfection. Theſe agitations of the body do not only give them a free and eaſy carriage, but have a kind of mechanical operation on the mind, by keeping the animal ſpirits always awake and in motion. But what contributes moſt to this light airy humor of the *French*, is the free con-

converſation that is allowed them with their women, which does not only communicate to them a certain vivacity of temper, but makes them endevor after ſuch a behavior as is moſt taking with the ſex.

The *Italians*, on the contrary, who are excluded from making their court this way, are for recommending themſelves to thoſe they converſe with by their gravity and wiſdom. In *Spain* therefore, where there are fewer liberties of this nature allowed, there is ſtill ſomething more ſerious and compoſed in the manner of the inhabitants. But as Mirth is more apt to make proſelytes than Melancholy, it is obſerved that the *Italians* have many of them for theſe late years given very far into the modes and freedoms of the *French;* which prevail more or leſs in the courts of *Italy,* as they ly at a ſmaller or greater diſtance from *France.* It may be here worth while to conſider how it comes to paſs, that the common people of *Italy* have in general ſo very great an averſion to the *French*, which every traveller cannot but be ſenſible of, that has paſſed through the country. The moſt obvious reaſon is certainly the great difference that there is in the humors and manners of the two nations, which always works more in the meaner ſort, who are not able to vanquiſh the prejudices of education, than with the nobility. Beſides, that the *French* humor, in regard of the liberties they take in female converſations, and their great ambition to excel in all companies, is in a more particular manner very ſhocking to the *Italians,* who are naturally jealous, and value themſelves upon their great wiſdom. At the ſame time the common people of *Italy*, who run more into news and politics than thoſe of other countries, have all of them ſomething to exaſperate them againſt the King of *France.* The *Savoyards,* notwithſtanding the preſent inclinations of their court, cannot forbear reſenting the infinite miſchiefs he did them in the laſt war. The *Milaneſe* and *Neapolitans* remember the many inſults he has offer'd to the houſe of *Auſtria*, and particularly to their deceaſed King, for whom they ſtill retain a natural kind of honor and affection. The *Genoeſe* cannot forget his treatment of their Doge, and his bombarding their city. The *Venetians* will tell you of his leagues with the *Turks;* and the *Romans*, of his threats to Pope *Innocent* the eleventh, whoſe memory they adore. It is true, that intereſt of ſtate, and change of circumſtances, may have ſweetned theſe reflections to the politer ſort, but impreſſions are not ſo eaſily worn out of the minds of the vulgar. That however, which I take to be the principle motive among moſt of the *Italians,* for their favoring the *Germans* above the *French,* is this, that they are entirely perſuaded it is for the intereſt of *Italy,* to have *Milan* and *Naples* rather in the hands of the firſt than of the other. One may generally obſerve, that the body of a people has juſter views for the public good, and pur-

ſues them with greater uprightneſs than the nobility and gentry, who have ſo many private expectations and particular intereſts which hang like a falſe biaſs upon their judgments, and may poſſibly diſpoſe them to ſacrifice the good of their country to the advancement of their own fortunes; whereas the groſs of the people can have no other proſpect in changes and revolutions, than of public bleſſings, that are to diffuſe themſelves through the whole ſtate in general.

To return to *Milan*: I ſhall here ſet down the deſcription *Auſonius* has given of it, among the reſt of his great cities.

Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum:
Innumeræ cultæque domus facunda virorum
Ingenia, et mores læti. Tum duplice muro
Amplificata loci ſpecies, populique voluptas
Circus, et incluſi moles cuneata theatri:
Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulenſque Moneta,
Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri,
Cunctaque marmoreis ornata periſtyla ſignis,
Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Romæ.

Milan with plenty and with wealth o'er-flows,
And num'rous ſtreets and cleanly dwellings ſhows;
The people, bleſs'd with nature's happy force,
Are eloquent and chearful in diſcourſe;
A *Circus* and a theatre invites
Th' unruly mob to races and to fights.
Moneta conſecrated buildings grace,
And the whole town redoubled walls embrace:
Here ſpacious baths and palaces are ſeen,
And intermingled temples riſe between;
Here circling colonnades the ground encloſe,
And here the marble ſtatues breathe in rows:
Profuſely graced the happy town appears,
Nor *Rome* itſelf, her beauteous neighbour, fears.

BRESCIA, VERONA, PADUA.

FROM *Milan* we travelled through a very pleafant country, to *Breſcia*, and by the way croſſed the river *Adda*, that falls into the *Lago di Como*, which *Virgil* calls the lake *Larius*, and running out at the other end loſes itſelf at laſt in the *Po*, which is the great receptacle of all the rivers of this country. The town and province of *Breſcia* have freer acceſs to the Senate of *Venice*, and a quicker redreſs of injuries, than any other part of their dominions. They have always a mild and prudent governor, and live much more happily than their fellow-ſubjects: for as they were once a part of the *Milaneſe*, and are now on their frontiers, the *Venetians* dare not exaſperate them, by the loads they lay on other Provinces, for fear of a revolt; and are forced to treat them with much more indulgence than the *Spaniards* do their neighbours, that they may have no temptation to it. *Breſcia* is famous for its iron-works. A ſmall days journey more brought us to *Verona*. We ſaw the lake *Benacus* in our way, which the *Italians* now call *Lago di Garda:* It was ſo rough with tempeſts when we paſſed by it, that it brought into my mind *Virgil's* noble deſcription of it.

Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu aſſurgens, Benace, marino.

Here vex'd by winter ſtorms *Benacus* raves,
Confus'd with working ſands and rolling waves;
Rough and tumultuous like a ſea it lies,
So loud the tempeſt roars, ſo high the billows riſe.

This lake perfectly reſembles a ſea, when it is worked up by ſtorms. It is thirty five miles in length, and twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we croſſed the *Mincio*.

——*Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat*
Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas. Virg. Georg. iii. v. 14.

Where the ſlow *Mincius* through the valley ſtrays:
Where cooling ſtreams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding waters brink. *Dryden.*

The

The river *Adige* runs through *Verona;* ſo much is the ſituation of the Town changed from what it was in *Silius Italicus* his time.

——*Verona Atheſi circumflua.* Lib. 8.

Verona by the circling *Adige* bound.

This is the only great river in *Lombardy* that does not fall into the *Po;* which it muſt have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the *Adriatic.* The rivers are all of them mentioned by *Claudian.*

——*Venetoſque erectior amnes*
Magnâ voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis
Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, et Addua viſu
Cæruleus, et velox Atheſis, tarduſque meatu
Mincius, inque novem conſurgens ora Timavus. Sexto Conſ. Hon.

Venetia's rivers, ſummon'd all around,
Hear the loud call, and anſwer to the ſound:
Her dropping locks the ſilver *Teſſin* rears,
The blue tranſparent *Adda* next appears,
The rapid *Adige* then erects her head,
And *Mincio* riſing ſlowly from his bed,
And laſt *Timavus* that with eager force
From nine wide mouths comes guſhing to his courſe.

His *Larius* is doubtleſs an imitation of *Virgil's Benacus.*

——*Umbroſâ veſtit qua littus olivâ*
Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu. De Bel. Get.

The *Larius* here, with groves of olives crown'd,
An ocean of freſh water ſpreads around.

I ſaw at *Verona* the famous Amphitheatre, that with a few modern reparations has all the ſeats entire. There is ſomething very noble in it, though the high wall and corridors that went round it are almoſt entirely ruined, and the Area is quite filled up to the lower ſeat, which was formerly deep enough to let the ſpectators ſee in ſafety the combats of the wild beaſts and gladiators. Since I have *Claudian* before me, I cannot forbear ſetting down the beautiful deſcription he has made of a wild beaſt newly brought from the woods, and making its firſt appearance in a full Amphitheatre.

Ut fera quæ nuper montes amiſit avitos,
Altorumque exul nemorum, damnatur arenæ

Muneribus, commota ruit; vir murmure contra
Hortatur, nixuſque genu venabula tendit;
Illa pavet ſtrepitus, cuneoſque erecta Theatri
Deſpicit, et tanti miratur ſibila vulgi. In. Ruf. L. 2

So ruſhes on his foe the griſly Bear,
That, baniſh'd from the hills and buſhy brakes,
His old hereditary haunts forſakes.
Condemn'd the cruel rabble to delight,
His angry keeper goads him to the fight.
Bent on his knee, the ſavage glares around;
Scar'd with the mighty croud's promiſcuous ſound;
Then rearing on his hinder paws retires,
And the vaſt hiſſing multitude admires.

There are ſome other antiquities in *Verona,* of which the principal is the ruin of a triumphal arch erected to *Flaminius*, where one ſees old *Doric* Pillars without any pedeſtal or baſis, as *Vitruvius* has deſcribed them. I have not yet ſeen any gardens in *Italy* worth taking notice of. The *Italians* fall as far ſhort of the *French* in this particular, as they excel them in their palaces. It muſt however be ſaid, to the honor of the *Italians,* that the *French* took from them the firſt plans of their gardens, as well as of their waterworks; ſo that their ſurpaſſing of them at preſent is to be attributed rather to the greatneſs of their riches, than the excellence of their taſte. I ſaw the terrace-garden of *Verona*, that travellers generally mention. Among the churches of *Verona,* that of St. *George* is the handſomeſt: Its chief ornament is the martyrdom of the Saint, done by *Paul Veroneſe;* as there are many other pictures about the town by the ſame hand. A ſtranger is always ſhewn the Tomb of *Pope Lucius,* who lies buried in the dome. I ſaw in the ſame church a monument erected by the public to one of their Biſhops: The inſcription ſays, that there was between him and his maker, *Summa Neceſſitudo, Summa Similitudo.* The *Italian* epitaphs are often more extravagant than thoſe of other countries, as the nation is more given to compliment and hyperbole. From *Verona* to *Padua* we travelled through a very pleaſant country: it is planted thick with rows of white Mulberry-trees, that furniſh food for great quantities of Silk-worms with their leaves, as the Swine and Poultry conſume the fruit. The trees themſelves ſerve, at the ſame time, as ſo many ſtays for their Vines, which hang all along like garlands from tree to tree. Between the ſeveral ranges lie fields of corn, which in theſe warm countries ripens much better among the mulberry ſhades, than if it were expoſed to the open ſun. This was one reaſon why the inhabitants of this country,

try, when I paſſed through it, were extremely apprehenſive of ſeeing *Lombardy* the ſeat of war, which muſt have made miſerable havoc among their plantations; for it is not here as in the corn fields of *Flanders*, where the whole product of the place riſes from year to year. We arrived ſo late at *Vicenza*, that we had not time to take a full ſight of the place. The next day brought us to *Padua*. St. *Anthony*, who lived above five hundred years ago, is the great Saint to whom they here pay their devotions. He lies buried in the church that is dedicated to him at preſent, though it was formerly conſecrated to the bleſſed Virgin. It is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorned. There are narrow clefts in the monument that ſtands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads, and ſmell his bones, which they ſay have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balſom; and what would make one ſuſpect that they rub the marble with it, it is obſerved that the ſcent is ſtronger in the morning than at night. There are abundance of inſcriptions and pictures hung up by his Votaries in ſeveral parts of the church: for it is the way of thoſe that are in any ſingle danger to implore his aid, and if they come off ſafe they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or deſcription of it in the church. This cuſtom ſpoils the beauty of ſeveral *Roman* Catholic churches, and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, impertinent inſcriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thouſand idle offerings of the ſame nature.

They ſell at *Padua* the life of St. *Anthony*, which is read with great devotion: the moſt remarkable part of it is his diſcourſe to an aſſembly of fiſh. As the audience and ſermon are both very extraordinary, I will ſet down the whole paſſage atlength.

Non curando gli Heretici il ſuo parlare, egli ſi come era alla riva del mare, dove sbocca il ſiume Marecchia, chiamò da parte di Dio li peſci, che veniſſero à ſentir la ſua ſanta parola. Et ecco che di ſubito ſopra l' acque nuotando gran moltitudine di varii, et diverſi peſci, e del mare, e del ſiume, ſi unirono tutti, ſecondo le ſpecie loro, e con bell ordine, quaſi che di ragion capaci ſtati ſoſſero, attenti, e cheti con gratioſo ſpettacolo s' accommodaro per ſentir la parola di Dio. Ciò veduto il ſanto entro al cuor ſuo di dolcezza ſtillandoſi, et per altretanta maraviglia inarcando le ciglia, della obedientia di queſte irragionevoli creature così cominciò loro à parlare. Se bene in tutte le coſe create (cari, et amati peſci) ſi ſcuopere la potenza, et providenza infinita di Dio, come nel Cielo, nel Sole, nella Luna, nelle Stelle, in queſto mondo inferiore, nel huomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in Voi particolarmente lampeggia e riſplendè la bontà dellà maeſtà divina; perche ſe bene ſiette chiamati Rettili, mezzi frà pietre, e bruti, confinati nelli profondi abiſſi delle ondeggiante acque: agitati ſempre da ſlutti: moſſi ſempre da procelle; ſordi al' udire, mutoli al parlare, et horridi

horridi al vedere; con tutto ciò in Voi maravigliosamente si scorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi si cavano li maggiori misterii della bontà di Dio, ne mai si parla di voi nella scrittura sacra, che non vi sia ascosto qualche profondo Sacramento; Credete voi, che sia senza grandissimo misterio, che il primo dono fatto dall' omnipotente Iddio all' huomo fosse di voi Pesci? Credete, voi che non sia misterio in questo, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gl' animali si sien fatti sacrificii, eccetto, che di voi Pesci? Credete, che non vi sia qualche secreto in questo, che Christo nostro salvatore dall' agnelo pasquale in poi, si compiacque tanto del cibo di voi pesci? Credete, che sia à caso questo, che dovendo il Redentor del mondo, pagar, come huomo, il censo à Cesare la volesse trovare nella bocca di un pesce? Tutti, tutti sono misteri è Sacramenti: perciò siete particolarmente obligati a lodare il vostro Creatore: amati pesci di Dio havete ricevuto l' essere, la vita, il moto, e'l senso; per stanza vi hà dato il liquido elemento dell' Acqua, secondo che alla vostra naturale inclinatione conviene: ivi hà fatti amplissimi alberghi, stanze, caverne, grotte, e secreti luogi à voi più che sale Regie, e regal Palazzi, cari, e grati; et per propria sede havete l' acqua, elemento diafano, transparente, e sempre lucido quasi cristallo, e verro; et dalle più basse, e profonde vostre stanze scorgete ciò che sopra acqua ò si fa, ò nuota; havete gli occhi quasi di Lince, ò di Argo, et da causa non errante guidati, seguite ciò che vi giova, et aggradà; et suggite ciò che vi nuoce, havete natural desio di conservarvi secondo le specie vostre, fase, oprate et caminate ove natura vi detta senza contrastro alcuno; nè algor d'inverno, nè calor di state vi offende, ò nuoce; siasi per sereno, ò turbato il cielo, che alli vostri humidi alberghi nè frutto, nè danno apporta; siasi pure abbondevole de suoi tesori, ò scarsa de suoi frutti la terra, che a voi nulla giova; piova, tuoni, saetti, lampaggi, è subissi il mondo, che a voi ciò poco importa; verdeggi primavera, scaldi la state, fruttifichi l' Autunno, et assideri li inverno, questo non vi rileva punto: ne trappassar del' hore nè correr de giorni, nè volar de mesi, nè suggir d' anni, ne mutar de tempi, ne cangiar de stagioni vi dan pensiero alcuno, ma sempre sicura, et tranquilla vita lietamente vivere: O quanto, o quanto grande la Maestà di Dio in voi si scuopre, O quanto mirabile la potenza sua; O quanto stupenda, et maravigliosa sua providenza; poi che frà tutte le creature dell' universo voi solo non sentisti il diluvio universale dell' acque; nè provasti i danni, che egli face al monde; e tutto questo ch' io ho detto dovrebbe muovervi à lodar Dio, à ringratiare sua divina maestà di tanti e cosi singolari beneficii, che vi ha fatti di tante gratie, che vi ha conferite, di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degna; per tanto, se non potete snodar la lingua à ringratiar il vostro Benefattore, et non sapete con parole esprimer le sue lodi, fatele segno di riverenza almeno; chinatevi al suo nome; mostrate nel modo che potete, sembiante di gratitudine; rendetevi benevoli alla bontà sua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O sapete, non siate sconoscenti de' suoi beneficii, et non siate ingrati de' suoi favori. A questo dire, O maraviglia grande, come si quelli pesci havessero havuto humano intelletto, e discorso, con gesti di profonda

Humiltà,

Humiltà, con riverenti ſembianti di religione, chinarona la teſta, blandiro co'l corpo quaſi approvando ciò che detto havea il benedetto padre S. *Antonio.*

" When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he betook himſelf " to the ſea-ſhore, where the river *Marecchia* diſembogues itſelf into the Adri- " atic. He here called the fiſh together in the name of God, that they might " hear his holy word. The fiſh came ſwimming towards him in ſuch vaſt " ſhoals, both from the ſea and from the river, that the ſurface of the wa- " ter was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged them- " ſelves, according to their ſeveral ſpecies, into a very beautiful congre- " gation, and, like ſo many rational creatures, preſented themſelves be- " fore him to hear the word of God. St. *Antonio* was ſo ſtruck with the " miraculous obedience and ſubmiſſion of theſe poor animals, that he found " a ſecret ſweetneſs diſtilling upon his ſoul, and at laſt addreſſed himſelf " to them in the following words.

" Altho' the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly beloved " Fiſh) diſcovers itſelf in all the works of his creation, as in the Heavens, " in the Sun, in the Moon, and in the Stars, in this lower world, in man, " and in other perfect creatures; nevertheleſs the goodneſs of the divine " Majeſty ſhines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more par- " ticular manner, than in any other created Beings. For notwithſtanding " you are comprehended under the name of *Reptiles*, partaking of a middle " nature between ſtones and beaſts, and impriſoned in the deep abyſs of " waters; notwithſtanding you are toſt among billows, thrown up and down " by tempeſts, deaf to hearing, dumb to ſpeech, and terrible to behold: " notwithſtanding, I ſay, theſe natural diſadvantages, the Divine Greatneſs " ſhews itſelf in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are ſeen the " mighty myſteries of an infinite goodneſs. The holy Scripture has always " made uſe of you, as the types and ſhadows of ſome profound Sacrament.

" Do you think that, without a myſtery, the firſt Preſent that God Al- " mighty made to Man, was of you, O ye Fiſhes? Do you think that with- " out a myſtery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed " for ſacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye Fiſhes? Do you think there " was nothing meant by our Saviour Chriſt, that next to the Paſchal Lamb " he took much pleaſure in the food of you, O ye Fiſhes? Do you think it " was by mere chance, that when the Redeemer of the world was to pay " a tribute to *Cæſar*, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a Fiſh? Theſe " are all of them ſo many Myſteries and Sacraments, that oblige you in a " more particular manner to the praiſes of your Creator.

" It is from God, my beloved Fiſh, that you have received being, life, mo- " tion, and ſenſe. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your " natural

" natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is " he that has furniſhed it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottos, and " ſuch magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the ſeats of " Kings, or in the palaces of Princes: you have the water for your dwell- " ing, a clear tranſparent element, brighter than chryſtal; you can ſee " from its deepeſt bottom every thing that paſſes on its ſurface; you have " the eyes of a *Lynx,* or of an *Argus;* you are guided by a ſecret and uner- " ring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you, " and avoiding every thing that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a " hidden inſtinct to preſerve yourſelves, and to propogate your ſpecies; " you obey, in all your actions, works and motions, the dictates and ſug- " geſtions of nature, without the leaſt repugnancy or contradiction.

" The colds of winter, and the heats of ſummer, are equally incapable " of moleſting you. A ſerene or a clouded ſky are indifferent to you. Let " the earth abound in fruits, or be curſed with ſcarcity, it has no influence " on your welfare. You live ſecure in rains and thunders, lightnings and " earthquakes; you have no concern in the bloſſoms of ſpring, or in the " glowings of ſummer, in the fruits of autumn, or in the froſts of winter. " You are not ſolicitous about hours or days, months or years; the varia- " bleneſs of the weather, or the change of ſeaſons.

" In what dreadful majeſty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing " providence did God Almighty diſtinguiſh you among all the ſpecies of " creatures that periſhed in the univerſal deluge? You only were inſenſible " of the miſchief that had laid waſte the whole world.

" All this, as I have already told you, ought to inſpire you with grati- " tude and praiſe towards the Divine Majeſty, that has done ſo great things " for you, granted you ſuch particular graces and privileges, and heaped " upon you ſo many diſtinguiſhing favors. And ſince for all this you can- " not employ your tongues in the praiſes of your Benefactor, and are not " provided with words to expreſs your gratitude; make at leaſt ſome ſign " of reverence; bow yourſelves at his name; give ſome ſhew of gratitude, " according to the beſt of your capacities; expreſs your thanks in the moſt " becoming manner that you are able, and be not unmindful of all the be- " nefits he has beſtowed upon you.

" He had no ſooner done ſpeaking, but behold a Miracle? The Fiſh, as " though they had been endued with reaſon, bowed down their heads with " all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies " up and down with a kind of fondneſs, as approving what had been ſpo- " ken by the bleſſed Father St. *Antonio.*

The

The Legend adds, that after many Heretics, who were preſent at the Miracle, had been converted by it, the Saint gave his benediction to the fiſh, and diſmiſſed them.

Several other the like ſtories of St. *Antony* are repreſented about his monument in a very fine *Baſſo Relievo.*

I could not forbear ſetting down the titles given to St. *Antony* in one of the tables that hangs up to him, as a token of gratitude from a poor Peaſant, who fancied the Saint had ſaved him from breaking his neck.

Sacratiſſimi puſionis Bethlehemitici
Lilio condidiori delicio,
Seraphidum ſoli fulgidiſſimo,
Celſiſſimo ſacrae ſapientiae tholo,
Prodigiorum patratori potentiſſimo,
Mortis, erroris, calamitatis, Leprae, Daemonis,
Diſpenſatori, correctori, liberatori, curatori, fugatori,
Sancto, ſapienti, pio, potenti, tremendo,
AEgrotorum et naufragantium ſalvatori
Praeſentiſſimo, tutiſſimo.
Membrorum reſtitutori, vinculorum confractori,
Rerum perditarum inventori ſtupendo,
Periculorum omnium profligatori
Magno, Mirabili,
Ter Sancto,
Antonio Paduano,
Pientiſſimo poſt Deum ejuſque Virgineam matrem
Protectori et Soſpitatori ſuo. &c.

The cuſtom of hanging up limbs in wax, as well as pictures, is certainly derived from the old heathens, who uſed, upon their recovery, to make an offering in wood, metal or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with a diſtemper, to the Deity that delivered them. I have ſeen, I believe, every limb of a human body figured in iron or clay, which were formerly made on this occaſion, among the ſeveral collections of antiquities that have been ſhown me in *Italy.* The church of St. *Juſtina,* deſigned by *Palladio,* is the moſt handſome, luminous, diſencumber'd building in the inſide that I have ever ſeen, and is eſteemed by many artiſts one of the fineſt works in *Italy.* The long Nef conſiſts of a row of five cupola's, the croſs-one has on each ſide a ſingle cupola deeper and broader than the others. The martyrdom of St. *Juſtina* hangs over the Altar, and is a piece of *Paul*

Veroneſe. In the great town-hall of *Padua* ſtands a ſtone ſuperſcribed *Lapis Vituperii.* Any debtor that will ſwear himſelf not worth five pound, and is ſet by the Bailifs thrice with his bare buttocs on this ſtone in a full hall, clears himſelf of any farther proſecution from his creditors; but this is a puniſhment that no body has ſubmitted to, theſe four and twenty years. The univerſity of *Padua* is of late much more regular than it was formerly, though it is not yet ſafe walking the ſtreets after ſun-ſet. There is at *Padua* a manufacture of cloth, which has brought very great revenues into the republic. At preſent the *Engliſh* have not only gained upon the *Venetians* in the *Levant*, which uſed chiefly to be ſupplied from this manufacture, but have great quantities of their cloth in *Venice* itſelf; few of the nobility wearing any other ſort, notwithſtanding the magiſtrate of the pomps is obliged by his office to ſee that no body wears the cloth of a foreign country. Our merchants indeed are forced to make uſe of ſome artifice to get theſe prohibited goods into port. What they here ſhow for the aſhes of *Livy* and *Antenor* is diſregarded by the beſt of their own antiquaries.

The pretended tomb of *Antenor* put me in mind of the latter part of *Virgil*'s deſcription, which gives us the original of *Padua.*

Antenor potuit mediis elapſus Achivis
Illyricos penetrare ſinus, atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum, et fontem ſuperare Timavi:
Unde per ora novem vaſto cum murmure montis
It mare præruptum, et pelago premit arva ſonanti;
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, ſedeſque locavit
Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troïa: nunc placidâ compoſtus pace quieſcit. AEn. 1.

Antenor, from the midſt of *Grecian* hoſts,
Could paſs ſecure; and pierce th' *Illyrian* coaſts,
Where rolling down the ſteep *Timavus* raves,
And through nine channels diſembogues his waves.
At length he founded *Padua*'s happy ſeat,
And gave his *Trojans* a ſecure retreat:
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their names;
And there in quiet lies.——

From *Padua* I went down the river *Brent* in the ordinary ferry, which brought me in a day's time to *Venice.*

VENICE.

V E N I C E.

HAVING often heard *Venice* repreſented as one of the moſt defenſible cities in the world, I took care to inform myſelf of the particulars in which its ſtrength conſiſts. And theſe I find are chiefly owing to its advantageous ſituation; for it has neither rocks nor fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the moſt impregnable town in *Europe*. It ſtands at leaſt four miles from any part of the *Terra Firma*, nor are the ſhallows that lie about it ever frozen hard enough to bring over an army from the land-ſide; the conſtant flux and reflux of the ſea, or the natural mildneſs of the climate, hindering the ice from gathering to any thickneſs; which is an advantage the *Hollanders* want, when they have laid all their country under water. On the ſide that is expoſed to the Adriatic, the entrance is ſo difficult to hit, that they have marked it out with ſeveral ſtakes driven into the ground, which they would not fail to cut upon the firſt approach of an enemy's fleet. For this reaſon they have not fortified the little Iſlands, that lie at the entrance, to the beſt advantage, which might otherwiſe very eaſily command all the paſſes that lead to the city from the Adriatic. Nor could an ordinary fleet, with bomb-veſſels, hope to ſucceed againſt a place that has always in its arſenal a conſiderable number of gallies and men of war ready to put to ſea on a very ſhort warning. If we could therefore ſuppoſe them blocked up on all ſides, by a power too ſtrong for them, both by ſea and land, they would be able to defend themſelves againſt every thing but famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great quantities of fiſh that their ſeas abound with, and that may be taken up in the midſt of their very ſtreets, which is ſuch a natural magazine as few other places can boaſt of.

Our voyage-writers will needs have this city in great danger of being left, within an age or two, on the *Terra Firma;* and repreſent it in ſuch a manner, as if the ſea was inſenſibly ſhrinking from it, and retiring into its channel. I aſked ſeveral, and among the reſt Father *Coronelli*, the State's Geographer, of the truth of this particular, and they all aſſured me that the ſea riſes as high as ever, though the great heaps of dirt it brings along with it are apt to choke up the ſhallows, but that they are in no danger of loſing the benefit of their ſituation, ſo long as they are at the charge of removing theſe banks of mud and ſand. One may ſee abundance of them above the ſurface of the water, ſcattered up and down like ſo many little Iſlands, when the tide is low; and they are theſe that make the entrance for ſhips difficult to ſuch as are not uſed to them, for the deep ca-

nals run between them, which the *Venetians* are at a great expence to keep free and open.

This city ſtands very convenient for commerce. It has ſeveral navigable rivers that run up into the body of *Italy*, by which they might ſupply a great many countries with fiſh and other commodities; not to mention their opportunities for the *Levant,* and each ſide of the Adriatic. But, notwithſtanding theſe conveniences, their trade is far from being in a floriſhing condition for many reaſons. The duties are great that are laid on merchandizes. Their Nobles think it below their quality to engage in traffic. The Merchants who are grown rich, and able to manage great dealings, buy their nobility, and generally give over trade. Their manufactures of cloth, glaſs and ſilk, formerly the beſt in *Europe*, are now excelled by thoſe of other countries. They are tenacious of old laws and cuſtoms to their great prejudice, whereas a trading nation muſt be ſtill for new changes and expedients, as different junctures and emergencies ariſe. The ſtate is at preſent very ſenſible of this decay in their trade, and as a noble *Venetian,* who is ſtill a merchant, told me, they will ſpeedily find out ſome method to redreſs it; poſſibly by making a Free port, for they look with an evil eye upon *Leghorne,* which draws to it moſt of the veſſels bound for *Italy*. They have hitherto been ſo negligent in this particular, that many think the Great Duke's gold has had no ſmall influence in their councils.

Venice has ſeveral particulars which are not to be found in other cities, and is therefore very entertaining to a traveller. It looks, at a diſtance, like a great town half floted by a deluge. There are canals every where croſſing it, ſo that one may go to moſt houſes either by land or water. This is a very great convenience to the inhabitants; for a *Gondola* with two oars at *Venice,* is as magnificent as a coach and ſix horſes, with a large equipage, in another country; beſides that it makes all carriages extremely cheap. The ſtreets are generally paved with brick or free-ſtone, and always kept very neat, for there is no carriage, not ſo much as a chair, that paſſes through them. There is an innumerable multitude of very handſome bridges, all of a ſingle arch, and without any fence on either ſide, which would be a great inconvenience to a city leſs ſober than *Venice*. One would indeed wonder that drinking is ſo little in vogue among the *Venetians,* who are in a moiſt air and a moderate climate, and have no ſuch diverſions as bowling, hunting, walking, riding and the like exerciſes to employ them without doors. But as the nobles are not to converſe too much with ſtrangers, they are in no danger of learning it; and they are generally too diſtruſtful of one another for the freedoms that are uſed in ſuch

ſuch kind of converſations. There are many noble palaces in *Venice*. Their furniture is not commonly very rich, if we except the pictures, which are here in greater plenty than in any other place in *Europe*, from the hands of the beſt maſters of the *Lombard* ſchool; as *Titian*, *Paul Veroneſe*, and *Tintoret*. The laſt of theſe is in greater eſteem at *Venice* than in other parts of *Italy*. The rooms are generally hung with gilt leather, which they cover on extraordinary occaſions with tapeſtry, and hangings of greater value. The flooring is a kind of red plaiſter made of brick ground to powder, and afterwards work'd into mortar. It is rubbed with oil, and makes a ſmooth, ſhining and beautiful ſurface. Theſe particularities are chiefly owing to the moiſture of the air, which would have an ill effect on other kinds of furniture, as it ſhows itſelf too viſibly in many of their fineſt pictures. Though the *Venetians* are extremely jealous of any great fame or merit in a living member of their common-wealth, they never fail of giving a man his due praiſes, when they are in no danger of ſuffering from his ambition. For this reaſon, though there are a great many monuments erected to ſuch as have been benefactors to the Republic, they are generally put up after their deaths. Among the many Elogiums that are given to the Doge *Piſauro*, who had been Ambaſſador in *England*, his epitaph ſays, *In Angliâ Jacobi Regis obitum mirâ calliditate celatum mirâ ſagacitate rimatus priſcam benevolentiam firmavit*. The particular palaces, churches, and pictures of *Venice* are enumerated in ſeveral little books that may be bought on the place, and have been faithfully tranſcribed by many voyage-writers. When I was at *Venice*, they were putting out very curious ſtamps of the ſeveral edifices which are moſt famous for their beauty or magnificence. The *Arſenal* of *Venice* is an Iſland of about three miles round. It contains all the ſtores and proviſions for war, that are not actually employed. There are docks for their gallies and men of war, moſt of them full, as well as work-houſes for all land and naval preparations. That part of it where the arms are laid, makes a great ſhow, and was indeed very extraordinary about a hundred years ago, but at preſent a great part of its furniture is grown uſeleſs. There ſeem to be almoſt as many ſuits of armour as there are guns. The ſwords are old-faſhion'd and unwieldy in a very great number, and the fire-arms fitted with locks of little convenience in compariſon of thoſe that are now in uſe. The *Venetians* pretend they could ſet out, in caſe of great neceſſity, thirty men of war, a hundred gallies, and ten galeaſſes, though I cannot conceive how they could man a fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty error in this State to affect ſo many conqueſts on the *Terra Firma*, which has only ſerved to raiſe the jealouſy of the chriſtian Princes, and about three hundred years ago had like to have ended in the utter extirpation

pation of the common-wealth; whereas, had they applyed themſelves with the ſame politics and induſtry to the increaſe of their ſtrength by ſea, they might perhaps have had all the Iſlands of the *Archipelago* in their hands, and by conſequence, the greateſt fleet, and the moſt ſeamen of any other State in *Europe*. Beſides, that this would have given no jealouſy to the Princes their neighbours, who would have enjoyed their own dominions in peace, and have been very well contented to have ſeen ſo ſtrong a bulwark againſt all the forces and invaſions of the *Ottoman* Empire.

This Republic has been much more powerful than it is at preſent, as it is ſtill likelier to ſink than increaſe in its dominions. It is not impoſſible but the *Spaniard* may, ſome time or other, demand of them *Creme, Breſcia,* and *Bergame,* which have been torn from the *Milaneſe;* and in caſe a war ſhould ariſe upon it, and the *Venetians* loſe a ſingle battle, they might be beaten off the Continent in a ſingle ſummer, for their fortifications are very inconſiderable. On the other ſide, the *Venetians* are in continual apprehenſions from the *Turk*, who will certainly endevor at the recovery of the *Morea,* as ſoon as the *Ottoman* Empire has recruited a little of its ancient ſtrength. They are very ſenſible that they had better have puſhed their conqueſts on the other ſide of the Adriatic into *Albania,* for then their territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the fountain-head to have received ſuccors on occaſion; but the *Venetians* are under articles with the Emperor, to reſign into his hands whatever they conquer of the *Turkiſh* dominions, that has been formerly diſmembered from the Empire. And having already very much diſſatisfied him in the *Frioul* and *Dalmatia,* they dare not think of exaſperating him further. The Pope diſputes with them their pretentions to the *Poleſin,* as the Duke of *Savoy* lays an equal clame to the Kingdom of *Cyprus*. 'Tis ſurpriſing to conſider with what heats theſe two powers have conteſted their title to a Kingdom that is in the hands of the *Turk*.

Among all theſe difficulties the Republic will ſtill maintain itſelf, if policy can prevail upon force; for it is certain the *Venetian* Senate is one of the wiſeſt councils in the world, though at the ſame time, if we believe the reports of ſeveral that have been well verſed in their conſtitution, a great part of their politics is founded on maxims which others do not think conſiſtent with their honor to put in practice. The preſervation of the Republic is that to which all other conſiderations ſubmit. To encourage idleneſs and luxury in the Nobility, to cheriſh ignorance and licentiouſneſs in the Clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to connive at the viciouſneſs and debauchery of convents, to breed diſſentions among the Nobles of the *Terra Firma*, to treat a brave man with ſcorn and in-

infamy; in ſhort, to ſtick at nothing for the public intereſt, are repreſented as the refined parts of the *Venetian* wiſdom.

Among all the inſtances of their politics, there is none more admirable than the great ſecrecy that reigns in their public councils. The Senate is generally as numerous as our Houſe of Commons, if we only reckon the ſitting Members, and yet carries its reſolution ſo privately, that they are ſeldom known 'till they diſcover themſelves in the execution. It is not many years ſince they had before them a great debate concerning the puniſhment of one of their Admirals, which laſted a month together, and concluded in his condemnation; yet was there none of his friends, nor of thoſe who had engaged warmly in his defence, that gave him the leaſt intimation of what was paſſing againſt him, 'till he was actually ſeized, and in the hands of juſtice.

The Noble *Venetians* think themſelves equal at leaſt to the Electors of the Empire, and but one degree below Kings; for which reaſon they ſeldom travel into foreign countries, where they muſt undergo the mortification of being treated like private gentlemen: Yet it is obſerved of them, that they diſcharge themſelves with a great deal of dexterity in ſuch embaſſies and treaties as are laid on them by the Republic; for their whole lives are employed in intrigues of ſtate, and they naturally give themſelves airs of Kings and Princes, of which the Miniſters of other nations are only the Repreſentatives. Monſieur *Amelot* reckons in his time, two thouſand five hundred Nobles that had Voices in the great Council, but at preſent, I am told, there are not at moſt fifteen hundred, notwithſtanding the addition of many new families ſince that time. It is very ſtrange, that with this advantage they are not able to keep up their number, conſidering that the Nobility ſpreads equally through all the brothers, and that ſo very few of them are deſtroyed by the wars of the Republic. Whether this may be imputed to the luxury of the *Venetians*, or to the ordinary celibacy of the younger brothers, or to the laſt plague which ſwept away many of them, I know not. They generally thruſt the females of their families into convents, the better to preſerve their eſtates. This makes the *Venetian* Nuns famous for the liberties they allow themſelves. They have Opera's within their own walls, and often go out of their bounds to meet their admirers, or they are very much miſrepreſented. They have many of them their lovers, that converſe with them daily at the grate, and are very free to admit a viſit from a ſtranger. There is indeed one of the *Cornara*'s, that not long ago refuſed to ſee any under a Prince.

The Carnaval of *Venice* is every where talked of. The great diverſion of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occaſions, is Masking.

The

The *Venetians*, who are naturally grave, love to give into the follies and entertainments of ſuch ſeaſons, when diſguiſed in a falſe perſonage. They are indeed under a neceſſity of finding out diverſions that may agree with the nature of the place, and make ſome amends for the loſs of ſeveral pleaſures which may be met with on the Continent. Theſe diſguiſes give occaſion to abundance of love-adventures; for there is ſomething more intriguing in the amours of *Venice*, than in thoſe of other countries, and I queſtion not but the ſecret hiſtory of a Carnaval would make a collection of very diverting Novels. Opera's are another great entertainment of this ſeaſon. The Poetry of them is generally as exquiſitely ill, as the Muſic is good. The arguments are often taken from ſome celebrated action of the ancient *Greeks* or *Romans*, which ſometimes looks ridiculous enough; for who can endure to hear one of the rough old *Romans* ſqueaking through the mouth of a Eunuch, eſpecially when they may chuſe a ſubject out of courts where Eunuchs are really Actors, or repreſent by them any of the ſoft *Aſiatic* Monarchs? The Opera that was moſt in vogue, during my ſtay at *Venice*, was built on the following ſubject. *Cæſar* and *Scipio* are rival's for *Cato*'s daughter. *Cæſar*'s firſt words bid his ſoldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them. *Si leva Ceſare, e dice a Soldati. A la fugga. A'lo Scampo.* The daughter gives the preference to *Cæſar*, which is made the occaſion of *Cato*'s death. Before he kills himſelf, you ſee him withdrawn into his Library, where, among his Books, I obſerved the titles of *Plutarch* and *Taſſo*. After a ſhort ſoliloquy he ſtrikes himſelf with the dagger that he holds in his hand, but, being interrupted by one of his friends, he ſtabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs, ſo that he is forced to diſpatch himſelf, by tearing up his firſt wound. This laſt circumſtance puts me in mind of a contrivance in the Opera of St. *Angelo*, that was acted at the ſame time. The King of the play endevors at a rape, but the Poet being reſolved to ſave the Heroine's honor, has ſo ordered it, that the King always acts with a great caſe-knife ſtuck in his girdle, which the Lady ſnatches from him in the ſtruggle, and ſo defends herſelf.

The *Italian* Poets, beſides the celebrated ſmoothneſs of their tongue, have a particular advantage, above the writers of other nations, in the difference of their Poetical and Proſe language. There are indeed ſets of phraſes that in all countries are peculiar to the poets, but among the *Italians* there are not only ſentences, but a multitude of particular words that never enter into common diſcourſe. They have ſuch a different turn and poliſhing for poetical uſe, that they drop ſeveral of their letters, and appear in another form, when they come to be ranged in verſe. For this reaſon the *Italian* Opera ſeldom

dom ſinks into a poorneſs of language, but, amidſt all the meanneſs and familiarity of the thoughts, has ſomething beautiful and ſonorous in the expreſſion. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their preſent poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithſtanding the many ſtrained allegories that are ſo much in uſe among the writers of this nation. The *Engliſh* and *French*, who always uſe the ſame words in verſe as in ordinary converſation, are forced to raiſe their language with metaphors and figures, or, by the pompouſneſs of the whole phraſe, to wear off any littleneſs that appears in the particular parts that compoſe it. This makes our blank verſe, where there is no rhime to ſupport the expreſſion, extremely difficult to ſuch as are not maſters in the tongue, eſpecially when they write on low ſubjects: And 'tis probably for this reaſon that *Milton* has made uſe of ſuch frequent tranſpoſitions, latiniſms, antiquated words and phraſes, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expreſſions.

The Comedies that I ſaw at *Venice*, or indeed in any other part of *Italy*, are very indifferent, and more lewd than thoſe of other countries. Their Poets have no notion of genteel Comedy, and fall into the moſt filthy double-meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally ſo wretched as that of the fine Gentleman, eſpecially when he converſes with his Miſtreſs; for then the whole dialogue is an inſipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But 'tis no wonder that the Poets of ſo jealous and reſerved a nation fail in ſuch converſations on the ſtage, as they have no patterns of in nature. There are four ſtanding characters which enter into every piece that comes upon the ſtage, the *Doctor, Harlequin, Pantalone,* and *Coviello.* The *Doctor*'s character comprehends the whole extent of a Pedant, that with a deep voice, and a magiſterial air breaks in upon converſation, and drives down all before him: Every thing he ſays is backed with quotations out of *Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil,* or any Author that riſes uppermoſt, and all anſwers from his companion are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions. *Harlequin*'s part is made up with blunders and abſurdities; he is to miſtake one name for another, to forget his errands, to ſtumble over Queens, and to run his head againſt every poſt that ſtands in his way. This is all attended with ſomething ſo comical in the voice and geſtures, that a man, who is ſenſible of the folly of the part, can hardly forbear being pleaſed with it. *Pantalone* is generally an old Cully, and *Coviello* a Sharper.

I have ſeen a tranſlation of the *Cid* acted at *Bolonia*, which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for theſe Buffoons. All four of them appear in maſks that are made like the old *Roman Perſonæ,* as I

ſhall have occaſion to obſerve in another place. The *French* and *Italians* have probably derived this cuſtom of ſhewing ſome of their characters in maſks, from the *Greek* and *Roman* theatre. The old *Vatican Terence* has at the head of every ſcene the figures of all the perſons that are concerned in it, with the particular diſguiſes in which they acted; and I remember to have ſeen in the *Villa Mattheio* an antique ſtatue maſked, which was perhaps deſigned for *Gnatho* in the Eunuch, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the *Vatican* manuſcript. One would wonder indeed how ſo polite a people as the ancient *Romans* and *Athenians*, ſhould not look on theſe borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a Satyr that can have no reſemblance in human features; but for a Flatterer, a Miſer, or the like characters, which abound in our own ſpecies, nothing is more ridiculous than to repreſent their looks by a painted vizard. In perſons of this nature the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we ſuppoſe that a maſk repreſented never ſo naturally the general humour of a character, it can never ſuit with the variety of paſſions that are incident to every ſingle perſons in the whole courſe of a play. The grimace may be proper on ſome occaſions, but is too ſteady to agree with all. The rabble indeed are generally pleaſed at the firſt entry of a diſguiſe, but the jeſt grows cold even with them too when it comes on the ſtage in a ſecond ſcene.

Since I am on this ſubject, I cannot forbear mentioning a cuſtom at *Venice*, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of ſinging Stanza's out of *Taſſo*. They are ſet to a pretty ſolemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the Poet, it is odds but he will be anſwered by ſome body elſe that over-hears him: So that ſometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another, taking verſe after verſe, and running on with the Poem as far as their memories will carry them.

On *Holy-Thurſday*, among the ſeveral ſhows that are yearly exhibited, I ſaw one that is odd enough, and particular to the *Venetians*. There is a ſet of Artiſans, who by the help of ſeveral poles, which they lay acroſs each others ſhoulders, build themſelves up into a kind of Pyramid; ſo that you ſee a pile of men in the air of four or five rows riſing one above another. The weight is ſo equally diſtributed, that every man is very well able to bear his part of it, the ſtories, if I may ſo call them, growing leſs and leſs as they advance higher and higher. A little boy repreſents the point of the Pyramid, who, after a ſhort ſpace, leaps off, with a great deal of dexterity, into the arms of one that catches him at the bottom. In the ſame

ſame manner the whole building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular on this, becauſe it explains the following verſes of *Claudian*, which ſhow that the *Venetians* are not the inventors of this trick.

Vel qui more avium ſeſe jaculantur in auras,
Corporaque aedificant, celeri creſcentia nexu,
Quorum compoſitam puer augmentatus in arcem
Emicat, et vinctus plantae, vel cruribus haerens,
Pendula librato figit veſtigia ſaltu. Claud. de Pr. et Olyb. Conſ.

Men, pil'd on men, with active leaps ariſe,
And build the breathing fabric to the ſkies;
A ſprightly youth above the topmoſt row
Points the tall pyramid, and crowns the ſhow.

Though we meet with the *Veneti* in the old poets, the city of *Venice* is too modern to find a place among them. *Sannazarius*'s Epigram is too well known to be inſerted. The ſame Poet has celebrated this city in two other places of his Poems.

——Quis Venetae miracula proferat urbis,
Una inſtar magni quae ſimul Orbis habet?
Salve Italûm Regina, altae pulcherrima Romae
AEmula, quae terris, quae dominaris aquis!
Tu tibi vel Reges cives facis; O Decus, O Lux
Auſoniae, per quam libera turba ſumus,
Per quam Barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens noſtro clarius orbe nitet! L. 3. El. 1.

Venetia ſtands with endleſs beauties crown'd,
And as a word within herſelf is found.
Hail, Queen of *Italy!* for years to come
The mighty rival of immortal *Rome!*
Nations and Seas are in thy ſtates enroll'd,
And Kings among thy citizens are told.
Auſonia's brighteſt ornament! by thee
She ſits a Sov'reign, unenſlav'd, and free;
By thee, the rude Barbarian chas'd away,
The riſing ſun chears with a purer ray
Our weſtern world, and doubly gilds the day.

Ne tu ſemper eris, quæ ſeptem amplecteris arces,
Ne Tu, quæ mediis æmula ſurgis aquis. L. 2. El. 1.

Thou too ſhalt fall by time or barb'rous foes,
Whoſe circling walls the ſev'n fam'd hills incloſe;
And thou, whoſe rival tow'rs invade the ſkies,
And, from amidſt the waves, with equal glory riſe.

FERRARA, RAVENNA, RIMINI.

AT *Venice* I took a bark for *Ferrara,* and in my way thither ſaw ſeveral mouths of the *Po*, by which it empties itſelf into the Adriatic,

——*Quo non alius per pinguia culta*
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis. Virg. G. 4.

which is true, if underſtood only of the rivers of *Italy*.

Lucan's deſcription of the *Po* would have been very beautiful, had he known when to have given over.

Quoque magis nullum tellus ſe ſolvit in amnem
Eridanus, fractaſque evolvit in æquora ſylvas,
Heſperiamque exhaurit aquis: hunc fabula primum
Populeâ fluvium ripas umbrâſſe coronâ:
Cumque diem pronum tranſverſo limite ducens
Succendit Phaëton flagrantibus æthera loris;
Gurgitibus raptis, penitus tellure peruſtâ,
Hunc habuiſſe pares Phœbeis ignibus undas. L. 2.

The *Po,* that ruſhing with uncommon force,
O'er-ſets whole woods in its tumultuous courſe,
And riſing from *Heſperia*'s watry veins,
Th' exhauſted land of all its moiſture drains.
The *Po,* as ſings the fable, firſt convey'd
Its wond'ring current through a poplar ſhade:
For when young *Phaeton* miſtook his way,
Loſt and confounded in the blaze of day,
This river, with ſurviving ſtreams ſupply'd,
When all the reſt of the whole earth were dry'd,
And nature's ſelf lay ready to expire,
Quench'd the dire flame that ſet the world on fire.

The

The Poet's reflections follow.

Non minor hic Nilo, ſi non per plana jacentis
AEgypti Libycas Nilus ſtagnaret arenas.
Non minor hic Iſtro, niſi quod dum permeat orbem
Iſter, caſuros in quaelibet aequora fontes
Accipit, et Scythicas exit non ſolus in undas. Id.

Nor would the *Nile* more watry ſtores contain,
But that he ſtagnates on his *Libyan* plain:
Nor would the *Danube* run with greater force,
But that he gathers in his tedious courſe
Ten thouſand ſtreams, and ſwelling as he flows,
In *Scythian* ſeas the glut of rivers throws.

That is, ſays *Scaliger*, the *Eridanus* would be bigger than the *Nile* and *Danube*, if the *Nile* and *Danube* were not bigger than the *Eridanus*. What makes the Poet's remark the more improper, the very reaſon why the *Danube* is greater than the *Po*, as he aſſigns it, is that which really makes the *Po* as great as it is; for before its fall into the Gulf, it receives into its channel the moſt conſiderable Rivers of *Piemont*, *Milan*, and the reſt of *Lombardy*.

From *Venice* to *Ancona* the tide comes in very ſenſibly at its ſtated periods, but riſes more or leſs in proportion as it advances nearer the head of the Gulf. *Lucan* has run out of his way to deſcribe the *Phænomenon*, which is indeed very extraordinary to thoſe who lie out of the neighbourhood of the great Ocean, and, according to his uſual cuſtom, lets his Poem ſtand ſtill that he may give way to his own reflections.

Quàque jacet littus dubium, quod terra fretumque
Vendicat alternis vicibus, cum ſunditur ingens
Oceanus, vel cum refugis ſe fluctibus aufert.
Ventus ab extremo pelagus ſic axe volutet
Deſtituatque ferens: an ſidere mota ſecundo
Tethyos unda vagae lunaribus aeſtuat horis:
Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas,
Erigat oceanum fluctuſque ad ſidera tollat,
Quaerite quos agitat mundi labor: at mihi ſemper
Tu quaecunque moves tam crebros cauſa meatus,
Ut ſuperi voluere, late.—— Lib. 1.

Waſh'd

Waſh'd with ſucceſſive ſeas, the doubtful ſtrand
By turns is ocean, and by turns is land:
Whether the winds in diſtant regions blow,
Moving the world of waters to and fro;
Or waining Moons their ſettled periods keep
To ſwell the billows, and ferment the deep;
Or the tir'd Sun, his vigor to ſupply,
Raiſes the floting mountains to the Sky,
And ſlakes his thirſt within the mighty tide,
Do you who ſtudy nature's works decide:
Whilſt I the dark myſterious cauſe admire,
Nor, into what the Gods conceal, preſumptuouſly enquire.

At *Ferrara* I met nothing extraordinary. The town is very large, but extremely thin of people. It has a Citadel, and ſomething like a fortification running round it, but ſo large that it requires more Soldiers to defend it, than the Pope has in his whole dominions. The ſtreets are as beautiful as any I have ſeen, in their length, breadth, and regularity. The *Benedictines* have the fineſt Convent of the place. They ſhowed us in the church *Arioſto*'s Monument: His Epitaph ſays, he was *Nobilitate generis atque animi clarus, in rebus publicis adminiſtrandis, in regendis populis, in graviſſimis et ſummis Pontificis legationibus prudentiâ, conſilio, eloquentiâ præſtantiſſimus.*

I came down a branch of the *Po*, as far as *Alberto*, within ten miles of *Ravenna*. All this ſpace lies miſerably uncultivated 'till you come near *Ravenna*, where the ſoil is made extremely fruitful, and ſhows what much of the reſt might be, were there hands enough to manage it to the beſt advantage. It is now on both ſides the road very marſhy, and generally overgrown with ruſhes, which made me fancy it was once floted by the Sea, that lies within four miles of it. Nor could I in the leaſt doubt it when I ſaw *Ravenna*, that is now almoſt at the ſame diſtance from the Adriatic, though it was formerly the moſt famous of all the *Roman* ports.

One may gueſs at its ancient ſituation from *Martial*'s

Meliuſque Ranæ garriant Ravennates. Lib. 3.

Ravenna's Frogs in better muſic croak.

and the deſcription that *Silius Italicus* has given us of it.

Quàque gravi remo limoſis ſegniter undis

Lenta

Lenta paludoſae perſcindunt ſtagna Ravennae. L. 8.

Encumber'd in the mud, their oars divide
With heavy ſtrokes the thick unwieldy tide.

Accordingly the old Geographers repreſent it as ſituated among marſhes and ſhallows. The place which is ſhown for the Haven, is on a level with the town, and has probably been ſtopped up by the great heaps of dirt that the ſea has thrown into it; for all the ſoil on that ſide of *Ravenna* has been left there inſenſibly by the ſea's diſcharging itſelf upon it for ſo many ages. The ground muſt have been formerly much lower, for otherwiſe the town would have lain under water. The remains of the *Pharos*, that ſtand about three miles from the ſea, and two from the town, have their foundations covered with earth for ſome yards, as they told me, which notwithſtanding are upon a level with the fields that lie about them, though 'tis probable they took the advantage of a riſing ground to ſet it upon. It was a ſquare Tower of about twelve yards in breadth, as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire, ſo that its height muſt have been very conſiderable to have preſerved a proportion. It is made in the form of the *Venetian Campanello*, and is probably the high Tower mentioned by *Pliny*, *Lib.* 36. *Cap.*12.

On the ſide of the town, where the ſea is ſuppoſed to have lain formerly, there is now a little Church called the *Rotonda*. At the entrance of it are two ſtones, the one with an inſcription in *Gothic* characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the other is a ſquare piece of marble, that by the inſcription appears ancient, and by the ornaments about it ſhows itſelf to have been a little Pagan monument of two perſons who were ſhipwreck'd perhaps in the place where now their monument ſtands. The firſt line and a half, that tells their names and families in proſe, is not legible; the reſt runs thus,

——*Raniae domus hos produxit alumnos,*
Libertatis opus contulit una dies.
Naufraga mors pariter rapuit quos junxerat antè,
Et duplices luctus mors periniqua dedit.

Both with the ſame indulgent Maſter bleſs'd,
On the ſame day their liberty poſſeſs'd:
A ſhipwreck ſlew whom it had join'd before,
And left their common friends their fun'rals to deplore.

There

There is a turn in the third verſe that we loſe, by not knowing the circumſtances of their ſtory. It was the *Naufraga mors* which deſtroyed them, as it had formerly united them; what this union was is expreſſed in the preceding verſe, by their both having been made Free-men on the ſame day. If therefore we ſuppoſe they had been formerly ſhipwreck'd with their Maſter, and that he made them free at the ſame time, the *Epigram* is unriddled. Nor is this interpretation perhaps ſo forced as it may ſeem at firſt ſight, ſince it was the cuſtom of the Maſters, a little before their death, to give their ſlaves their freedom, if they had deſerved it at their hands; and it is natural enough to ſuppoſe one involved in a common ſhipwreck, would give ſuch of his ſlaves their liberty, as ſhould have the good luck to ſave themſelves. The Chancel of this church is vaulted with a ſingle ſtone of four foot in thickneſs, and a hundred and fourteen in circumference. There ſtood on the outſide of this little Cupola a great tomb of *Porphyry*, and the Statues of the twelve Apoſtles; but in the war that *Louis* the twelfth made on *Italy*, the Tomb was broken in pieces by a cannon-ball. It was perhaps the ſame blow that made the flaw in the Cupola, though the inhabitants ſay it was crack'd by Thunder, that deſtroyed a ſon of one of their *Gothic* Princes who had taken ſhelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of death he was to die. I aſked an Abbot that was in the church, what was the name of this *Gothic* Prince, who, after a little recollection, anſwered me, "That he could not tell preciſely, "but that he thought it was one *Julius Cæſar.*" There is a Convent of *Theatins*, where they ſhow a little window in the church, through which the Holy Ghoſt is ſaid to have entered in the ſhape of a Dove, and to have ſettled on one of the Candidates for the Biſhopric. The Dove is repreſented in the window, and in ſeveral places of the church, and is in great reputation all over *Italy*. I ſhould not indeed think it impoſſible for a pigeon to fly in accidentally through the roof, where they ſtill keep the hole open, and by its fluttering over ſuch a particular place, to give ſo ſuperſtitious an aſſembly an occaſion of favoring a competitor, eſpecially if he had many friends among the Electors that would make a politic uſe of ſuch an accident: But they pretend the miracle has happened more than once. Among the pictures of ſeveral famous men of their order, there is one with this inſcription. *P. D. Thomas Gouldvellus Ep. Aſ. Trid. concilio contra Hæreticos, et in Anglia contra Eliſabet. Fidei Confeſſor conſpicuus.* The ſtatue of *Alexander* the ſeventh ſtands in the large ſquare of the Town; it is caſt in braſs, and has the poſture that is always given the figure of a Pope; an arm extended, and bleſſing the people. In another ſquare on a high pillar is ſet the ſtatue of the bleſſed Virgin, arrayed like a Queen with a ſcepter

in

her hand, and a crown upon her head; for having delivered the town from a raging peſtilence. The cuſtom of crowning the holy Virgin is ſo much in vogue among the *Italians,* that one often ſees in their churches a little tinſel crown, or perhaps a circle of ſtars glewed to the canvas over the head of the figure, which ſometimes ſpoils a good picture. In the convent of *Benedictines* I ſaw three huge Cheſts of Marble, with no inſcription on them that I could find, though they are ſaid to contain the aſhes of *Valentinian, Honorius,* and his ſiſter *Placidia.* From *Ravenna* I came to *Rimini,* having paſſed the *Rubicon* by the way. This river is not ſo very contemptible as it is generally repreſented, and was much increaſed by the melting of the ſnows when *Cæſar* paſſed it, according to *Lucan.*

Fonte cadit modico parviſque impellitur undis
Puniceus Rubicon, cum ſervida canduit æſtas:
Perque imas ſerpit valles, et Gallica certus
Limes ab Auſoniis diſterminat arva colonis:
Tunc vires præbebat hyems, atque auxerat undas
Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cynthia cornu,
Et madidis Euri reſolutæ flatibus Alpes. L. 1.

While ſummer laſts, the ſtreams of *Rubicon*
From their ſpent ſource in a ſmall current run,
Hid in the winding vales they gently glide,
And *Italy* from neighb'ring *Gaul* divide;
But now, with winter ſtorms encreas'd, they roſe,
By wat'ry moons produc'd, and *Alpine* ſnows,
That melting on the hoary mountains lay,
And in warm eaſtern winds diſſolv'd away.

This river is now called *Piſatello.*

Rimini has nothing modern to boaſt of. Its antiquities are as follow: A marble Bridge of five arches, built by *Auguſtus* and *Tiberius,* for the inſcription is ſtill legible, though not rightly tranſcribed by *Gruter.* A triumphal Arch raiſed by *Auguſtus,* which makes a noble gate to the town, though part of it is ruined. The ruins of an Amphitheatre. The *Suggeſtum,* on which it is ſaid that *Julius Cæſar* harangued his army after having paſſed the *Rubicon.* I muſt confeſs I can by no means look on this laſt as authentic: It is built of hewn ſtone, like the pedeſtal of a pillar, but ſomething higher than ordinary, and is but juſt broad enough for one man to ſtand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient *Suggeſtums,* as I have often obſerved on Medals,

as well as on *Conſtantine*'s Arch, were made of wood like a little kind of Stage, for the heads of the nails are ſometimes repreſented, that are ſuppoſed to have faſtened the boards together. We often ſee on them the Emperor, and two or three general Officers, ſometimes ſitting and ſometimes ſtanding, as they made Speeches, or diſtributed a Congiary to the ſoldiers or people. They were probably always in readineſs, and carried among the baggage of the army, whereas this at *Rimini* muſt have been built on the place, and required ſome time before it could be finiſhed.

If the obſervation I have here made is juſt, it may ſerve as a confirmation to the learned *Frabetti*'s conjecture on *Trajan*'s Pillar; who ſuppoſes, I think, with a great deal of reaſon, that the Camps, Intrenchments, and other works of the ſame nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of brick or hewn ſtone, were in reality only of Earth, Turf, or the like materials; for there are on the Pillar ſome of theſe *Suggeſtums* which are figured like thoſe on Medals, with only this difference, that they ſeem built of brick or free-ſtone. At twelve miles diſtance from *Rimini* ſtands the little Republic of St. *Marino,* which I could not forbear viſiting, though it lies out of the common tour of travellers, and has exceſſively bad ways to it. I ſhall here give a particular account of it, becauſe I know of no body elſe that has done it. One may, at leaſt, have the pleaſure of ſeeing in it ſomething more ſingular than can be found in great Governments, and form from it an Idea of *Venice* in its firſt beginnings, when it had only a few heaps of earth for its dominions, or of *Rome* itſelf, when it had as yet covered but one of its ſeven hills.

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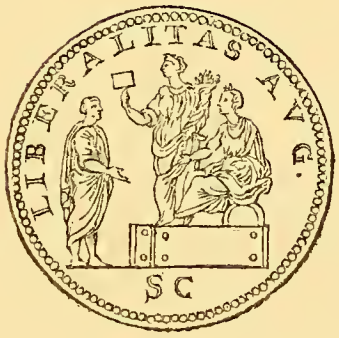
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The REPUBLIC of St. *MARINO.*

THE town and republic of St. *Marino* ſtands on the top of a very high and craggy mountain. It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under ſnow when I ſaw it, though it was clear and warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a ſpring or fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge ciſterns and reſervoirs of rain and ſnow-water. The wine that grows on the ſides of their mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold ſide of the *Apennines.* This puts me in mind of their cellars, which have moſt of them a natural advantage that renders them extremely cool in the hotteſt ſeaſons, for they have generally in the ſides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there conſtantly iſſues a breathing kind of vapor, ſo very chilling in the ſummer time, that a man can ſcarce ſuffer his hand in the wind of it.

This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocs that lie ſcattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of theſe dominions. They have, what they call, three caſtles, three convents and five churches, and can reckon about five thouſand ſouls in their community. The inhabitants as well as the hiſtorians, who mention this little republic, give the following account of its original. St. *Marino* was its founder, a *Dalmatian* by birth, and by trade a Maſon. He was employed above thirteen hundred years ago in the reparation of *Rimini,* and, after he had finiſhed his work, retired to this ſolitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of a Hermit, which he led in the greateſt rigors and auſterities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary ſanctity, gain'd him ſo great an eſteem, that the Princeſs of the country made him a preſent of the mountain to diſpoſe of it at his own diſcretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave riſe to the Republic which calls itſelf after his name. So that the Common-wealth of *Marino* may boaſt at leaſt of a nobler original than that of *Rome,* the one having been at firſt an *Aſylum* for robbers and murderers, and the other a reſort of perſons eminent for their piety and devotion. The beſt of their churches is dedicated to the Saint, and holds his aſhes. His ſtatue ſtands over the high Altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three caſtles, which is likewiſe the arms of the Common-wealth.

They attribute to his protection the long duration of their State, and look on him as the greateſt Saint next the Bleſſed Virgin. I ſaw in their Statute-book a law againſt ſuch as ſpeak diſreſpectfully of him, who are to be puniſhed in the ſame manner as thoſe who are convicted of blaſphemy.

This petty Republic has now laſted thirteen hundred years, while all the other States of *Italy* have ſeveral times changed their maſters and forms of government. Their whole hiſtory is compriſed in two purchaſes, which they made of a neighbouring Prince, and in a war in which they aſſiſted the Pope againſt a Lord of *Rimini*. In the year 1100 they bought a caſtle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preſerved in their Archives, were 'tis very remarkable that the name of the agent for the Common-wealth, of the ſeller, of the notary, and the witneſſes, are the ſame in both the inſtruments, though drawn up at ſeventy years diſtance from each other. Nor can it be any miſtake in the date, becauſe the Popes and Emperors names, with the year of their reſpective reigns, are both punctually ſet down. About 290 years after this they aſſiſted Pope *Pius* the ſecond againſt one of the *Malateſta*'s, who was then Lord of *Rimini*; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the Pope, as a reward for their aſſiſtance, four little caſtles. This they repreſent as the floriſhing time of the Common-wealth, when their dominions reached half way up a neighbouring hill; but at preſent they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably ſell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very ſevere law againſt any of their own body that enters the town by another path, leſt any new one ſhould be worn on the ſides of their mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exerciſed, and ready at a moment's call.

The ſovereign power of the Republic was lodged originally in what they call the *Arengo*, a great Council in which every houſe had its repreſentative. But becauſe they found too much confuſion in ſuch a multitude of Stateſmen, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of the Council of ſixty. The *Arengo* however is ſtill called together in caſes of extraordinary importance; and if, after due ſummons, any member abſents himſelf, he is to be fin'd to the value of about a penny *Engliſh*, which the ſtatute ſays he ſhall pay, *ſine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ*. In the ordinary courſe of government, the Council of ſixty (which, notwithſtanding the name, conſiſts but of forty perſons) has in its hands the adminiſtration of affairs, and is made up half out of the Noble Families, and half out of the *Plebeian*. They decide all by balloting, are not admitted 'till five and twenty years old, and chuſe the Officers of the Common-wealth.

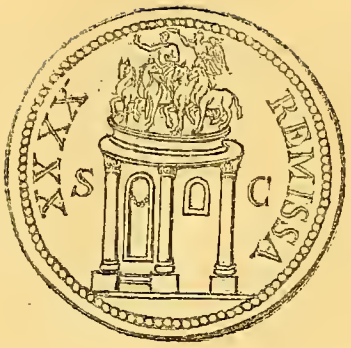
Thus

Thus far they agree with the great Council of *Venice,* but their power is much more extended; for no ſentence can ſtand that is not confirmed by two thirds of this Council. Beſides, that no Son can be admitted into it during the life of his Father, nor two be in it of the ſame family, nor any enter but by election. The chief Officers of the Common-wealth are the two *Capitaneos,* who have ſuch a power as the old *Roman* Conſuls had, but are choſen every ſix months. I talked with ſome that had been *Capitaneos* ſix or ſeven times, though the Office is never to be continued to the ſame perſons twice ſucceſſively. The third Officer is the Commiſſary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But becauſe the many alliances, friendſhips, and intermarriages, as well as the perſonal feuds and animoſities that happen among ſo ſmall a people might obſtruct the courſe of juſtice, if one of their own number had the diſtribution of it; they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they chuſe for three years, and maintain out of the public ſtock. He muſt be a Doctor of Law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commiſſion with the *Capitaneos*, and acts ſomething like the Recorder of *London* under the Lord Mayor. The Common-wealth of *Genoa* was forced to make uſe of a foreign Judge for many years, whilſt the Republic was torn into the diviſions of *Guelphs* and *Gibelines.* The fourth man in the ſtate is the Phyſician, who muſt likewiſe be a ſtranger, and is maintained by a public ſalary. He is obliged to keep a horſe to viſit the ſick, and to inſpect all Drugs that are imported. He muſt be at leaſt thirty five years old, a Doctor of the Faculty, and eminent for his religion and honeſty; that his raſhneſs or ignorance may not unpeople the Common-wealth. And that they may not ſuffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. The preſent Phyſician is a very underſtanding man, and well read in our countrymen, *Harvey, Willis*, *Sydenham, &c.* He has been continued for ſome time among them, and they ſay the Common-wealth thrives under his hands. Another perſon who makes no ordinary figure in the Republic, is the School-maſter. I ſcarce met with any in the place that had not ſome tincture of learning. I had the peruſal of a *Latin* book in *Folio,* entitled, *Statuta Illuſtriſſimæ Reipublicæ Sancti Marini,* printed at *Rimini* by order of the Common-wealth. The Chapter on the public Miniſters ſays, that when an Ambaſſador is diſpatched from the Republic to any foreign ſtate he ſhall be allowed, out of the Treaſury, to the value of a Shilling a day. The people are eſteemed very honeſt and rigorous in the execution of juſtice, and ſeem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and ſnows, than others of the *Italians* do in the pleaſanteſt vallies of the world. Nothing indeed can be a greater inſtance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their averſion

averſion to an arbitrary government, than ſuch a ſavage mountain covered with people, and the *Campania* of *Rome*, which lies in the ſame country, almoſt deſtitute of inhabitants.

PESARO, FANO, SENIGALLIA, ANCONA, LORETTO, &c. to *ROME.*

FROM *Rimini* to *Loretto* the towns of note are *Peſaro, Fano, Senigallia* and *Ancona*. *Fano* received its name from the Fane or Temple of Fortune that ſtood in it. One may ſtill ſee the triumphal Arch erected there to *Auguſtus:* It is indeed very much defaced by time; but the plan of it as it ſtood entire with all its inſcriptions, is neatly cut upon the wall of a neighbouring building. In each of theſe towns is a beautiful marble Fountain, where the water runs continually through ſeveral little ſpouts, which looks very refreſhing in theſe hot countries, and gives a great coolneſs to the air about them. That of *Peſaro* is handſomely deſigned. *Ancona* is much the moſt conſiderable of theſe towns. It ſtands on a Promontory, and looks more beautiful at a diſtance than when you are in it. The Port was made by *Trajan,* for which he has a triumphal Arch erected to him by the ſea-ſide. The marble of this Arch looks very white and freſh, as being expoſed to the winds and ſalt ſea-vapors, that by continually fretting it preſerves itſelf from that mouldy color, which others of the ſame materials have contracted. Though the *Italians* and voyage-writers call theſe of *Rimini, Fano,* and *Ancona* Triumphal arches, there was probably ſome diſtinction made among the *Romans* between ſuch Honorary arches erected to Emperors, and thoſe that were raiſed to them on the account of victory, which are properly Triumphal arches. This at *Ancona* was an inſtance of gratitude to *Trajan* for the Port he had made there, as the two others I have mentioned were probably for ſome reaſon of the ſame nature. One may however obſerve the wiſdom of the ancient *Romans,* who to encourage their Emperors in their inclination of doing good to their country, gave the ſame honors to the great actions of peace, which turned to the advantage of the public, as to thoſe of war. This is very remarkable in the Medals that are ſtamped on the ſame occaſions. I remember to have ſeen one of *Galba*'s with a triumphal Arch on the reverſe, that was made by the Senate's order for his having remitted a tax. *R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C.* The Medal which was made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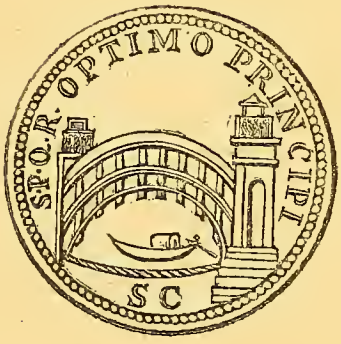
S.P.Q.R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI
SC

made for *Trajan* in remembrance of his beneficence to *Ancona* is very common. The reverſe has on it a Port with a chain running a-croſs it, and betwixt them both a Boat, with this inſcription, *S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C.*

I know *Fabretti* would fain aſcribe this Medal to another occaſion, but *Bellorio*, in his additions to *Angeloni*, has ſufficiently refuted all he ſays on that ſubject.

At *Loretto* I enquired for the *Engliſh* Jeſuits lodgings, and on the ſtaircaſe that leads to them, I ſaw ſeveral pictures of ſuch as had been executed in *England*, as the two *Garnets*, *Old-corn*, and others to the number of thirty. Whatever were their Crimes, the inſcription ſays they ſuffered for their religion, and ſome of them are repreſented lying under ſuch tortures as are not in uſe among us. The martyrs of 1679 are ſet by themſelves, with a knife ſtuck in the boſom of each figure, to ſignify that they were quartered.

The riches in the Holy Houſe and Treaſury are ſurprizingly great, and as much ſurpaſſed my expectation, as other ſights have generally fallen ſhort of it. Silver can ſcarce find an admiſſion, and Gold itſelf looks but poorly among ſuch an incredible number of precious ſtones. There will be, in a few ages more, the Jewels of the greateſt value in *Europe*, if the devotion of its Princes continues in its preſent fervor. The laſt Offering was made by the Queen Dowager of *Poland*, and coſt her 18000 crowns. Some have wondered that the *Turk* never attacks this Treaſury, ſince it lies ſo near the ſea-ſhore, and is ſo weakly guarded. But beſides that he has attempted it formerly with no ſucceſs, it is certain the *Venetians* keep too watchful an eye over his motions at preſent, and would never ſuffer him to enter the *Adriatic*. It would indeed be an eaſy thing for a Chriſtian Prince to ſurprize it, who has ſhips ſtill paſſing to and fro without ſuſpicion, eſpecially if he had a party in the town, diſguiſed like Pilgrims, to ſecure a gate for him; for there have been ſometimes to the number of 100000 in a day's time, as it is generally reported. But 'tis probable the veneration for the Holy Houſe, and the horror of an action that would be reſented by all the Catholic Princes of *Europe*, will be as great a ſecurity to the place as the ſtrongeſt fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to ſee ſuch a prodigious quantity of riches lie dead, and untouched in the midſt of ſo much poverty and miſery, as reign on all ſides of them. There is no queſtion, however, but the Pope would make uſe of theſe treaſures in caſe of any great calamity that ſhould endanger the Holy See; as an unfortunate war with the *Turk*, or a powerful league among the Proteſtants. For I cannot but look on thoſe vaſt heaps of wealth, that are a-

maſſed

maſſed together, in ſo many religious places of *Italy,* as the hidden reſerves and magazines of the Church, that ſhe would open on any preſſing occaſion for her laſt defence and preſervation. If theſe riches were all turned into current coin, and employed in commerce, they would make *Italy* the moſt floriſhing country in *Europe.* The Caſe of the Holy Houſe is nobly deſigned, and executed by the great maſters of *Italy,* that floriſhed about a hundred years ago. The Statues of the *Sibyls* are very finely wrought, each of them in a different air and poſture, as are likewiſe thoſe of the Prophets underneath them. The roof of the treaſury is painted with the ſame kind of device. There ſtands at the upper end of it a large Crucifix very much eſteemed; the figure of our Saviour repreſents him in his laſt agonies of death, and amidſt all the ghaſtlineſs of the viſage has ſomething in it very amiable. The gates of the church are ſaid to be of *Corinthian* braſs, with many ſcripture ſtories riſing on them in *Baſſo Relievo.* The Pope's ſtatue, and the fountain by it, would make a noble ſhow in a place leſs beautified with ſo many other productions of art. The ſpicery, the cellar and its furniture, the great revenues of the convent, with the ſtory of the Holy Houſe, are too well known to be here inſiſted upon.

Whoever were the firſt inventors of this Impoſture, they ſeem to have taken the hint of it from the veneration that the old *Romans* paid to the cottage of *Romulus,* which ſtood on mount *Capitol,* and was repaired from time to time as it fell to decay. *Virgil* has given a pretty image of this little thatched palace, that repreſents it ſtanding in *Manlius*'s time, 327 years after the death of *Romulus.*

In ſummo cuſtos Tarpeiæ Manlius arcis
Stabat pro templo, et capitolia celſa tenebat:
Romuleoque recens horrebat Regia culmo. AEn. L. 8.

High on a rock heroic *Manlius* ſtood
To guard the temple, and the temple's god:
Then *Rome* was poor, and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with ſtraw. *Dryden.*

From

From *Loretto*, in my way to *Rome*, I paſſed through *Recanati, Macerata, Tolentino,* and *Foligni*. In the laſt there is a convent of Nuns called *la Conteſſa*, that has in the church an incomparable *Madonna* of *Raphael*. At *Spoletto*, the next town on the road, are ſome antiquities. The moſt remarkable is an Aquæduct of a *Gothic* ſtructure, that conveys the water from mount St. *Francis* to *Spoletto*, which is not to be equalled for its height by any other in *Europe*. They reckon from the foundation of the loweſt arch to the top of it 230 yards. In my way hence to *Terni* I ſaw the river *Clitumnus*, celebrated by ſo many of the Poets for a particular quality in its waters of making cattle white that drink of it. The Inhabitants of that country have ſtill the ſame opinion of it, as I found upon enquiry, and have a great many oxen of a whitiſh color to confirm them in it. It is probable this breed was firſt ſettled in the country, and continuing ſtill the ſame ſpecies, has made the inhabitants impute it to a wrong cauſe; though they may as well fancy their hogs turn black for ſome reaſon of the ſame nature, becauſe there are none in *Italy* of any other breed. The river *Clitumnus*, and *Mevania* that ſtood on the banks of it, are famous for the herds of victims with which they furniſhed all *Italy*.

Qua formoſa ſuo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves. Prop. L. 2.
Hinc Albi Clitumne greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, ſæpe tuo perfuſi flumine ſacro
Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos. Geor. 2. Virg.

There flows *Clitumnus* through the flow'ry plain;
Whoſe waves, for triumphs after proſp'rous war,
The victim ox, and ſnowy ſheep prepare.

——*Patulis Clitumnus in arvis*
Candentes gelido profundit flumine tauros. Sil. Ital. L. 2.

——*Tauriferis ubi ſe Mevania campis*
Explicat—————— Luc. L. 1.

——*Atque ubi latis*
Projecta in campis nebulas exhalat inertes,
Et ſedet ingentem paſcens Mevania taurum,
Dona Jovi—————— Id. L. 6.

——*Nec ſi vacuet Mevania valles,*
Aut præſtent niveos Clitumnâ novalia tauros,
Sufficiam—————— Stat. Syl. L. 1.

Pinguior Hiſpullâ traheretur taurus et ipſâ
Mole piger, non finitimâ nutritus in herbâ,
Læta ſed oſtendens Clitumni paſcua ſanguis
Iret, et à grandi cervix ferienda miniſtro. Juv. Sat. 12.

A Bull high fed ſhould fall the ſacrifice,
One of *Hiſpulla*'s huge prodigious ſize:
Not one of thoſe our neighb'ring paſtures feed,
But of *Clitumnus* whiteſt ſacred breed:
The lively tincture of whoſe guſhing blood
Should clearly prove the richneſs of his food;
A neck ſo ſtrong, ſo large, as would command
The ſpeeding blow of ſome uncommon hand. Mr. *Congreve.*

I ſhall afterwards have occaſion to quote *Claudian.*

Terni is the next town in courſe, formerly called *Interamna*, for the ſame reaſon that a part of *Aſia* was named *Meſopotamia.* We enter at the gate of the three monuments, ſo called, becauſe there ſtood near it a monument erected to *Tacitus* the hiſtorian, with two others to the Emperors *Tacitus* and *Florianus,* all of them natives of the place. Theſe were a few years ago demoliſhed by thunder, and the fragments of them are in the hands of ſome Gentlemen of the town. Near the dome I was ſhown a ſquare marble, inſerted in the wall, with the following Inſcription.

Saluti perpetuæ Auguſtæ
Libertatique Publicæ Populi Romani
Genio municipi Anno poſt
Interamnam Conditam.
D. CC. IV.

Ad Cnejum Domitium Ahenobarbum. —————— *Coſſ. providentiæ Ti. Cæſaris Auguſti nati ad AEternitatem Romani nominis ſublato hoſte pernicioſiſſimo P. R. Fauſtus Titius Liberalis* VI. *vir iterum. P. S. F. C.* that is, *pecunia ſua fieri curavit.*

This ſtone was probably ſet up on occaſion of the fall of *Sejanus.* After the name of *Ahenobarbus* there is a little furrow in the marble, but ſo ſmooth and well poliſhed, that I ſhould not have taken notice of it had not I ſeen *Coſſ.* at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the name of

of another conſul, which has been induſtriouſly razed out. *Lucius Aruncius Camillus Scribonianus* was conſul under the reign of * *Tiberius,* and was afterwards put to death for a conſpiracy that he had formed againſt the Emperor *Claudius*; at which time it was ordered that his name and conſulate ſhould be effaced out of all public regiſters and inſcriptions. It is not therefore improbable, that it was this long name which filled up the gap I am now mentioning. There are near this monument the ruins of an ancient Theatre, with ſome of the caves entire. I ſaw among the ruins an old heathen altar, with this particularity in it, that it is hallowed, like a diſh, at one end; but it was not this end on which the ſacrifice was laid, as one may gueſs from the make of the feſtoon, that runs round the altar, and is inverted when the hollow ſtands uppermoſt. In the ſame yard, among the rubbiſh of the Theatre, lie two pillars, the one of granate, and the other of a very beautiful marble. I went out of my way to ſee the famous Caſcade about three miles from *Terni.* It is formed by the fall of the river *Velino,* which *Virgil* mentions in the ſeventh *AEneid*—*Roſea rura Velini.*

The channel of this River lies very high, and is ſhaded on all ſides by a green foreſt, made up of ſeveral kinds of trees that preſerve their verdure all the year. The neighbouring mountains are covered with them, and, by reaſon of their height, are more expoſed to the dews and drizzling rains than any of the adjacent parts, which gives occaſion to *Virgil*'s *Roſea rura*, (dewy countries.) The river runs extremely rapid before its fall, and ruſhes down a precipice of a hundred yards high. It throws itſelf into the hollow of a rock, which has probably been worn by ſuch a conſtant fall of water. It is impoſſible to ſee the bottom on which it breaks, for the thickneſs of the miſt that riſes from it, which looks at a diſtance like clouds of ſmoke aſcending from ſome vaſt furnace, and diſtils in perpetual rains on all the places that lie near it. I think there is ſomething more aſtoniſhing in this *Caſcade,* than in all the water-works of *Verſailles,* and could not but wonder when I firſt ſaw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old Poets, eſpecially in *Claudian,* who makes his Emperor *Honorius* go out of his way to ſee the river *Nar* which runs juſt below it, and yet does not mention what would have been ſo great an embelliſhment to his Poem. But at preſent I do not in the leaſt queſtion, notwithſtanding the opinion of ſome learned men to the contrary, that this is the gulf through which *Virgil*'s *Alecto* ſhoots herſelf into Hell: For the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encompaſs it, with the ſmoke and noiſe that ariſe from it, are all pointed at in the deſcription. Perhaps he would

* Vid. Faſt. Conſul. Sicul.

not mention the name of the river, becauſe he has done it in the verſes that precede. We may add to this, that the *Caſcade* is not far off that part of *Italy*, which has been call'd *Italiæ Meditullium.*

Eſt locus Italiæ medio, ſub montibus altis,
Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,
Amſancti valles, denſis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, medioque fragoſus
Dat ſonitum ſaxis et torto vortice torrens:
Hic ſpecus horrendum, et ſævi ſpiracula Ditis
Monſtrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Peſtiferas aperit fauces, queis condita Erinnys
Inviſum numen terras cœlumque levabat. AEn. 7.

In midſt of *Italy*, well known to fame,
There lies a vale, *Amſanctus* is the name,
Below the lofty mounts: On either ſide
Thick foreſts the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the ſacred wood
An arm ariſeth of the *Stygian* flood;
Which falling from on high, with bellowing ſound
Whirls the black waves and ratling ſtones around.
Here *Pluto* pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of Hell.
To this infernal gate the Fury flies,
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring ſkies. *Dryden.*

It was indeed the moſt proper place in the world for a Fury to make her *Exit*, after ſhe had filled a nation with diſtractions and alarms; and I believe every reader's imagination is pleaſed, when he ſees the angry Goddeſs thus ſinking, as it were, in a tempeſt, and plunging herſelf into Hell, amidſt ſuch a ſcene of horror and confuſion.

The river *Velino*, after having found its way out from among the rocks where it falls, runs into the *Nera*. The channel of this laſt river is white with rocks, and the ſurface of it, for a long ſpace, covered with froth and bubbles; for it runs all along upon the fret, and is ſtill breaking againſt the ſtones that oppoſe its paſſage: So that for theſe reaſons, as well as for the mixture of ſulphur in its waters, it is very well deſcribed by *Virgil*, in that verſe which mentions theſe two rivers in their old *Roman* names.

Tartaream

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, et ſylvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit et longè Triviæ lacus, audiit amnis
Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fonteſque Velini. AEn. 7.

The ſacred lake of *Trivia* from aſar,
The *Veline* fountains, and ſulphureous *Nar*,
Shake at the baleful blaſt, the ſignal of the war. *Dryden.*

He makes the ſound of the Fury's trumpet run up the *Nera* to the very ſources of *Velino*, which agrees extremely well with the ſituation of theſe rivers. When *Virgil* has marked any particular quality in a river, the other Poets ſeldom fail of copying after him.

——*Sulphureus Nar.* Auſon.
——*Narque albeſcentibus undis*
In Tibrim properans—— Sil. It. L. 8.
——*Et Nar vitiatus odoro*
Sulfure—— Claud. de Pr. et Olyb. Conſ.

——The hoary *Nar*
Corrupted with the ſtench of ſulphur flows,
And into *Tiber*'s ſtreams th' infected current throws.

From this river our next town on the road receives the name of *Narni*. I ſaw hereabouts nothing remarkable except *Auguſtus*'s bridge, that ſtands half a mile from the town, and is one of the ſtatelieſt ruins in *Italy*. It has no cement, and looks as firm as one entire ſtone. There is an arch of it unbroken, the broadeſt that I have ever ſeen, though by reaſon of its great height it does not appear ſo. The middle one was ſtill much broader. They join together two mountains, and belonged, without doubt, to the bridge that *Martial* mentions, though Mr. *Ray* takes them to be the remains of an Aquæduct.

Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Narnia quinto,
Perpetuo liceat ſic tibi ponte frui! L. 7.

Preſerve my better part, and ſpare my friend;
So, *Narni*, may thy bridge for ever ſtand.

From *Narni* I went to *Otricoli*, a very mean little village, that ſtands where the caſtle of *Ocriculum* did formerly. I turned about half a mile out of the road to ſee the ruins of the old *Ocriculum*, that lie near the banks of the *Tiber*. There are ſtill ſcatter'd pillars and pedeſtals, huge pieces of marble half buried in the earth, fragments of towers, ſubterraneous vaults, bathing places, and the like marks of its ancient magnificence.

In

In my way to *Rome,* ſeeing a high hill ſtanding by itſelf in the *Campania,* I did not queſtion but it had a *Claſſic* name, and upon enquiry found it to be mount *Soracte.* The *Italians* at preſent call it, becauſe its name begins with an *S,* St. *Oreſte.*

The fatigue of our croſſing the *Apennines,* and of our whole journey from *Loretto* to *Rome,* was very agreeably relieved by the variety of ſcenes we paſſed through. For not to mention the rude proſpect of rocks riſing one above another, of the gutters deep worn in the ſides of them by torrents of rain and ſnow-water, or the long channels of ſand winding about their bottoms, that are ſometimes filled with ſo many rivers: we ſaw, in ſix days travelling, the ſeveral ſeaſons of the year in their beauty and perfection. We were ſometimes ſhivering on the top of a bleak mountain, and a little while after baſking in a warm valley, covered with violets and almond-trees in bloſſom, the Bees already ſwarming over them, though but in the month of *February.* Sometimes our road led us through groves of Olives, or by gardens of Oranges, or into ſeveral hollow apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like ſo many natural green-houſes; as being always ſhaded with a great variety of trees and ſhrubs that never loſe their verdure.

I ſhall ſay nothing of the *Via Flaminia,* which has been ſpoken of by moſt of the voyage-writers that have paſſed it, but ſhall ſet down *Claudian*'s account of the journey that *Honorius* made from *Ravenna* to *Rome,* which lies moſt of it in the ſame road that I have been deſcribing.

——Antiquæ muros egreſſa Ravennæ
Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portuſque relinquit
Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
AEſtuat, et pronas puppes nunc amne ſecundo
Nunc redeunte vehit, nudataque littora fluctu
Deſerit, oceani lunaribus æmula damnis;
Lætior hinc ſano recipit Fortuna vetuſto,
Deſpiciturque vagus præruptа valle Metaurus,
* *Quà mons arte patens vivo ſe perforat arcu,*
Admiſitque viam ſectæ per viſcera rupis,
Exuperans delubra Jovis, ſaxoque minantes
Apenninigeris cultas paſtoribus aras:
Quin et Clitumni ſacras victoribus undas,
Candida quæ latiis præbent armenta triumphis
Viſere cura fuit. Nec te miracula fontis †

* An Highway made by *Veſpaſian,* like the *Grotto Obſcuro* near *Naples.*
† This fountain not known.

Præ-

Prætereunt: tacito paſſu quem ſi quis adiret,
Lentus erat: ſi voce gradum majore citâſſet,
Commiſtis fervebat aquis cùmque omnibus una
Sit natura vadis, ſimiles ut corporis umbras
Oſtendant: hæc ſola novam jactantia ſortem
Humanos properant imitari flumina mores.
Celſa dehinc patulum proſpectans Narnia campum
Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
Non procul amnis adeſt, urbi qui nominis auctor
Ilice ſub denſâ ſylvis arctatus opacis
Inter utrumque jugum tortis anfractibus albet.
Inde ſalutato libatis Tibride nymphis,
Excipiunt arcus, operoſaque ſemita, vaſtis
Molibus, et quicquid tantæ præmittitur urbi. De 6. Conſ. Hon.

They leave *Ravenna,* and the mouths of *Po,*
That all the borders of the town o'erflow;
And ſpreading round in one continu'd lake,
A ſpacious hoſpitable harbor make.
Hither the ſeas at ſtated times reſort,
And ſhove the loaden veſſels into port:
Then with a gentle ebb retire again,
And render back their cargo to the main.
So the pale moon the reſtleſs ocean guides,
Driv'n to and fro by ſuch ſubmiſſive tides.
Fair Fortune next, with looks ſerene and kind,
Receives 'em in her ancient fane enſhrin'd;
Then the high hills they croſs, and from below
In diſtant murmurs hear *Metaurus* flow;
'Till to *Clitumno*'s ſacred ſtreams they come,
That ſend white victims to almighty *Rome;*
When her triumphant ſons in war ſucceed,
And ſlaughter'd hecatombs around 'em bleed.
At *Narni*'s lofty ſeats arriv'd, from far
They view the windings of the hoary *Nar;*
Through rocks and woods impetuouſly he glides,
While froth and foam the fretting ſurface hides.
And now the royal gueſt, all dangers paſs'd,
Old *Tiber* and his Nymphs ſalutes at laſt;
The long laborious pavement here he treads,
That to proud *Rome* th' admiring nations leads: While

While ſtately vaults and tow'ring piles appear,
And ſhow the world's Metropolis is near.

Silius Italicus, who has taken more pains on the Geography of *Italy* than any other of the *Latin* Poets, has given a catalogue of moſt of the rivers that I ſaw in *Umbria,* or in the borders of it. He has avoided a fault (if it be really ſuch) which *Macrobius* has objected to *Virgil,* of paſſing from one place to another, without regarding their regular and natural ſituation, in which *Homer*'s catalogues are obſerved to be much more methodical and exact than *Virgil*'s.

——Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,
Hos AEſis Sapiſque lavant, rapidaſque ſonanti
Vortice contorquens undas per ſaxa Metaurus,
Et lavat ingentem perſundens flumine ſacro
Clitumnus taurum, Narque albeſcentibus undis
In Tibrim properans, Tineaeque inglorius humor,
Et Clanis, et Rubico, et Senonum de nomine Senon.
Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amne
Albula, et immotâ perſtringit mœnia ripâ,
His urbes arva, et latis Mevania pratis,
Hiſpellum, et duro monti per ſaxa recumbens
Narnia, &c.——— Sil. It. L. 8.

Since I am got among the Poets, I ſhall end this chapter with two or three paſſages out of them, that I have omitted inſerting in their proper places.

Sit ciſterna mihi quam vinea malo Ravennae,
Cùm poſſim multo vendere pluris aquam. Mar. L. 5.

Lodg'd at *Ravenna,* (water ſells ſo dear)
A ciſtern to a vineyard I prefer.

Callidus impoſuit nuper mihi caupo Ravennae;
Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum. Id.

By a *Ravenna* vintner once betray'd,
So much for wine and water mix'd I paid;
But when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
The raſcal fobb'd me off with only wine.

Stat fucare colus nec Sidone vilior Ancon,
Murice nec Tyrio.——— Sil. It. L. 8.

The wool when ſhaded with *Ancona*'s dye,
May with the proudeſt *Tyrian* purple vie.

Fountain water is ſtill very ſcarce at *Ravenna,* and was probably much more ſo, when the ſea was within its neighbourhood. From

From *ROME* to *NAPLES.*

UPON my arrival at *Rome* I took a view of St. *Peter's,* and the *Rotunda,* leaving the reſt 'till my return from *Naples,* when I ſhould have time and leiſure enough to conſider what I ſaw. St. *Peter's* ſeldom anſwers expectation at firſt entering it, but enlarges itſelf on all ſides inſenſibly, and mends upon the eye every moment. The proportions are ſo very well obſerved, that nothing appears to an advantage, or diſtinguiſhes itſelf above the reſt. It ſeems neither extremely high, nor long, or broad, becauſe it is all of them in a juſt equality. As on the contrary in our *Gothic* cathedrals, the narrowneſs of the arch makes it riſe in height, or run out in length; the lowneſs often opens it in breadth, or the defectiveneſs of ſome other particular makes any ſingle part appear in great perfection. Though every thing in this Church is admirable, the moſt aſtoniſhing part of it is the Cupola. Upon my going to the top of it, I was ſurpriſed to find that the Dome, which we ſee in the church, is not the ſame that one looks upon without doors, the laſt of them being a kind of caſe to the other, and the ſtairs lying betwixt them both, by which one aſcends into the ball. Had there been only the outward dome, it would not have ſhewn itſelf to an advantage to thoſe that are in the church; or had there only been the inward one, it would ſcarce have been ſeen by thoſe that are without; had they both been one ſolid dome of ſo great a thickneſs, the pillars would have been too weak to have ſupported it. After having ſurvey'd this dome, I went to ſee the *Rotunda,* which is generally ſaid to have been the model of it. This church is at preſent ſo much changed from the ancient *Pantheon,* as *Pliny* has deſcribed it, that ſome have been inclined to think it is not the ſame temple; but the Cavalier *Fontana* has abundantly ſatisfied the world in this particular, and ſhewn how the ancient figure, and ornaments of the *Pantheon,* have been changed into what they are at preſent. This Author, who is now eſteemed the beſt of the *Roman* Architects, has lately written a treatiſe on *Veſpaſian*'s Amphitheatre, which is not yet printed.

After having ſeen theſe two maſter-pieces of modern and ancient architecture, I have often conſidered with myſelf whether the ordinary figure of the heathen, or that of the chriſtian temples be the moſt beautiful, and the moſt capable of magnificence, and cannot forbear thinking the croſs figure more proper for ſuch ſpacious buildings than the *Rotund.* I muſt confeſs the

eye is better filled at firſt entering the *Rotund*, and takes in the whole beauty and magnificence of the temple at one view. But ſuch as are built in the form of a croſs, give us a greater variety of noble proſpects. Nor is it eaſy to conceive a more glorious ſhow in Architecture, than what a man meets with in St. *Peter's,* when he ſtands under the dome. If he looks upward he is aſtoniſhed at the ſpacious hollow of the cupola, and has a vault on every ſide of him, that makes one of the beautifulleſt *Viſta*'s that the eye can poſſibly paſs through. I know that ſuch as are profeſſed admirers of the ancients, will find abundance of chimerical beauties the Architects themſelves never thought of, as one of the moſt famous of the moderns in that art tells us, the hole in the roof of the *Rotunda* is ſo admirably contrived, that it makes thoſe who are in the Temple look like Angels, by diffuſing the light equally on all ſides of them.

In all the old high-ways, that lead from *Rome,* one ſees ſeveral little ruins on each ſide of them, that were formerly ſo many ſepulchres; for the ancient *Romans* generally bury'd their dead near the great roads.

Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ. Juv. S. 1.

None, but ſome few of a very extraordinary quality, having been interred within the walls of the city.

Our chriſtian epitaphs that are to be ſeen only in churches, or churchyards, begin often with a *Siſte Viator. Viator precare ſalutem,* &c. probably in imitation of the old *Roman* inſcriptions, that generally addreſſed themſelves to the travellers; as it was impoſſible for them to enter the city, or to go out of it without paſſing through one of theſe melancholy roads, which for a great length was nothing elſe but a ſtreet of funeral monuments.

In my way from *Rome* to *Naples* I found nothing ſo remarkable as the beauty of the country, and the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to ſee the preſent deſolation of *Italy,* when one conſiders what incredible multitudes of people it abounded with during the reigns of the *Roman* Emperors: and notwithſtanding the removal of the Imperial ſeat, the irruptions of the barbarous nations, the civil wars of this country, with the hardſhips of its ſeveral governments, one can ſcarce imagine how ſo plentiful a ſoil ſhould become ſo miſerably un-peopled in compariſon of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate computation, more inhabitants in the *Campania* of old *Rome,* than are now in all *Italy*. And if we could number up thoſe prodigious ſwarms that had ſettled themſelves in every part of this delightful country, I queſtion not but that they would amount to more than can be found, at preſent, in any

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ſix parts of *Europe* of the ſame extent. This deſolation appears no where greater than in the Pope's territories, and yet there are ſeveral reaſons would make a man expect to ſee theſe dominions the beſt regulated, and moſt floriſhing of any other in *Europe*. Their Prince is generally a man of learning and virtue, mature in years and experience, who has ſeldom any vanity or pleaſure to gratify at his people's expence, and is neither encumbered with wife, children or miſtreſſes; not to mention the ſuppoſed ſanctity of his character, which obliges him in a more particular manner to conſult the good and happineſs of mankind. The direction of church and ſtate are lodged entirely in his own hands, ſo that his government is naturally free from thoſe principles of faction and diviſion which are mixed in the very compoſition of moſt others. His ſubjects are always ready to fall in with his deſigns, and are more at his diſpoſal than any others of the moſt abſolute government, as they have a greater veneration for his perſon, and not only court his favor but his bleſſing. His country is extremely fruitful, and has good havens both for the Adriatic and Mediterranean, which is an advantage peculiar to himſelf and the *Neapolitans* above the reſt of the *Italians*. There is ſtill a benefit the Pope enjoys above all other ſovereigns, in drawing great ſums out of *Spain, Germany,* and other countries that belong to foreign Princes, which one would fancy might be no ſmall eaſe to his own ſubjects. We may here add, that there is no place in *Europe* ſo much frequented by ſtrangers, whether they are ſuch as come out of curioſity, or ſuch who are obliged to attend the court of *Rome* on ſeveral occaſions, as are many of the Cardinals and Prelates, that bring conſiderable ſums into the Pope's dominions. But notwithſtanding all theſe promiſing circumſtances, and the long peace that has reigned ſo many years in *Italy*, there is not a more miſerable people in *Europe* than the Pope's ſubjects. His ſtate is thin of inhabitants, and a great part of his ſoil uncultivated. His ſubjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither ſufficient manufactures, nor traffic to employ them. Theſe ill effects may ariſe, in a great meaſure, out of the arbitrarineſs of the government, but I think they are chiefly to be aſcribed to the very genius of the *Roman* catholic religion, which here ſhews itſelf in its perfection. It is not ſtrange to find a country half unpeopled, where ſo great a proportion of the inhabitants of both ſexes is tied under ſuch vows of chaſtity, and where at the ſame time an inquiſition forbids all recruits out of any other religion. Nor is it leſs eaſy to account for the great poverty and want that are to be met with in a country which invites into it ſuch ſwarms of vagabonds, under the title of Pilgrims, and ſhuts up in cloiſters ſuch an incredible multitude of young and luſty beggars, who inſtead of increaſing the common ſtock by their la-

bor and induſtry, lie as a dead weight on their fellow-ſubjects, and conſume the charity that ought to ſupport the ſickly, old and decrepid. The many hoſpitals, that are every where erected, ſerve rather to encourage idleneſs in the people, than to ſet them at work; not to mention the great riches which lie uſeleſs in churches and religious houſes, with the multitude of feſtivals that muſt never be violated by trade or buſineſs. To ſpeak truly, they are here ſo wholly taken up with mens ſouls, that they neglect the good of their bodies; and when, to theſe natural evils in the government and religion, there ariſes among them an avaritious Pope, who is for making a family, it is no wonder if the people ſink under ſuch a complication of diſtempers. Yet it is to this humor of Nepotiſm that *Rome* owes its preſent ſplendor and magnificence; for it would have been impoſſible to have furniſhed out ſo many glorious palaces with ſuch a profuſion of pictures, ſtatues, and the like ornaments, had not the riches of the people at ſeveral times fallen into the hands of many different families, and of particular perſons; as we may obſerve, though the bulk of the *Roman* People was more rich and happy in the times of the Common-wealth, the city of *Rome* received all its beauties and embelliſhments under the Emperors. It is probable the *Campania* of *Rome,* as well as other parts of the Pope's territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not ſuch an exorbitant tax on corn, which makes them plow up only ſuch ſpots of ground as turn to the moſt advantage: Whereas were the money to be raiſed on lands, with an exception to ſome of the more barren parts, that might be tax-free for a certain term of years, every one would turn his ground to the beſt account, and in a little time perhaps bring more money into the Pope's treaſury.

The greateſt pleaſure I took in my journey from *Rome* to *Naples* was in ſeeing the fields, towns and rivers that have been deſcribed by ſo many *Claſſic* Authors, and have been the Scenes of ſo many great actions; for this whole road is extremely barren of curioſities. It is worth while to have an eye on *Horace*'s voyage to *Brundiſi,* when one paſſes this way; for by comparing his ſeveral ſtages, and the road he took, with thoſe that are obſerved at preſent, we may have ſome idea of the changes that have been made in the face of this country ſince his time. If we may gueſs at the common travelling of perſons of Quality, among the ancient *Romans,* from this Poet's deſcription of his voyage, we may conclude they ſeldom went above fourteen miles a day over the *Appian* way, which was more uſed by the Noble *Romans* than any other in *Italy,* as it led to *Naples, Baïa,* and the moſt delightful parts of the nation. It is indeed very diſagreeable to be carried in haſte over this pavement.

Minùs

Minùs eſt gravis Appia tardis. Hor.

Lucan has deſcribed the very road from *Anxur* to *Rome*, that *Horace* took from *Rome* to *Anxur*. It is not indeed the ordinary way at preſent, nor is it marked out by the ſame places in both Poets.

Jamque et præcipites ſuperaverat Anxuris arces,
*Et quà * Pontinas via dividit uda paludes,*
Quà ſublime nemus, Scythicæ quà regna Dianæ;
Quàque iter eſt Latiis ad ſummam faſcibus Albam.
Excelſâ de rupe procul jam conſpicit urbem. L. 3.

He now had conquer'd *Anxur*'s ſteep aſcent,
And to *Pontina*'s watry marſhes went,
A long canal the muddy fenn divides,
And with a clear unſully'd current glides;
Diana's woody realms he next invades,
And croſſing through the conſecrated ſhades
Aſcends high *Alba*, whence with new delight
He ſees the city riſing to his ſight.

In my way to *Naples* I croſſed the two moſt conſiderable rivers of the *Campania Felice*, that were formerly called the *Liris* and *Vulturnus*, and are at preſent the *Garigliano* and *Vulturno*. The firſt of theſe rivers has been deſervedly celebrated by the *Latin* Poets for the gentleneſs of its courſe, as the other for its rapidity and noiſe.

——Rura quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis. H. L. 1. Od. 30.
Liris——————qui fonte quieto
Diſſimulat curſum, et nullo mutabilis imbre
Perſtringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas. Sil. It. L. 4.
——————Miſcentem flumina Lirim
Sulfureum, tacitiſque vadis ad littora lapſum
Accolit Arpinas—————— Id. L. 8.

Where the ſmooth ſtreams of *Liris* ſtray,
And ſteal inſenſibly away,
The warlike *Arpine* borders on the ſides
Of the ſlow *Liris*, that in ſilence glides,
And in its tainted ſtream the working ſulphur hides.

* *A Canal, the marks of it ſtill ſeen.*

Vultur-

Vulturnuſque rapax———— Cl. de Pr. et Ol. Con.
Vulturnuſque celer———— Luc. L. 2. 28.
——*Fluctuque ſonorum*
Vulturnum———— Sil. It. L. 8.

The rough *Vulturnus*, furious in its courſe,
With rapid ſtreams divides the fruitful grounds,
And from afar in hollow murmurs ſounds.

The ruins of *Anxur* and old *Capua* mark out the pleaſant ſituation in which thoſe towns formerly ſtood. The firſt of them was planted on the mountain, where we now ſee *Terracina*, and by reaſon of the breezes that came off the Sea, and the height of its ſituation, was one of the ſummer retirements of the ancient *Romans.*

O nemus, O fontes! ſolidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis ſplendidus Anxur aquis! Mar. L. 10.

Ye warbling fountains, and ye ſhady trees,
Where *Anxur* feels the cool refreſhing breeze
Blown off the ſea, and all the dewy ſtrand
Lies cover'd with a ſmooth unſinking ſand!

Anxuris æquorei placidos frontine receſſus
Et propius Baïas littoreamque domum,
Et quod inhumanæ Cancro ſervente Cicâdæ
Non novere, nemus, flumineoſque lacus
Dum colui, &c.—— Id.

On the cool ſhore, near *Baja*'s gentle ſeats,
I lay retir'd in *Anxur*'s ſoft retreats.
Where ſilver lakes, with verdant ſhadows crown'd,
Diſperſe a grateful chilneſs all around;
The Graſshopper avoids th' untainted air,
Nor in the midſt of ſummer ventures there.

Impoſitum ſaxis latè candentibus Anxur. Hor. S. 5. L. 1.
Monte procelloſo Murranum miſerat Anxur. Sil. It. L. 4.
——*Scopuloſi verticis Anxur.* Sil. It. L. 4.
Capuæ Luxum vide apud Sil. It. L. 11.
Murranus

Murranus came from *Anxur*'s ſhow'ry height,
With ragged rocks, and ſtony quarries white;
Seated on hills———————

I don't know whether it be worth while to take notice that the figures, which are cut in the rock near *Terracina*, encreaſe ſtill in a decimal proportion as they come nearer the bottom. If one of our voyage-writers, who paſſed this way more than once, had obſerved the ſituation of theſe figures, he would not have troubled himſelf with the diſſertation that he has made upon them. *Silius Italicus* has given us the names of ſeveral towns and rivers in the *Campania Felice*.

Jam verò quos dives opum, quos dives avorum,
Et toto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu;
Ductorum adventum vicinis ſedibus Oſci
Servabant; Sinueſſa tepens, fluctuque ſonorum
Vulturnum, quaſque evertere ſilentia, Amyclæ,
Fundique et regnata Lamo Cajeta, domuſque
Antiphatæ compreſſa freto, ſtagniſque paluſtre
Linternum, et quondam fatorum conſcia Cuma,
Illic Nuceriæ, et Gaurus navalibus apta,
Prole Dicharchæâ multo cum milite Graja
Illic Parthenope, et Pæno non pervia Nola.
Alliphe, & Clanio contemtæ ſemper Acerræ.
Sarraſtes etiam populos totaſque videres
Sarni mitis opes: illic quos Sulphure pingues
Phlegræi legere ſinus, Miſenus et ardens
Ore gigantæo ſedes Ithaceſia, Bajæ,
Non Prochite, non ardentem ſortita Tiphæa
Inarime, non antiqui ſaxoſa Telonis
Inſula, nec parvis aberat Calatia muris,
Surrentum, et pauper ſulci Cerealis Avella,
In primis Capua, heu rebus ſervare Secundis
Inconſulta modum, et pravo peritura tumore. L. 8.

N A P L E S.

MY firſt days at *Naples* were taken up with the ſight of proceſſions, which are always very magnificent in the Holy-Week. It would be tedious to give an account of the ſeveral repreſentations of our Saviour's death and reſurrection, of the figures of himſelf, the Bleſſed Virgin, and the Apoſtles, which are carried up and down on this occaſion, with the cruel penances that ſeveral inflict on themſelves, and the multitude of ceremonies that attend theſe ſolemnities. I ſaw, at the ſame time, a very ſplendid proceſſion for the acceſſion of the Duke of *Anjou* to the crown of *Spain*, in which the Vice-roy bore his part at the left-hand of Cardinal *Cantelmi*. To grace the parade, they expoſed, at the ſame time, the blood of St. *Januarius*, which liquefyed at the approach of the Saint's head, though, as they ſay, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of ſeeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and muſt confeſs I think it ſo far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the moſt bungling tricks that I ever ſaw: yet it is this that makes as great a noiſe as any in the *Roman* Church, and that Monſieur *Paſchal* has hinted at among the reſt, in his marks of the true religion. The modern *Neapolitans* ſeem to have copyed it out from one, which was ſhown in a town of the Kingdom of *Naples*, as long ago as in *Horace*'s time.

——Dehinc Gnatia lymphis
Iratis extructa dedit riſuſque jocoſque,
Dum flammâ ſine thura liqueſcere limine Sacro
Perſuadere cupit: credat Judæus apella,
Non ego—————— Sat. 5. L. 1.

At *Gnatia* next arriv'd, we laugh'd to ſee
The ſuperſtitious croud's ſimplicity,
That in the ſacred temple needs would try
Without a fire th' unheated gums to fry;
Believe who will the ſolemn ſham, not I.

One may ſee at leaſt that the heathen Prieſthood had the ſame kind of ſecret among them, of which the *Roman* Catholics are now maſters.

I muſt confeſs, though I had lived above a year in a *Roman* Catholic country, I was ſurprized to ſee many ceremonies and ſuperſtitions in *Naples*, that are not ſo much as thought of in *France*. But as it is certain there has been

been a kind of ſecret reformation made, though not publicly owned, in the *Roman* Catholic church, ſince the ſpreading of the Proteſtant religion, ſo we find the ſeveral nations are recovered out of their ignorance, in proportion as they converſe more or leſs with thoſe of the reformed churches. For this reaſon the *French* are much more enlightened than the *Spaniards* or *Italians,* on occaſion of their frequent controverſies with the *Huguenots;* and we find many of the *Roman* Catholic Gentlemen of our own country, who will not ſtick to laugh at the ſuperſtitions they ſometimes meet with in other nations.

I ſhall not be particular in deſcribing the grandeur of the city of *Naples,* the beauty of its pavement, the regularity of its buildings, the magnificence of its churches and convents, the multitude of its inhabitants, or the delightfulneſs of its ſituation, which ſo many others have done with a great deal of leiſure and exactneſs. If a war ſhould break out, the town has reaſon to apprehend the exacting of a large contribution, or a bombardment. It has but ſeven gallies, a mole, and two little caſtles, which are capable of hindering an enemy's approaches. Beſides that, the ſea which lies near it is not ſubject to ſtorms, has no ſenſible flux or reflux, and is ſo deep, that a veſſel of burden may come up to the very mole. The houſes are flat-roof'd to walk upon, ſo that every bomb that fell on them would take effect.

Pictures, ſtatues, and pieces of antiquity are not ſo common at *Naples,* as one might expect in ſo great and ancient a city of *Italy;* for the Vice-Roys take care to ſend into *Spain* every thing that is valuable of this nature. Two of their fineſt modern ſtatues are thoſe of *Apollo* and *Minerva,* placed on each ſide of *Sannazarius*'s tomb. On the face of this monument, which is all of marble, and very neatly wrought, is repreſented, in *Bas relief, Neptune* among the Satyrs, to ſhow that this Poet was the inventor of piſcatory Eclogues. I remember *Hugo Grotius* deſcribes himſelf in one of his Poems, as the firſt that brought the Muſes to the ſea-ſide, but he muſt be underſtood only of the Poets of his own country. I here ſaw the temple that *Sannazarius* mentions in his invocation of the Bleſſed Virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis,* which was all raiſed at his own expence.

——Niveis tibi ſi ſolennia templis
Serta damus; ſi manſuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciſo in ſcopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Deſpiciens celſo de culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautiſque procul venientibus offert.
Tu vatem ignarumque viæ inſuetumque labori
Diva mone——————. L. 1.

Thou bright celeſtial Goddeſs, if to thee
An acceptable temple I erect,
With faireſt flow'rs and freſheſt garlands deck'd,
On tow'ring rocks, whence *Margellinè* ſpies
The ruffled deep in ſtorms and tempeſts riſe;
Guide thou the pious Poet, nor refuſe
Thine own propitious aid to his unpractis'd Muſe.

There are ſeveral very delightful proſpects about *Naples*, eſpecially from ſome of the religious houſes; for one ſeldom finds in *Italy* a ſpot of ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not covered with a convent. The Cupola's of this city, though there are many of them, do not appear to the beſt advantage when one ſurveys them at a diſtance, as being generally too high and narrow. The Marquis of *Medina Cidonia*, in his Vice-Royalty, made the ſhell of a houſe, which he had not time to finiſh, that commands a view of the whole bay, and would have been a very noble building had he brought it to perfection.

It ſtands ſo on the ſide of a mountain that it would have had a garden to every ſtory, by the help of a bridge which was to have been laid over each garden.

The bay of *Naples* is the moſt delightful one that I ever ſaw. It lies in almoſt a round figure of about thirty miles in the diameter. Three parts of it are ſheltered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The high promontory of *Surrentum* divides it from the bay of *Salernum*. Between the utmoſt point of this promontory, and the Iſle of *Caprea*, the ſea enters by a ſtreight of about three miles wide. This Iſland ſtands as a vaſt Mole, which ſeems to have been planted there on purpoſe to break the violence of the waves that run into the bay. It lies long-ways, almoſt in a parallel line to *Naples*. The exceſſive height of its rocks ſecures a great part of the bay from winds and waves, which enter again between the other end of this Iſland and the Promontory of *Miſeno*. The bay of *Naples* is called the *Crater* by the old Geographers, probably from this its reſemblance to a round bowl half filled with liquor. Perhaps *Virgil*, who compoſed here a great part of his *AEneids*, took from hence the plan of that beautiful harbor, which he has made in his firſt book; for the *Libyan* port is but the *Neapolitan* bay in little.

Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus. Inſula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque ſinus ſcindit ſeſe unda reductos:

Hinc

Hinc atque hinc vaſtæ rupes geminique minantur
In cœlum ſcopuli, quorum ſub vertice latè
AEquora tuta ſilent, tum Silvis ſcena coruſcis
Deſuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ. AEn. 1.

Within a long receſs there lies a Bay,
An iſland ſhades it from the rolling ſea,
And forms a port ſecure for ſhips to ride,
Broke by the jetting land on either ſide,
In double ſtreams the briny waters glide,
Between two rows of rocks: a *Sylvan* ſcene
Appears above, and groves for ever green. *Dryden.*

Naples ſtands in the boſom of this bay, and has the pleaſanteſt ſituation in the world, though by reaſon of its weſtern mountains, it wants an advantage *Vitruvius* would have to the front of his Palace, of ſeeing the ſetting Sun.

One would wonder how the *Spaniards*, who have but very few forces in the kingdom of *Naples*, ſhould be able to keep a people from revolting, that has been famous for its mutinies and ſeditions in former ages. But they have ſo well contrived it, that though the ſubjects are miſerably harraſſed and oppreſſed, the greateſt of their oppreſſors are thoſe of their own body. I ſhall not mention any thing of the Clergy, who are ſufficiently reproached in moſt Itineraries for the univerſal poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful kingdom. A great part of the people is in a ſtate of vaſſalage to the Barons, who are the harſheſt tyrants in the world to thoſe that are under them. The vaſſals indeed are allowed, and invited to bring in their complaints and appeals to the Vice-Roy, who to foment diviſions, and gain the hearts of the populace, does not ſtick at impriſoning and chaſtiſing their maſters very ſeverely on occaſion. The ſubjects of the Crown are notwithſtanding much more rich and happy than the vaſſals of the Barons. Inſomuch that when the King has been upon the point of ſelling a town to one of his Barons, the inhabitants have raiſed the ſum upon themſelves, and preſented it to the King, that they might keep out of ſo inſupportable a ſlavery. Another way the *Spaniards* have taken to grind the *Neapolitans*, and yet to take off the *Odium* from themſelves, has been by erecting ſeveral Courts of Juſtice, with a very ſmall penſion for ſuch as ſit at the head of them, ſo that they are tempted to take bribes, keep cauſes undecided, encourage law-ſuits, and do all they can to fleece the people, that they may have wherewithal to ſupport their own dignity. It is incredible how

great a multitude of retainers to the Law there are at *Naples*. It is commonly ſaid, that when *Innocent* the eleventh had deſired the Marquis of *Carpio* to furniſh him with thirty thouſand head of Swine, the Marquis anſwered him, that for his Swine he could not ſpare them, but if his Holineſs had occaſion for thirty thouſand Lawyers he had them at his ſervice. Theſe Gentlemen find a continual employ for the fiery temper of the *Neapolitans*, and hinder them from uniting in ſuch common friendſhips and alliances as might endanger the ſafety of the government. There are very few perſons of conſideration who have not a cauſe depending: for when a *Neapolitan* Cavalier has nothing elſe to do, he gravely ſhuts himſelf up in his cloſet, and falls a tumbling over his papers to ſee if he can ſtart a law-ſuit, and plague any of his neighbours. So much is the Genius of this people changed ſince *Statius*'s time.

Nulla foro rabies, aut ſtrictæ jurgia legis;
Morum jura viris ſolum et ſine faſcibus æquum. Sil. L. 3.

By love of right and native juſtice led,
In the ſtraight paths of equity they tread;
Nor know the bar, nor fear the Judge's frown,
Unpractis'd in the wranglings of the gown.

There is another circumſtance which makes the *Neapolitans*, in a very particular manner the oppreſſors of each other. The Gabels of *Naples* are very high on oil, wine, tobacco, and indeed on almoſt every thing that can be eaten, drank or worn. There would have been one on fruit, had not *Maſſianello*'s rebellion aboliſh'd it, as it has probably put a ſtop to many others. What makes theſe impoſts more intolerable to the poorer ſort, they are laid on all butchers meat, while at the ſame time the fowl and gibbier are tax-free. Beſides, all meat being taxed equally by the pound, it happens that the duty lies heavieſt on the coarſer ſorts, which are moſt likely to fall to the ſhare of the common people, ſo that beef perhaps pays a third, and veal a tenth of its price to the government, a pound of either ſort having the ſame tax fixed on it. Theſe gabels are moſt of them at preſent in the hands of private men; for as the King of *Spain* has had occaſion for money he has borrowed it of the rich *Neapolitans*, on condition that they ſhould receive the intereſt out of ſuch or ſuch gabels 'till he could repay them the principal.

This he has repeated ſo often that at preſent there is ſcarce a ſingle gabel unmortgaged; ſo that there is no place in *Europe* which pays greater taxes,

taxes, and at the ſame time no Prince who draws leſs advantage from them. In other countries the people have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the money they give ſpent in the neceſſities, defence, or ornament of their State, or at leaſt in the vanity or pleaſures of their Prince: but here moſt of it goes to the enriching of their fellow-ſubjects. If there was not ſo great a plenty of every thing in *Naples* the people could not bear it. The *Spaniard* however reaps this advantage from the preſent poſture of affairs, that the murmurs of the people are turned upon their own countrymen, and what is more conſiderable, that almoſt all the perſons, of the greateſt wealth and power in *Naples*, are engaged by their own intereſts to pay theſe impoſitions chearfully, and to ſupport the government which has laid them on. For this reaſon, though the poorer ſort are for the Emperor, few of the perſons of conſequence can endure to think of a change in their preſent eſtabliſhment; though there is no queſtion but the king of *Spain* will reform moſt of theſe abuſes, by breaking or retrenching the power of the Barons, by cancelling ſeveral unneceſſary employs, or by ranſoming or taking the gabels into his own hands. I have been told too, there is a law of *Charles* the fifth ſomething like our ſtatute of Mortmain, which has lain dormant ever ſince his time, and will probably have new life put into it under the reign of an active Prince. The inhabitants of *Naples* have been always very notorious for leading a life of lazineſs and pleaſure, which I take to ariſe partly out of the wonderful plenty of their country, that does not make labor ſo neceſſary to them, and partly out of the temper of the climate, that relaxes the fibres of their bodies, and diſpoſes the people to ſuch an idle indolent humor. Whatever it proceeds from, we find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at preſent.

This was perhaps the reaſon that the ancients tell us one of the *Sirens* was buryed in this city, which thence received the name of *Parthenope*.

——*Improba Siren*
Deſidia—— Hor. Sa. 3. L. 2.

Sloth, the deluding *Siren* of the mind.

————*Et in otia natam*
Parthenopen———— Ov. Met. L. 15.

——*Otioſa Neapolis.* Hor. Ep. 5.

Parthenope, for idle hours deſign'd,
To luxury and eaſe unbends the mind.

Parthenope

Parthenope non dives opum, non ſpreta vigoris,
Non molles urbi ritus atque hoſpita Muſis
Otia, et exemtum curis gravioribus ævum:
Sirenum dedit una ſuum et memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris Acheloïas, æquore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miſeris caneret non proſpera nautis. Sil. It. L. 12.

Here wanton *Naples* crowns the happy ſhore,
Nor vainly rich, nor deſpicably poor,
The town in ſoft ſolemnities delights,
And gentle Poets to her arms invites;
The people free from cares, ſerene and gay,
Paſs all their mild untroubled hours away.
Parthenope the riſing city nam'd,
A *Siren*, for her ſongs and beauty fam'd,
That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring ſeas
The liſt'ning wretch, and made deſtruction pleaſe.

Has ego te ſedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace
Nec Libye natale ſolum) transferre laboro:
Quas te mollis hyems et frigida temperat æſtas,
Quas imbelle fretum, torpentibus alluit undis:
Pax ſecura locis, et deſidis otia vitæ,
Et nunquam turbata quies, ſomnique peracti:
Nulla foro rabies, &c. Stat. Sil. L. 3.

Theſe are the gentle ſeats that I propoſe;
For not cold *Scythia*'s undiſſolving ſnows,
Nor the parch'd *Libyan* ſands thy huſband bore,
But mild *Parthenope*'s delightful ſhore,
Where huſh'd in calms the bord'ring ocean laves
Her ſilent coaſt, and rolls in languid waves;
Refreſhing winds the ſummer's heats aſſwage,
And kindly warmth diſarms the winter's rage;
Remov'd from noiſe and the tumultuous war,
Soft ſleep and downy eaſe inhabit there,
And dreams unbroken with intruding care.

The

The Antiquities and Natural Curioſities that lie near the City of *NAPLES.*

AT about eight miles diſtance from *Naples* lies a very noble ſcene of antiquities. What they call *Virgil*'s tomb is the firſt that one meets with on the way thither. It is certain this Poet was buried at *Naples,* but I think it is almoſt as certain that his tomb ſtood on the other ſide of the town which looks towards *Veſuvio.* By this tomb is the entry into the grotto of *Pauſilypo.* The common people of *Naples* believe it to have been wrought by magic, and that *Virgil* was the magician; who is in greater repute among the *Neapolitans* for having made the Grotto, than the *AEneid.*

If a man would form to himſelf a juſt idea of this place, he muſt fancy a vaſt rock undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it, near as long and as broad as the Mall in St. *James*'s park. This ſubterraneous paſſage is much mended ſince *Seneca* gave ſo bad a character of it. The entry at both ends is higher than the middle parts of it, and ſinks by degrees, to fling in more light upon the reſt. Towards the middle are two large funnels, bored through the roof of the grotto, to let in light and freſh air.

There are no where about the mountain any vaſt heaps of ſtones, though it is certain the great quantities of them that are dug out of the rock could not eaſily conceal themſelves, had they not probably been conſumed in the moles and buildings of *Naples.* This confirmed me in a conjecture which I made at the firſt ſight of this ſubterraneous paſſage, that it was not at firſt deſigned ſo much for a highway as for a quarry of ſtone, but that the inhabitants, finding a double advantage by it, hewed it into the form we now ſee. Perhaps the ſame deſign gave the original to the *Sibyl*'s grotto, conſidering the prodigious multitude of palaces that ſtood in its neighbourhood.

I remember when I was at *Chateaudun* in *France* I met with a very curious perſon, a member of one of the *German* Univerſities. He had ſtayed a day or two in the town longer than ordinary, to take the meaſures of ſeveral empty ſpaces that had been cut in the ſides of a neighbouring mountain. Some of them were ſupported with pillars formed out of the rock, ſome were made in the faſhion of galleries, and ſome not unlike amphitheatres. The Gentleman had made to himſelf ſeveral ingenious hypotheſes concerning the uſe of theſe ſubterraneous apartments, and from thence collected

the vaſt magnificence and luxury of the ancient *Chateaudunois.* But upon communicating his thoughts upon this ſubject to one of the moſt learned of the place, he was not a little ſurprized to hear that theſe ſtupendous works of art were only ſo many quarries of free-ſtone, that had been wrought into different figures, according as the veins of it directed the workmen.

About five miles from the grotto of *Pauſilypo* lie the remains of *Puteoli* and *Bajæ*, in a ſoft air and a delicious ſituation.

The country about them, by reaſon of its vaſt caverns and ſubterraneous fires, has been miſerably torn in pieces by earthquakes, ſo that the whole face of it is quite changed from what it was formerly. The ſea has overwhelmed a multitude of palaces, which may be ſeen at the bottom of the water in a calm day.

The *Lucrine* lake is but a puddle in compariſon of what it once was, its ſprings having been ſunk in an earthquake, or ſtopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of *Avernus,* formerly ſo famous for its ſtreams of poiſon, is now plentifully ſtocked with fiſh and fowl. Mount *Gaurus,* from one of the fruitfulleſt parts in *Italy,* is become one of the moſt barren. Several fields, which were laid out in beautiful groves and gardens, are now naked plains ſmoking with ſulphur, or encumber'd with hills that have been thrown up by eruptions of fire. The works of art lie in no leſs diſorder than thoſe of nature, for that which was once the moſt beautiful ſpot of *Italy,* covered with temples and palaces, adorned by the greateſt of the *Roman* Common-wealth, embelliſhed by many of the *Roman* Emperors, and celebrated by the beſt of their Poets, has now nothing to ſhow but the ruins of its ancient ſplendor, and a great magnificence in confuſion.

The mole of *Puteoli* has been miſtaken by ſeveral Authors for *Caligula*'s bridge. They have all been led into this error from the make of it, becauſe it ſtands on arches. But to paſs over the many arguments that may be brought againſt this opinion, I ſhall here take away the foundation of it, by ſetting down an inſcription mentioned by *Julius Capitolinus* in the life of *Antoninus Pius,* who was the repairer of this Mole. *Imp. Cæſari. Divi. Hadriani. filio. Divi. Trajani. Parthici. Nepoti. Divi. Nervæ. pronepoti. T. Ael. Hadriano. Antonino. Aug. Pio.* &c. *quod ſuper cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portûs,* Pilarum *viginti* molem *cum ſumptu* fornicum *reliquo ex AErario ſuo largitus eſt.*

It would have been very difficult to have made ſuch a mole as this of *Puteoli,* in a place where they had not ſo natural a commodity as the earth of *Puzzuola,* which immediately hardens in the water, and after a little lying in it looks rather like ſtone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient

Romans

CIVITATIBVS ASIAE RESTITVTIS.

CAESAR·DIVI·AVG·F·AVGVSTVS·DON·MAX·TR·POT·XXXIII·TI

Romans an opportunity of making ſo many encroachments on the ſea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as * *Horace* has elegantly deſcribed it more than once.

About four years ago they dug up a great piece of marble near *Puzzuola*, with ſeveral figures and letters engraven round it, which have given occaſion to ſome diſputes among the antiquaries. † But they all agree that it is the pedeſtal of a ſtatue erected to *Tiberius* by the fourteen cities of *Aſia*, which were ſtung down by an earthquake; the ſame that, according to the opinion of many learned men, happened at our Saviour's Crucifixion. They have found in the letters, which are ſtill legible, the names of the ſeveral cities, and diſcover in each figure ſomething particular to the city, of which it repreſents the Genius. There are two Medals of *Tiberius* ſtamped on the ſame occaſion, with this inſcription to one of them, *Civitatibus Aſiæ Reſtitutis*. The Emperor is repreſented in both ſitting, with a *Patera* in one hand, and a ſpear in the other.

It is probable this might have been the poſture of the ſtatue, which in all likelihood does not lie far from the place where they took up the pedeſtal; for they ſay there were other great pieces of marble near it, and ſeveral of them inſcribed, but that nobody would be at the charges of bringing them to light. The pedeſtal itſelf lay neglected in an open field when I ſaw it. I ſhall not be particular on the ruins of the Amphitheatre, the ancient reſervoirs of water, the *Sibyl*'s grotto, the *Centum Cameræ*, the ſepulchre of *Agrippina*, *Nero*'s mother, with ſeveral other antiquities of leſs note, that lie in the neighbourhood of this bay, and have been often deſcribed by many others. I muſt confeſs, after having ſurveyed the antiquities about *Naples* and *Rome* I cannot but think that our admiration of them does not ſo much ariſe out of their greatneſs as uncommonneſs.

There are indeed many extraordinary ruins, but I believe a traveller would not be ſo much aſtoniſhed at them, did he find any works of the ſame kind in his own country. Amphitheatres, triumphal arches, baths, grottos, catacombs, rotundas, highways paved for ſo great a length, bridges of ſuch an amazing height, ſubterraneous buildings for the reception of rain and ſnow-water, are moſt of them at preſent out of faſhion, and only to be met with among the antiquities of *Italy*. We are therefore immediately ſurpriſed when we ſee any conſiderable ſums laid out in any thing of this nature,

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* Lib. 2. Od. 18. Lib. 3. Od. 1. Lib. 3. Od. 24. Epiſt. L. 1.
† Vid. Gronovium, Fabretti, Buliſon, &c.

though at the ſame time there is many a *Gothic* cathedral in *England*, that has coſt more pains and money than ſeveral of theſe celebrated works. Among the ruins of the old heathen temples they ſhewed me what they call the Chamber of *Venus*, which ſtands a little behind her temple. It is wholly dark, and has ſeveral figures on the ceiling wrought in *Stucco*, that ſeem to repreſent luſt and ſtrength by the emblems of naked *Jupiters* and *Gladiators*, *Tritons* and *Centaurs*, &c. ſo that one would gueſs it has formerly been the ſcene of many lewd myſteries. On the other ſide of *Naples* are the Catacombs. Theſe muſt have been full of ſtench and loathſomneſs, if the dead bodies that lay in them were left to rot in open Niches, as an eminent Author of our own country imagines. But upon examining them, I find they were each of them ſtopped up: without doubt, as ſoon as the corpſe was laid in it. For at the mouth of the Niche one always finds the rock cut into little channels, to faſten the board or marble that was to cloſe it up, and I think I did not ſee one which had not ſtill ſome mortar ſticking in it. In ſome I found pieces of tiles that exactly tallied with the channel, and in others a little wall of bricks, that ſometimes ſtopped up above a quarter of the Niche, the reſt having been broken down. St. *Proculus*'s ſepulchre ſeems to have a kind of Moſaic work on its covering, for I obſerved at one end of it ſeveral little pieces of marble ranged together after that manner. 'Tis probable they were adorned, more or leſs, according to the quality of the dead. One would indeed wonder to find ſuch a multitude of Niches unſtopped, and I cannot imagine any body ſhould take the pains to do it, who was not in queſt of ſome ſuppoſed treaſure.

Bajæ was the winter retreat of the old *Romans*, that being the proper ſeaſon to enjoy the *Bajani Soles*, and the *Mollis Lucrinus*; as on the contrary, *Tibur*, *Tuſculum*, *Preneſte*, *Alba*, *Cajetta*, *Mons Circeius*, *Auxur*, and the like airy mountains and promontories, were their retirements during the heats of ſummer.

Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi ſtagna Lucrini,
Et quæ pumiceis ſontibus antra calent,
Tu colis Argivi regnum Fauſtine colini *
Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
Horrida ſed ſervent Nemeæi pectora monſtri:
Nec ſatis eſt Bajas igne calere ſuo.

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* Vide Hor. Lib. 2. Od. 6.

Ergo

Ergo ſacri fontes, et littora ſacra valete,
Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus
Herculeos colles gelidâ vos vincite brumâ,
Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus. Mar. L. 1. Ep. 116.

While near the *Lucrine* lake conſum'd to death,
I draw the ſultry air, and gaſp for breath,
Where ſteams of Sulphur raiſe a ſtifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice ſweat;
You taſte the cooling breeze, where nearer home
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from *Rome:*
And now the Sun to the bright Lion turns,
And *Baja* with redoubled fury burns;
Then briny ſeas and taſteful ſprings farewel,
Where fountain-nymphs confus'd with *Nereids* dwell,
In winter you may all the world deſpiſe,
But now 'tis *Tivoli* that bears the prize.

The natural curioſities about *Naples* are as numerous and extraordinary as the artificial. I ſhall ſet them down, as I have done the other, without any regard to their ſituation. The grotto *del Cani* is famous for the poiſonous ſteams which float within a foot of its ſurface. The ſides of the grotto are marked green, as high as the malignity of the vapor reaches. The common experiments are as follow: a Dog, that has his noſe held in the vapor, loſes all ſigns of life in a very little time; but if carried into the open air, or thrown into a neighbouring lake, he immediately recovers, if he is not quite gone. A Torch, ſnuff and all, goes out in a moment when dipped into the vapor. A piſtol cannot take fire in it. I ſplit a reed, and laid in the channel of it a train of gun-powder, ſo that one end of the reed was above the vapor, and the other at the bottom of it; and I found, though the ſteam was ſtrong enough to hinder a piſtol from taking fire in it, and to quench a lighted torch, that it could not intercept the train of fire when it had once begun flaſhing, nor hinder it from running to the very end. This experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to ſee if I could quite diſſipate the vapor, which I did in ſo great a meaſure, that one might eaſily let off a piſtol in it. I obſerved how long a Dog was in expiring the firſt time, and after his recovery, and found no ſenſible difference. A Viper bore it nine minutes the

firſt time we put it in, and ten the ſecond. When we brought it out after the firſt trial, it took ſuch a vaſt quantity of air into its lungs, that it ſwelled almoſt twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this ſtock of air that it lived a minute longer the ſecond time. Dr. *Connor* made a diſcourſe in one of the Academies at *Rome* upon the ſubject of this Grotto, which he has ſince printed in *England*. He attributes the death of Animals, and the extinction of Lights, to a great rarefaction of the air, cauſed by the heat and eruption of the ſteams. But how is it poſſible for theſe ſteams, though in never ſo great quantity, to reſiſt the preſſure of the whole Atmoſphere? And as for the heat, it is but very inconſiderable. However, to ſatisfy myſelf, I placed a thin vial, well ſtopped up with wax, within the ſmoke of the vapor, which would certainly have burſt in an air rarefied enough to kill a dog, or quench a torch, but nothing followed upon it. However, to take away all further doubt, I borrowed a Weatherglaſs, and ſo fixed it in the Grotto, that the *Stagnum* was wholly covered with the vapor, but I could not perceive the Quickſilver ſunk after half an hour's ſtanding in it. This vapor is generally ſuppoſed to be ſulphureous, though I can ſee no reaſon for ſuch a ſuppoſition. He that dips his hand in it finds no ſmell that it leaves upon it; and though I put a whole bundle of lighted brimſtone matches to the ſmoke they all went out in an inſtant, as if immerſed in water. Whatever is the compoſition of the vapor, let it have but one quality of being very glewy or viſcous, and I believe it will mechanically ſolve all the *Phænomena* of the Grotto. Its unctuouſneſs will make it heavy, and unfit for mounting higher than it does, unleſs the heat of the earth, which is juſt ſtrong enough to agitate, and bear it up at a little diſtance from the ſurface, were much greater than it is to rarefy and ſcatter it. It will be too groſs and thick to keep the lungs in play for any time, ſo that Animals will die in it ſooner or later, as their blood circulates ſlower or faſter. Fire will live in it no longer than in Water, becauſe it wraps itſelf in the ſame manner about the flame, and by its continuity hinders any quantity of air or nitre from coming to its ſuccor. The parts of it however are not ſo compact as thoſe of liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the fire that has once caught a train of Gunpowder, for which reaſon they may be quite broken and diſperſed by the repetition of this experiment. There is an unctuous clammy vapor that ariſes from the ſtum of Grapes, when they lie maſhed together in the vat, which puts out a light when dipped into it, and perhaps would take away the breath of weaker animals, were it put to the trial.

It would be endleſs to reckon up the different Baths, to be met with in a country that ſo much abounds in ſulphur. There is ſcarce a diſeaſe which has

has not one adapted to it. A ſtranger is generally led into that they call *Cicero's* bath, and ſeveral voyage-writers pretend there is a cold vapor ariſing from the bottom of it, which refreſhes thoſe who ſtoop into it. 'Tis true the heat is much more ſupportable to one that ſtoops, than to one that ſtands upright, becauſe the ſteams of ſulphur gather in the hollow of the Arch about a man's head, and are therefore much thicker and warmer in that part than at the bottom. The three lakes of *Agnano, Avernus,* and the *Lucrin,* have now nothing in them particular. The *Monte Novo* was thrown out by an eruption of fire, that happened in the place where now the mountain ſtands. The *Sulfatara* is very ſurpriſing to one who has not ſeen mount *Veſuvio*. But there is nothing about *Naples,* nor indeed in any part of *Italy*, which deſerves our admiration ſo much as this mountain. I muſt confeſs the Idea I had of it, did not anſwer the real image of the place when I came to ſee it; I ſhall therefore give the deſcription of it as it then lay.

This mountain ſtands at about ſix *Engliſh* miles diſtance from *Naples*, though by reaſon of its height, it ſeems much nearer to thoſe who ſurvey it from the town. In our way to it we paſſed by what was one of thoſe rivers of burning matter, that ran from it in a late eruption. This looks at a diſtance like a new plowed land, but as you come near it, you ſee nothing but a long heap of heavy disjointed clods lying one upon another. There are innumerable Cavities and Interſtices among the ſeveral pieces, ſo that the ſurface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great fragment ſtands like a rock above the reſt, ſometimes the whole heap lies in a kind of channel, and in other places has nothing like banks to confine it, but riſes four or five foot high in the open air, without ſpreading abroad on either ſide. This, I think, is a plain demonſtration that theſe rivers were not, as they are uſually repreſented, ſo many ſtreams of running matter; for how could a liquid, that lay hardening by degrees, ſettle in ſuch a furrowed uncompact ſurface? Were the river a confuſion of never ſo many different bodies, if they had been all actually diſſolved, they would at leaſt have formed one continued cruſt, as we ſee the *Scorium* of metals always gathers into a ſolid piece, let it be compounded of a thouſand heterogeneous parts. I am apt to think therefore, that theſe huge unwieldy lumps that now lie one upon another, as if thrown together by accident, remained in the melted matter rigid and unliquified, floting in it like cakes of ice in a river, and that, as the fire and ferment gradually abated, they adjuſted themſelves together as well as their irregular figures would permit, and by this means fell into ſuch an interrupted diſorderly heap, as we now find it. What was the melt-

ed

ed matter lies at the bottom out of ſight. After having quitted the ſide of this long heap, which was once a ſtream of fire, we came to the roots of the mountain, and had a very troubleſome march to gain the top of it. It is covered on all ſides with a kind of burnt earth, very dry, and crumbled into powder, as if it had been artificially ſifted. It is very hot under the feet, and mixed with ſeveral burnt ſtones and cakes of cinders, which have been thrown out at different times. A man ſinks almoſt a foot in the earth and generally loſes half a ſtep by ſliding backwards. When we had climbed this mountain we diſcovered the top of it to be a wide naked plain, ſmoking with ſulphur in ſeveral places, and probably undermined with fire, for we concluded it to be hollow by the ſound it made under our feet. In the midſt of this plain ſtands a high hill in the ſhape of a Sugar-loaf, ſo very ſteep that there would be no mounting or deſcending it, were it not made up of ſuch a looſe crumbled earth as I have before deſcribed. The air of this place muſt be very much impregnated with Saltpetre, as appears by the ſpecks of it on the ſides of the mountain, where one can ſcarce find a ſtone that has not the top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquered this hill, we ſaw in the midſt of it the preſent mouth of *Veſuvio*, that goes ſhelving down on all ſides 'till above a hundred yards deep, as near as we could gueſs, and has about three or four hundred in the diameter, for it ſeems a perfect Round. This vaſt hollow is generally filled with ſmoke, but, by the advantage of a wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and diſtinct ſight of it. The ſides appear all over ſtained with mixtures of white, green, red and yellow, and have ſeveral rocks ſtanding out of them that look like pure brimſtone. The bottom was entirely covered, and though we looked very narrowly we could ſee nothing like a hole in it; the ſmoke breaking through ſeveral imperceptible cracks in many places. The very middle was firm ground when we ſaw it, as we concluded from the ſtones we flung upon it, and I queſtion not but one might then have croſſed the bottom, and have gone up on the other ſide of it with very little danger, unleſs from ſome accidental breath of wind. In the late eruptions this great hollow was like a vaſt caldron filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boiled over in any part, ran down the ſides of the mountain, and made five ſuch rivers as that before mentioned. In proportion as the heat ſlackened, this burning matter muſt have ſubſided within the bowels of the mountain, and as it ſunk very leiſurely had time to cake together, and form the bottom which covers the mouth of that dreadful vault that lies underneath it. The next eruption or earthquake will probably break in pieces this falſe bottom, and quite change the preſent face of things.

This

This whole mountain, ſhaped like a ſugar-loaf, has been made at ſeveral times, by the prodigious quantities of earth and cinders, which have been flung up out of the mouth that lies in the midſt of them, ſo that it encreaſes in bulk at every eruption, the aſhes ſtill falling down the ſides of it, like the ſand in an hourglaſs. A Gentleman of *Naples* told me, that in his memory it had gained twenty foot in thickneſs, and I queſtion not but in length of time it will cover the whole plain, and make one mountain with that on which it now ſtands.

In thoſe parts of the ſea, that are not far from the roots of this mountain, they find ſometimes a very fragrant oil, which is ſold dear and makes a rich perfume. The ſurface of the ſea is, for a little ſpace, covered with its bubbles during the time that it riſes, which they ſkim off in their boats, and afterwards ſet a ſeparating in pots and jars. They ſay its ſources never run but in calm warm weather. The agitations of the water perhaps hinder them from diſcovering it at other times.

Among the natural curioſities of *Naples*, I cannot forbear mentioning their manner of furniſhing the town with Snow, which they here uſe inſtead of Ice, becauſe, as they ſay, it cools or congeals any liquor ſooner. There is a great quantity of it conſumed yearly, for they drink very few liquors, not ſo much as water, that have not lain in *Freſco*, and every body from the higheſt to the loweſt, makes uſe of it; inſomuch that a ſcarcity of Snow would raiſe a mutiny at *Naples*, as much as a dearth of Corn or Proviſions in another country. To prevent this the King has ſold the monopoly of it to certain perſons, who are obliged to furniſh the city with it all the year at ſo much the pound. They have a high mountain at about eighteen miles from the town, which has ſeveral pits dug into it. Here they employ many poor people at ſuch a ſeaſon of the year to roll in vaſt balls of ſnow, which they ram together, and cover from the ſunſhine. Out of theſe reſervoirs of ſnow they cut ſeveral lumps, as they have occaſion for them, and ſend them on aſſes to the ſea-ſide, where they are carried off in boats, and diſtributed to ſeveral ſhops at a ſettled price, that from time to time ſupply the whole city of *Naples*. While the *Banditti* continued their Diſorders in this kingdom, they often put the ſnow-merchants under contribution, and threatned them, if they appeared tardy in their payments, to deſtroy their magazines, which they ſay might eaſily have been effected by the infuſion of ſome barrels of Oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many deſcriptions that the *Latin* Poets have made of ſeveral of the places mentioned in this chapter: I ſhall therefore conclude it with the general map which *Silius Italicus*

Italicus has given us of this great bay of *Naples*. Moſt of the places he mentions lie within the ſame proſpect, and if I have paſſed over any of them, it is becauſe I ſhall take them in my way by ſea, from *Naples* to *Rome*.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monſtrat Avernum:
Tum triſti nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horreus,
Et formidatus volucri, lethale vomebat
Suffuſo virus cœlo, Stygiâque per urbes
Relligione ſacer, ſævum retinebat honorem.
Hinc vicina palus, fama eſt Acherontis ad undas
Pandere iter, cæcas ſtagnante voragine fauces
Laxat & horrendos aperit telluris hiatus,
Interdumque novo perturbat lumine manes.
Juxta caligante ſitu longumque per ævum
Infernis preſſas nebulis, pallente ſub umbrâ
Cymmerias jacuiſſe domos, noctemque profundam
Tartareæ narrant urbis: tum ſulphure et igni
Semper anhelantes, coctoque bitumine campos
Oſtentant; tellus atro exundante vapore
Suſpirans, uſtiſque diu calefacta medullis
AEſtuat et Stygios exhalat in aëra flatus:
Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exibilat antris,
Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere ſedes,
Aut exire foras, ſonitu lugubre minaci
Mulciber immugit, laceratæque viſcera terræ
Mandit, & exeſos labefactat murmure montes.
Tradunt Herculeâ proſtratos mole Gigantes
Tellurem injectam quatere, & ſpiramine anhelo
Torreri late campos, quotieſque minatur
Rumpere compagem impoſitam, expalleſcere cœlum.
Apparet procul Inarime, quæ turbine nigro
Fumantem premit Iapetum, flammaſque rebelli
Ore ejectantem, et ſiquando evadere detur
Bella Jovi rurſus ſuperiſque iterare volentem.
Monſtrantur Veſeva juga, atque in vertice ſummo
Depaſti flammis ſcopuli, fractuſque ruinâ
Mons circum, atque AEtnæ fatis certantia ſaxa.
Nec non Miſenum ſervantem Idæa ſepulcro
Nomina, et Herculeos videt ipſo littore Baulos. Lib. 12.

Averno

Averno next he ſhow'd his wond'ring gueſt,
Averno now with milder virtues bleſs'd;
Black with ſurrounding foreſts then it ſtood,
That hung above, and darken'd all the flood:
Clouds of unwholeſome vapors, rais'd on high,
The flutt'ring bird entangled in the ſky,
Whilſt all around the gloomy proſpect ſpread
An awful horror, and religious dread.
Hence to the borders of the marſh they go,
That mingles with the baleful ſtreams below,
And ſometimes with a mighty yawn, 'tis ſaid,
Opens a diſmal paſſage to the Dead,
Who pale with fear the rending earth ſurvey,
And ſtartle at the ſudden flaſh of day.
The dark *Cimmerian* grotto then he paints,
Deſcribing all its old Inhabitants,
That in the deep infernal city dwell'd,
And lay in everlaſting night conceal'd.
Advancing ſtill, the ſpacious fields he ſhow'd,
That with the ſmother'd heat of brimſtone glow'd;
Through frequent cracks the ſteaming ſulphur broke,
And cover'd all the blaſted plain with ſmoke:
Impriſon'd fires, in the cloſe dungeons pent,
Roar to get looſe, and ſtruggle for a vent,
Eating their way, and undermining all,
'Till with a mighty burſt whole mountains fall.
Here, as 'tis ſaid, the rebel Giants lie,
And, when to move th'incumbent load they try,
Aſcending vapors on the day prevail,
The ſun looks ſickly, and the ſkies grow pale.
Next to the diſtant Iſle his ſight he turns,
That o'er the thunderſtruck *Typhœus* burns:
Enrag'd, his wide-extended jaws expire,
In angry whirlwinds, blaſphemies and fire,
Threat'ning, if looſen'd from his dire abodes,
Again to challenge *Jove*, and fight the Gods.
On mount *Veſuvio* next he fixt his eyes,
And ſaw the ſmoking tops confus'dly riſe;

(A hideous ruin!) that with earthquakes rent
A ſecond *AEtna* to the view preſent.
Miſeno's cape and *Bauli* laſt he view'd,
That on the ſea's extremeſt borders ſtood.

Silius Italicus here takes notice, that the poiſonous vapors which aroſe from the lake *Averno* in *Hannibal*'s time, were quite diſperſed at the time when he wrote his Poem; becauſe *Agrippa*, who lived between *Hannibal* and *Silius*, had cut down the woods that encloſed the lake, and hindered theſe noxious ſteams from diſſipating, which were immediately ſcattered as ſoon as the winds and freſh air were let in among them.

The ISLE of *CAPREA.*

HAVING ſtaid longer at *Naples* than I at firſt deſigned, I could not diſpenſe with myſelf from making a little voyage to the Iſle of *Caprea*, as being very deſirous to ſee a place which had been the retirement of *Auguſtus* for ſome time, and the reſidence of *Tiberius* for ſeveral years. The Iſland lies four miles in length from eaſt to weſt, and about one in breadth. The weſtern part, for about two miles in length, is a continued rock vaſtly high, and inacceſſible on the ſea ſide. it has however the greateſt town in the Iſland, that goes under the name of *Ano-Caprea*, and is in ſeveral places covered with a very fruitful ſoil. The eaſtern end of the Iſle riſes up in Precipices very near as high, though not quite ſo long, as the weſtern. Between theſe eaſtern and weſtern mountains lies a ſlip of lower ground, which runs acroſs the Iſland, and is one of the pleaſanteſt ſpots I have ſeen. It is hid with Vines, Figs, Oranges, Almonds, Olives, Myrtles, and fields of Corn, which look extremely freſh and beautiful, and make up the moſt delightful little Landſkip imaginable, when they are ſurveyed from the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Here ſtands the town of *Caprea*, the Biſhop's Palace, and two or three Convents. In the midſt of this fruitful tract of land riſes a hill, that was probably covered with buildings in *Tiberius*'s time. There are ſtill ſeveral ruins on the ſides of it, and about the top are found two or three dark galleries, low built, and covered with maſon's work, though at preſent they appear over-grown with graſs. I entered one of them that is a hundred paces in length. I obſerved, as ſome of the countrymen were

were digging into the ſides of this mountain, that what I took for ſolid earth: was only heaps of brick, ſtone, and other rubbiſh, ſkinned over with a covering of vegetables. But the moſt conſiderable ruin is that which ſtands on the very extremity of the eaſtern promontory, where are ſtill ſome apartments left, very high and arched at top: I have not indeed ſeen the remains of any ancient *Roman* buildings, that have not been roofed with either vaults or arches. The rooms I am mentioning ſtand deep in the earth, and have nothing like windows or chimneys, which makes me think they were formerly either bathing places or reſervoirs of water. An old Hermit lives at preſent among the ruins of this Palace, who loſt his companion a few years ago by a fall from the precipice. He told me they had often found Medals and Pipes of lead, as they dug among the rubbiſh, and that not many years ago they diſcovered a paved road running under ground, from the top of the mountain to the ſea ſide, which was afterwards confirmed to me by a Gentleman of the iſland. There is a very noble proſpect from this place. On the one ſide lies a vaſt extent of ſeas, that runs abroad further than the eye can reach. Juſt oppoſite ſtands the green promontory of *Surrentum*, and on the other ſide the whole circuit of the bay of *Naples*. This proſpect, according to *Tacitus*, was more agreeable before the burning of *Veſuvio*; that mountain probably, which after the firſt eruption looked like a great pile of aſhes, was in *Tiberius*'s time ſhaded with woods and vineyards; for I think *Martial*'s Epigram may here ſerve as a comment to *Tacitus*.

Hic eſt pampineis viridis Veſuvius umbris,
Preſſerat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga quàm Niſæ colles plùs Bacchus amavit:
Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris ſedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi;
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis et triſti merſa favillâ:
Nec ſuperi vellent hoc licuiſſe ſibi. L. 2. Ep. 105.

Veſuvio, cover'd with the fruitful vine,
Here floriſh'd once, and ran with floods of wine,
Here *Bacchus* oft to the cool ſhades retir'd,
And his own native *Niſa* leſs admir'd;
Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanc'd,
The friſking Satyrs on the ſummets danc'd;
Alcides here, here *Venus* grac'd the ſhore,
Nor lov'd her fav'rite *Lacedæmon* more.

Now piles of aſhes, ſpreading all around,
In undiſtinguiſh'd heaps deform the ground,
The Gods themſelves the ruin'd ſeats bemoan,
And blame the miſchiefs that themſelves have done.

This view muſt ſtill have been more pleaſant, when the whole bay was encompaſſed with ſo long a range of buildings, that it appeared to thoſe, who looked on it at a diſtance, but as one continued city. On both the ſhores of that fruitful bottom, which I have before mentioned, are ſtill to be ſeen the marks of ancient edifices; particularly on that which looks towards the ſouth there is a little kind of Mole, which ſeems to have been the foundation of a Palace; unleſs we may ſuppoſe that the *Pharos* of *Caprea* ſtood there, which *Statius* takes notice of in his Poem that invites his wife to *Naples*, and is, I think, the moſt natural among the *Silvæ*.

Nec deſunt variæ circùm oblectamina vitæ,
Sive vaporiferas, blandiſſima littora, Bajas,
Enthea fatidicæ ſeu viſere tecta Sibyllæ,
Dulce ſit, iliacoque jugum memorabile remo:
Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,
Teleboumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
Lumina noctivagæ tollit Pharus æmula lunæ,
Caraque non molli juga Surrentina Lyæo. L. 3.

The bliſsful ſeats with endleſs pleaſures flow,
Whether to *Baja*'s ſunny ſhores you go,
And view the ſulphur to the baths convey'd,
Or the dark Grotte of the prophetic maid,
Or ſteep *Miſeno* from the *Trojan* nam'd,
Or *Gaurus* for its flowing vintage fam'd,
Or *Caprea*, where the lanthorn fix'd on high
Shines like a moon through the benighted ſky,
While by its beams the wary ſailor ſteers,
Or where *Surrentum*, clad in vines, appears.

They found in *Ano-Caprea*, ſome years ago, a ſtatue and a rich pavement under ground, as they had occaſion to turn up the earth that lay upon them. One ſtill ſees, on the bendings of theſe mountains, the marks of ſeveral ancient ſcales of ſtairs, by which they uſed to aſcend them. The whole Iſland is ſo unequal that there were but few diverſions to be found in it without doors, but what recommended it moſt to *Tiberius* was its wholeſome air, which is warm in winter and cool in ſummer, and its inacceſſible coaſts, which

which are generally ſo very ſteep, that a handful of men might defend them againſt a powerful army.

We need not doubt but *Tiberius* had his different reſidences, according as the ſeaſons of the year, and his different ſets of pleaſure required. *Suetonius* ſays, *Duodecim Villas totidem nominibus ornavit.* The whole Iſland was probably cut into ſeveral eaſy aſcents, planted with variety of palaces, and adorned with as great a multitude of groves and gardens as the ſituation of the place would ſuffer. The works under ground were however more extraordinary than thoſe above it; for the rocks were all undermined with highways, grottos, galleries, bagnios, and ſeveral ſubterraneous retirements, that ſuited with the brutal pleaſures of the Emperor. One would indeed very much wonder to ſee ſuch ſmall appearances of the many works of art, that were formerly to be met with in this Iſland, were we not told that the *Romans,* after the death of *Tiberius,* ſent hither an army of Pioneers on purpoſe to demoliſh the buildings, and deface the beauties of the Iſland.

In ſailing round *Caprea* we were entertained with many rude proſpects of rocks and precipices, that riſe in ſeveral places half a mile high in perpendicular. At the bottom of them are caves and grottos, formed by the continual breaking of the waves upon them, I entered one which the inhabitants call *Grotto Obſcuro*, and after the light of the ſun was a little worn off my Eyes, could ſee all the parts of it diſtinctly, by a glimmering reflection that played upon them from the ſurface of the water. The mouth is low and narrow, but, after having entered pretty far in, the Grotto opens itſelf on both ſides in an oval figure of an hundred yards from one extremity to the other, as we were told, for it would not have been ſafe meaſuring of it. The roof is vaulted, and diſtils freſh water from every part of it, which fell upon us as faſt as the firſt droppings of a ſhower. The inhabitants and *Neapolitans* who have heard of *Tiberius*'s Grottos, will have this to be one of them, but there are ſeveral reaſons that ſhow it to be natural. For beſides the little uſe we can conceive of ſuch a dark cavern of ſalt waters, there are no where any marks of the chiſſel; the ſides are of a ſoft mouldering ſtone, and one ſees many of the like hollow ſpaces worn in the bottoms of the rocks, as they are more or leſs able to reſiſt the impreſſions of the water that beats againſt them.

Not far from this Grotto lie the *Sirenum Scopuli,* which *Virgil* and *Ovid* mention in *AEneas*'s voyage; they are two or three ſharp rocks that ſtand about a ſtone's throw from the ſouth-ſide of the Iſland, and are generally beaten by waves and tempeſts, which are much more violent on the ſouth than on the north of *Caprea.*

Jamque

Jamque adeo ſcopulos Sirenum advecta ſubibat
Difficiles quondam, multorumque oſſibus albos,
Tum rauca aſſiduo longè ſale ſaxa ſonabant. AEn. 5.

Glides by the *Syren*'s cliffs, a ſhelfy coaſt,
Long infamous for ſhips and ſailors loſt,
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the ſounding ſhores. *Dryden.*

I have before ſaid that they often find Medals in this Iſland. Many of thoſe they call the *Spintriæ,* which *Aretin* has copied, have been dug up here. I know none of the Antiquaries that have written on this ſubject, and find nothing ſatisfactory of it where I thought it moſt likely to be met with, in *Patin*'s edition of *Suetonius* illuſtrated by Medals. Thoſe I have converſed with about it, are of opinion they were made to ridicule the brutality of *Tiberius,* though I cannot but believe they were ſtamped by his order. They are unqueſtionably antique, and no bigger than Medals of the third magnitude, They bear on one ſide ſome lewd invention of that helliſh ſociety which *Suetonius* calls *Monſtroſi concubitûs repertores,* and on the other the number of the Medal. I have ſeen of them as high as to twenty. I cannot think they were made as a jeſt on the Emperor, becauſe Raillery on coins is of a modern date. I know but two in the Upper Empire, beſides the *Spintriæ,* that lie under any ſuſpicion of it. The firſt is one of *Marcus Aurelius,* where, in compliment to the Emperor and Empreſs, they have ſtamped on the reverſe the figure of *Venus* careſſing *Mars,* and endeavoring to detain him from the wars.

——*Quoniam belli fera mœnera Mavors*
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui ſæpe tuum ſe
Rejicit, æterno devinctus volnere amoris. Lucr. L. 1.

The *Venus* has *Fauſtina's* face, her lover is a naked figure with a helmet on his head, and a ſhield on his arm.

Tu ſcabie frueris mali quod in aggere rodit,
Qui tegitur, parmâ & galeâ—— Juv. Sat. 5.

This

Vol. II. facing page 86.

This unluckily brings to mind *Fauſtina*'s fondneſs for the Gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden piece of Satire. But beſides, that ſuch a thought was inconſiſtent with the gravity of a Senate, how can one imagine that the Fathers would have dar'd to affront the Wife of *Aurelius*, and the mother of *Commodus*, or that they could think of giving offence to an Empreſs whom they afterwards Deified, and to an Emperor that was the darling of the army and people?

The other Medal is a golden one of *Gallienus* preſerved in the *French* King's cabinet; it is inſcribed *Gallienæ Auguſtæ, Pax Ubique*, and was ſtamped at a time when the Emperor's Father was in bondage, and the Empire torn in pieces by ſeveral pretenders to it. Yet, if one conſiders the ſtrange ſtupidity of this Emperor, with the ſenſeleſs ſecurity which appears in ſeveral of his ſayings that are ſtill left on record, one may very well believe this coin was of his own invention. We may be ſure, if raillery had once entered the old *Roman* coins, we ſhould have been over-ſtocked with Medals of this nature; if we conſider there were often rival emperors proclaimed at the ſame time, who endeavored at the leſſening of each other's character, and that moſt of them were ſucceeded by ſuch as were enemies to their predeceſſor. Theſe Medals of *Tiberius* were never current mony, but rather of the nature of Medalions, which ſeem to have been made on purpoſe to perpetuate the diſcoveries of that infamous ſociety. *Suetonius* tells us, that their monſtrous inventions were regiſtered ſeveral ways, and preſerved in the Emperor's private apartments. *Cubicula pluriſariam diſpoſita tabellis ac ſigillis laſciviſſimarum picturarum et figurarum adornavit, libriſque Elephantidis inſtruxit: ne cui in Operâ edendâ exemplar impetratæ Schemæ deeſſet.* The *Elephantis* here mentioned is probably the ſame *Martial* takes notice of for her book of poſtures.

In Sabellum

Facundos mihi de libidinoſis
Legiſti nimium Sabellæ verſus,
Quales nec Didymi ſciunt puellæ,
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.
Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ:
Quales, &c. Lib. 12. Ep. 43.

Ovid mentions the ſame kind of pictures that found a place even in *Auguſtus*'s cabinet.

Scilicet

Scilicet in domibus veſtris, ut priſca virorum
Artifici fulgent corpora picta manu;
Sic quæ concubitus varios Veneriſque figuras
Exprimat, eſt aliquo parva tabella loco. De Triſt. Lib. 2.

There are ſeveral of the *Sigilla,* or Seals, *Suetonius* ſpeaks of, to be met with in collections of ancient *Intaglios.*

But, I think, what puts it beyond all doubt that theſe Coins were rather made by the Emperor's order, than as a Satire on him, is becauſe they are now found in the very place that was the ſcene of theſe his unnatural luſts.

——Quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit
Inceſto poſſeſſa ſeni?———— Cl. de 4to Conſ. Hon.

Who has not heard of *Caprea*'s guilty ſhore,
Polluted by the rank old Emperor?

From *NAPLES* to *ROME,* by Sea.

I Took a Felucca at *Naples* to carry me to *Rome*, that I might not be forced to run over the fame ſights a ſecond time, and might have an opportunity of ſeeing many things in a road which our voyage-writers have not ſo particularly deſcribed. As in my Journey from *Rome* to *Naples* I had *Horace* for my guide, ſo I had the pleaſure of ſeeing my voyage, from *Naples* to *Rome*, deſcribed by *Virgil*. It is indeed much eaſier to trace out the way *AEneas* took, than that of *Horace,* becauſe *Virgil* has marked it out by Capes, Iſlands, and other parts of nature, which are not ſo ſubject to change or decay as are towns, cities, and the works of art. Mount *Pauſilypo* makes a beautiful proſpect to thoſe who paſs by it: at a ſmall diſtance from it lies the little Iſland of *Niſida,* adorned with a great variety of plantations, riſing one above another in ſo beautiful an order, that the whole Iſland looks like a large Terrace-Garden. It has two little Ports, and is not at preſent troubled with any of thoſe noxious ſteams that *Lucan* mentions.

——*Tali*

——*Tali ſpiramine Neſis*
Emittit Stygium nebuloſis aëra ſaxis. Lib. 6.

Neſis' high rocks ſuch *Stygian* air produce,
And the blue breathing peſtilence diffuſe.

From *Niſida* we row'd to cape *Miſena*. The extremity of this cape has a long cleft in it, which was enlarged and cut into ſhape by *Agrippa*, who made this the great port for the *Roman* fleet that ſerv'd in the Mediterranean; as that of *Ravenna* held the ſhips deſigned for the *Adriatic* and *Archipelago*. The higheſt end of this promontory riſes in the faſhion of a ſepulchre or monument to thoſe that ſurvey it from the land, which perhaps might occaſion *Virgil*'s burying *Miſenus* under it. I have ſeen a grave *Italian* Author, who has written a very large book on the *Campania Felice*, that, from *Virgil*'s deſcription of this mountain, concludes it was called *Aërius* before *Miſenus* had given it a new Name.

At pius AEneas ingenti mole ſepulchrum
Imponit, ſuaque arma viro remumque tubamque
Monte ſub Aerio, qui nunc Miſenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per ſæcula nomen. AEn. Lib. 6.

There are ſtill to be ſeen a few ruins of old *Miſenum*, but the moſt conſiderable antiquity of the place is a ſet of galleries that are hewn into the rock, and are much more ſpacious than the *Piſcina Mirabilis*. Some will have them to have been a reſervoir of water, but others more probably ſuppoſe them to have been *Nero*'s baths. I lay the firſt night on the Iſle of *Procita*, which is pretty well cultivated, and contains about four thouſand inhabitants, who are all vaſſals to the Marquiſs *de vaſto*.

The next morning I went to ſee the Iſle of *Iſchia*, that ſtands further out into the ſea. The ancient Poets call it *Inarime*, and lay *Typhæus* under it, by reaſon of its eruptions of fire. There has been no eruption for near theſe three hundred years. The laſt was very terrible, and deſtroyed a whole city. At preſent there are ſcarce any marks left of a ſubterraneous fire, for the earth is cold, and over-run with graſs and ſhrubs, where the rocks will ſuffer it. There are indeed ſeveral little cracks in it, through which there iſſues a conſtant ſmoke, but 'tis probable this ariſes from the warm ſprings that feed the many baths with which this Iſland is plentifully ſtocked. I obſerved about one of theſe breathing paſſages, a ſpot of myrtles that floriſh within the ſteam of theſe vapors, and have a continual moiſture hanging upon them. On the ſouth of *Iſchia* lies a round lake of about three quarters of a mile

 diameter,

diameter, ſeparate from the ſea by a narrow tract of land. It was formerly a *Roman* port. On the north end of this Iſland ſtands the town and caſtle, on an exceeding high rock, divided from the body of the Iſland, and inacceſſible to an enemy on all ſides. This Iſland is larger, but much more rocky and barren than *Procita*. *Virgil* makes them both ſhake at the fall of part of the mole of *Bajæ*, that ſtood at a few miles diſtance from them.

Qualis in Eubœico Bajarum littore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
Conſtructam jaciunt pelago: Sic illa ruinam
Prona trahit, penituſque vadis illiſa recumbit;
Miſcent ſe maria et nigræ attolluntur arenæ:
Tum ſonitu Prochita alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarime, Jovis Imperiis impoſta Typhœo. AEn. 9.

Not with leſs ruin than the *Bajan* Mole
(Rais'd on the ſeas the ſurges to control)
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the ſtones disjointed fall
Off the vaſt pile; the ſcatter'd ocean flies;
Black ſands, diſcolor'd froth, and mingled mud ariſe.
The frighted billows roll, and ſeek the ſhores:
Trembles high *Prochyta*, and *Iſchia* roars;
Typhæus roars beneath, by *Jove*'s command,
Aſtoniſh'd at the flaw that ſhakes the land,
Soon ſhifts his weary ſide, and ſcarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight preſs lighter on his back. *Dryden.*

I do not ſee why *Virgil*, in this noble compariſon has given the epithet of *alta* to *Procita*, for it is not only no high Iſland in itſelf, but is much lower than *Iſchia*, and all the points of land that lie within its neighbourhood. I ſhould think *alta* was joined adverbially with *tremit*, did *Virgil* make uſe of ſo equivocal a Syntax. I cannot forbear inſerting in this place, the lame imitation *Silius Italicus* has made of the foregoing paſſage.

Haud aliter ſtructo Tyrrhena ad littora ſaxo,
Pugnatura fretis ſubter cæciſque procellis
Pila immane ſonans, impingitur ardua ponto;
Immugit Nereus, diviſaque cærula pulſu
Illiſum accipiunt irata ſub æquora montem. L. 4.

So

So vaſt a fragment of the *Bajan* Mole,
That, fix'd amid the *Tyrrhene* waters, braves
The beating tempeſts and inſulting waves,
Thrown from its baſis with a dreadful ſound,
Daſhes the broken billows all around,
And with reſiſtleſs force the ſurface cleaves,
That in its angry waves the falling rock receives.

The next morning going to *Cumæ* through a very pleaſant path, by the *Mare Mortuum,* and the *Eliſian* fields, we ſaw in our way a great many ruins of ſepulchres, and other ancient edifices. *Cumæ* is at preſent utterly deſtitute of inhabitants, ſo much is it changed ſince *Lucan*'s time, if the poem to *Piſo* be his.

——*Acidaliâ quæ condidit Alite muros*
Euboicam referens fœcunda Neapolis urbem.

Where the fam'd walls of fruitful *Naples* lie,
That may with multitudes with *Cumæ* vie.

They ſhow here the remains of *Apollo*'s temple, which all the writers of the antiquities of this place ſuppoſe to have been the ſame *Virgil* deſcribes in his ſixth *AEneid,* as built by *Dædalus,* and that the very ſtory which *Virgil* there mentions, was actually engraven on the front of it.

Redditus his primùm terris tibi Phœbe, ſacravit
Remigium Alarum, poſuitque immania templa.
In foribus lethum Androgeo, tum pendere pœnas
Cecro pidæ juſſi, miſerum! Septena quotannis
Corpora natorum: ſtat ductis ſortibus urna.
Contra elata mari reſpondet Gnoſſia tellus, &c. AEn. 6.

To the *Cumean* coaſt at length he came,
And, here alighting, built his coſtly frame
Inſcrib'd to *Phœbus,* here he hung on high
The ſteerage of his wings that cut the ſky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboſs'd
Androgeo's death, and off'rings to his ghoſt,
Sev'n youths from *Athens* yearly ſent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful *Crete;*
And next to thoſe the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the deſtin'd names by lots were caſt. *Dryden.*

Among other ſubterraneous works there is the beginning of a paſſage, which is ſtopped up within leſs than an hundred yards of the entrance by the earth that is fallen into it. They ſuppoſe it to have been the other mouth of the *Sibyl*'s grotto. It lies indeed in the ſame line with the entrance near the *Avernus*, is faced alike with the *Opus Reticulatum*, and has ſtill the marks of chambers that have been cut into the ſides of it. Among the many fables and conjectures which have been made on this grotto, I think it is highly probable, that it was once inhabited by ſuch as perhaps thought it a better ſhelter againſt the Sun than any other kind of building, or at leaſt that it was made with ſmaller trouble and expence. As for the Moſaic and other works that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in later ages, according as they thought fit to put the place to different uſes. The ſtory of the *Cimmerians* is indeed clogged with improbabilities, as *Strabo* relates it; but it is very likely there was in it ſome foundation of truth, *Homer*'s deſcription of the *Cimmerians*, whom he places in theſe parts, anſwers very well to the inhabitants of ſuch a long dark cavern.

The gloomy race, in ſubterraneous cells,
Among ſurrounding ſhades and darkneſs dwells:
Hid in the unwholſome covert of the night,
They ſhun th'approaches of the chearful light:
The Sun ne'er viſits their obſcure retreats,
Nor when he runs his courſe, nor when he ſets.
Unhappy mortals! *Odyſſ. L.* 10.

Tu quoque littoribus noſtris, AEneïa nutrix,
AEternam moriens famam Cajeta dediſti:
Et nunc ſervat honos ſedem tuus, oſſaque nomen
Heſperiâ in magnâ, ſi qua eſt ea gloria, ſignat. AEn. 7.

And thou, O Matron of immortal fame,
Here dying, to the ſhore haſt left thy name:
Cajeta ſtill the place is call'd from thee,
The nurſe of great *AEneas*' infancy.
Here reſt thy bones in rich *Heſperia*'s plains;
Thy name ('tis all a ghoſt can have) remains. *Dryden.*

I ſaw at *Cajeta* the rock of marble, ſaid to be cleft by an earthquake at our Saviour's death. There is written over the Chapel door, that leads into the crack, the words of the Evangeliſt, *Ecce terræ-motus factus eſt magnus.* I believe every one who ſees this vaſt rent in ſo high a rock, and obſerves how exactly the convex parts of one ſide tally with the concave of the other, muſt

muſt be ſatisfied that it was the effect of an earthquake, though I queſtion not but it either happened long before the time of the *Latin* writers or in the darker ages ſince, for otherwiſe I cannot but think they would have taken notice of its original. The port, town, caſtle, and antiquities of this place have been often deſcribed.

We touched next at *Monte Circeio,* which *Homer* calls *Inſula AEëa*, whether it be that it was formerly an Iſland, or that the *Greek* ſailors of his time thought it ſo. It is certain they might eaſily have been deceived by its appearance, as being a very high mountain joined to the main land by a narrow tract of earth, that is many miles in length, and almoſt of a level with the ſurface of the water. The end of this promontory is very rocky, and mightily expoſed to the winds and waves, which perhaps gave the firſt riſe to the howlings of Wolves, and the roarings of Lions, that uſed to be heard thence. This I had a very lively Idea of, being forced to lie under it a whole night. *Virgil's* deſcription of *AEneas* paſſing by this coaſt can never be enough admired. It is worth while to obſerve how, to heighten the horror of the deſcription, he has prepared the reader's mind, by the ſolemnity of *Cajeta*'s funeral, and the dead ſtillneſs of the night.

At pius exequiis AEneas rite ſolutis
Aggere compoſito tumuli, poſtquam alta quiêrunt
AEquora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit.
Adſpirant auræ in noctem, nec candida curſus
Luna negat: ſplendet tremulo ſub lumine pontus.
Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ:
Dives inacceſſos ubi ſolis filia lucos
Aſſiduo reſonat cantu, tectiſque ſuperbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas:
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
Vincla recuſantum, et ſerâ ſub nocte rudentum:
Setigerique ſues, atque in præſepibus urſi
Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum:
Quos hominum ex facie Dea ſæva potentibus herbis
Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum.
Quæ nè monſtra pii paterentur talia Troës
Delati in portus, neu littora dira ſubirent,
Neptunus centis implevit vela ſecundis:
Atque fugam dedit, et præter vada fervida vexit. AEn. L. 7.

Now,

Now, when the Prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
He plow'd the *Tyrrhene* ſeas with ſeals diſplay'd.
From land a gentle breeze aroſe, by night
Serenely ſhone the ſtars, the moon was bright,
And the ſea trembled with her ſilver light.
Now near the ſhelves of *Circe*'s ſhores they run,
(*Circe* the rich, the daughter of the ſun)
A dangerous coaſt: The goddeſs waſtes her days
In joyous ſongs, the rocks reſound her lays:
In ſpinning, or the loom, ſhe ſpends her night,
And cedar brands ſupply her Father's light.
From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of Lions that refuſe the chain,
The grunts of briſtled Boars, and groans of Bears,
And herds of howling Wolves that ſtun the ſailors ears.
Theſe from their caverns, at the cloſe of night,
Fill the ſad Iſle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom *Circe*'s pow'r,
(That watch'd the Moon, and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal ſhapes confin'd.
Which monſters leſt the *Trojan*'s pious hoſt
Should bear, or touch upon th' inchanted coaſt;
Propitious *Neptune* ſteer'd their courſe by night
With riſing gales, that ſped their happy flight. *Dryden*

Virgil calls this promontory *AEëæ Inſula Circes* in the third *AEneid,* but 'tis the Hero, and not the Poet that ſpeaks. It may however be looked upon as an intimation, that he himſelf thought it an Iſland in *AEneas*'s time. As for the thick woods, which not only *Virgil* but *Homer* mentions, in the beautiful deſcription that *Plutarch* and *Longinus* have taken notice of, they are moſt of them grubbed up ſince the promontory has been cultivated and inhabited, though there are ſtill many ſpots of it which ſhow the natural inclination of the ſoil that leans that way.

The next place we touched upon was *Nettuno,* where we found nothing remarkable beſides the extreme poverty and lazineſs of the inhabitants. At two miles diſtance from it lie the ruins of *Antium*, that are ſpread over a great circuit of land. There are ſtill left the foundations of ſeveral buildings, and, what are always the laſt parts that periſh in a ruin, many ſubterraneous grottos and paſſages of a great length. The foundations of *Nero*'s port

port are ſtill to be ſeen. It was altogether artificial, and compoſed of huge moles running round it, in a kind of circular figure, except where the ſhips were to enter, and had about three quarters of a mile in its ſhorteſt diameter. Though the making of this port muſt have coſt prodigious ſums of money, we find no medal of it, and yet the ſame Emperor has a Medal ſtruck in his own name for the port of *Oſtia*, which in reality was a work of his predeceſſor *Claudius*. The laſt Pope was at conſiderable charges to make a little kind of harbor in this place, and to convey freſh water to it, which was one of the artifices of the grand Duke, to divert his Holineſs from his project of making *Civita-vecchia* a free port. There lies between *Antium* and *Nettuno* a Cardinal's *Villa*, which is one of the pleaſanteſt for walks, fountains, ſhades, and proſpects, that I ever ſaw.

Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that ſtood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worſhipped here, which *Suetonius* calls the *Fortunæ Antiates*, and *Martial* the *Sorores Antii*. Some are of opinion, that by theſe two Goddeſſes were meant the two *Nemeſes*, one of which rewarded good Men, as the other puniſhed the wicked. *Fabretti* and others are apt to believe, that by the two Fortunes were only meant in general the Goddeſs who ſent proſperity, or ſhe who ſent afflictions to mankind, and produce in their behalf an ancient monument found in this very place, and ſuperſcribed *Fortunæ Felici*, which indeed may favor one opinion as well as the other, and ſhews at leaſt they are not miſtaken in the general ſenſe of their diviſion. I do not know whether any body has taken notice, that this double function of the Goddeſs gives a conſiderable light and beauty to the Ode which *Horace* has addreſſed to her. The whole Poem is a prayer to Fortune, that ſhe would proſper *Cæſar*'s arms, and confound his enemies, ſo that each of the Goddeſſes has her taſk aſſign'd in the Poet's prayer; and we may obſerve the Invocation is divided between the two Deities, the firſt line relating indifferently to either. That which I have marked ſpeaks to the Goddeſs of proſperity, or if you pleaſe to the *Nemeſis* of the good, and the other to the Goddeſs of Adverſity, or to the *Nemeſis* of the wicked.

O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium;
Præſens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, *vel ſuperbos*
Vertere funeribus triumphos! &c.

Great Goddeſs, *Antium*'s guardian power,
Whoſe force is ſtrong, and quick to raiſe
The loweſt to the higheſt place;

Or

Or with a wondrous fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral, &c. Creech.

If we take the firſt interpretation of the two Fortunes for the double *Nemeſis*, the compliment to *Cæſar* is the greater, and the fifth Stanza clearer than Commentators uſually make it, for the *Clavi trabales, cuneï, uncus, liquidumque plumbum*, were actually uſed in the puniſhment of criminals.

Our next ſtage brought us to the mouth of the *Tiber*, into which we entered with ſome danger, the ſea being generally pretty rough in the parts, where the river ruſhes into it. The ſeaſon of the year, the muddineſs of the ſtream, with the many green trees hanging over it, put me in mind of the delightful image that *Virgil* has given us when *AEneas* took the firſt view of it.

Atque hic AEneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
Proſpicit: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amæno
Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ,
In mare prorumpit: variæ circumque ſupraque
Aſſuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo,
AEthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
Flectere iter ſociis terræque advertere proras
Imperat, et lætas fluvio ſuccedit opaco. AEn. L. 7.

The *Trojan* from the main beheld a wood,
Which thick with ſhades, and a brown horror ſtood:
Betwixt the trees the *Tiber* took its courſe,
With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force
That drove the ſand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the ſea;
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bath'd within, or baſk'd upon his ſide,
To tuneful ſongs their narrow throats apply'd.
The captain gives command, the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy ſhade, and leave the main. *Dryden.*

It is impoſſible to learn from the ruins of the port of *Oſtia*, what its figure was when it ſtood whole and entire. I ſhall therefore ſet down the Medal,

AVGVSTI
PORTVS

Οὐδὲ μάτην παλάμαις κατέχει δελφῖνα ἡ ἄνθος,
Τῇ καὶ γαρ γαῖαν τῇδε θάλασσαν ἔχει.

A proper Emblem graces either hand,
In one he holds the ſea, in one the Land.

Half a day more brought us to *Rome,* thro' a road that is commonly viſited by Travellers.

ROME.

IT is generally obſerved, that modern *Rome* ſtands higher than the ancient; ſome have computed it about fourteen or fifteen feet, taking one place with another. The reaſon given for it is, that the preſent city ſtands upon the ruins of the former; and indeed I have often obſerved, that where any conſiderable pile of building ſtood anciently one ſtill finds a riſing ground, or a little kind of hill, which was doubtleſs made up out of the fragments and rubbiſh of the ruined edifice. But beſides this particular cauſe, we may aſſign another that has very much contributed to the raiſing the ſituation of ſeveral parts of *Rome:* It being certain the great quantities of earth, that have been waſhed off from the hills by the violence of ſhowers, have had no ſmall ſhare in it. This any one may be ſenſible of who obſerves how far ſeveral buildings, that ſtand near the roots of mountains, are ſunk deeper in the earth than thoſe that have been on the tops of hills, or in open plains; for which reaſon the preſent face of *Rome* is much more even and level than it was formerly; the ſame cauſe that has raiſed the low grounds having contributed to ſink thoſe that were higher.

There are in *Rome* two ſets of Antiquities, the Chriſtian and the Heathen. The former, though of a freſher date, are ſo embroiled with Fable and Legend, that one receives but little ſatisfaction from ſearching into them. The other give a great deal of pleaſure to ſuch as have met with them before in ancient Authors; for a man who is in *Rome* can ſcarce ſee an object that does not call to mind a piece of a *Latin* Poet or Hiſtorian. Among the remains of Old *Rome,* the grandeur of the Common-wealth ſhows itſelf chiefly in works that were either neceſſary or convenient, ſuch as Temples, High-ways, Aqueducts, Walls and bridges of the City. On the contrary, the magnificence of *Rome*, under the Emperors, is ſeen principally in ſuch works

works as were rather for oſtentation or luxury, than any real uſefulneſs or neceſſity, as in Baths, Amphitheatres, Circus's, Obeliſks, Triumphant Pillars, Arches and Mauſoleums; for what they added to the Aqueducts was rather to ſupply their baths and Naumachias, and to embelliſh the city with fountains, than out of any real neceſſity there was for them. Theſe ſeveral remains have been ſo copiouſly deſcribed by abundance of travellers, and other writers, particularly by thoſe concerned in the learned collection of *Grævius*, that it is very difficult to make any new diſcoveries on ſo beaten a ſubject. There is however ſo much to be obſerved in ſo ſpacious a field of Antiquities, that it is almoſt impoſſible to ſurvey them without taking new hints, and raiſing different reflections, according as a man's natural turn of thoughts, or the courſe of his ſtudies, direct him,

No part of the Antiquities of *Rome* pleaſed me ſo much as the ancient Statues, of which there is ſtill an incredible variety. The workmanſhip is often the moſt exquiſite of any thing in its kind. A man would wonder how it were poſſible for ſo much life to enter into marble, as may be diſcovered in ſome of the beſt of them; and even in the meaneſt one has the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the faces, poſtures, airs and dreſs of thoſe that have lived ſo many ages before us. There is a ſtrange reſemblance between the figures of the ſeveral heathen Deities, and the deſcriptions that the *Latin* Poets have given us of them; but as the firſt may be looked upon as the ancienter of the two, I queſtion not but the *Roman* Poets were the copiers of the *Greek* Statuaries. Though on other occaſions we often find the Statuaries took their ſubjects from the Poets. The *Laocoon* is too known an inſtance among many others that are to be met with at *Rome*. In the *Villa Aldobrandina* are the figures of an old and young man, engaged together at the *Cæſtus*, who are probably the *Dares* and *Entellus* of *Virgil*; where by the way one may obſerve the make of the ancient *Cæſtus*, that it only conſiſted of many large thongs about the hand, without any thing like a piece of lead at the end of them, as ſome writers of Antiquities have falſly imagined.

I queſtion not but many paſſages in the old Poets hint at ſeveral parts of Sculpture, that were in vogue in the author's time, though they are now never thought of, and that therefore ſuch paſſages loſe much of their beauty in the eye of a modern reader, who does not look upon them in the ſame light with the Author's contemporaries. I ſhall only mention two or three out of *Juvenal*, that his Commentators have not taken notice of: the firſt runs thus,

Multa pudicitiæ veteris veſtigia forſan,
Aut aliqua extiterint, et ſub Jove, ſed Jove nondum
Barbato——— Sat. 6.

Some thin remains of chaſtity appear'd
Ev'n under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a beard. *Dryden.*

I appeal to any reader, if the humor here would not appear much more natural and unforced to a people that ſaw every day ſome or other ſtatue of this God with a thick buſhy beard, as there are ſtill many of them extant at *Rome*, than it can to us who have no ſuch Idea of him; eſpecially if we conſider there was in the ſame city a Temple dedicated to the young *Jupiter*, called *Templum Vejovis*, where, in all probability, there ſtood the particular Statue of a * *Jupiter Imberbis*. *Juvenal*, in another place, makes his flatterer compare the neck of one that is but feebly built, to that of *Hercules* holding up *Antæus* from the earth.

Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
Herculis Antæum procul à tellure tenentis. Sat. 3.

His long crane neck and narrow ſhoulders praiſe;
You'd think they were deſcribing *Hercules*
Lifting *Antæus*——— *Dryden.*

What a ſtrained unnatural ſimilitude muſt this ſeem to a modern reader, but how full of humor, if we ſuppoſe it alludes to any celebrated ſtatues of theſe two champions, that ſtood perhaps in ſome public place or high-way near *Rome?* And what makes it more than probable there were ſuch ſtatues, we meet with the figures, which *Juvenal* here deſcribes, on antique Intaglio's and Medals, Nay *Propertius* has taken notice of the very ſtatues.

——*Luctantum in pulvere ſigna*
Herculis Antæique—— Lib. 3. Car 1.

Antæus here and ſtern *Alcides* ſtrive,
And both the grappling ſtatues ſeem to live.

I cannot forbear obſerving here, that the turn of the neck and arms is often commended in the *Latin* Poets among the beauties of a man, as in *Horace* we find both put together, in that beautiful deſcription of jealouſy.

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* Vid. Ovid de faſtis, Lib. 3. Ecl. 7.

Dum

Dum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ ſede manent: humor in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus. Od. 13.

While *Telephus*'s youthful charms,
His roſy neck and winding arms,
With endleſs rapture you recite,
And in the tender name delight;
My heart, enrag'd by jealous heats,
With numberleſs reſentments beats:
From my pale cheeks the color flies,
And all the man within me dies;
By fits my ſwelling grief appears
In riſing ſighs, and falling tears,
That ſhow too well the warm deſires,
The ſilent, ſlow, conſuming fires,
Which on my inmoſt vitals prey,
And melt my very ſoul away.

This we ſhould be at a loſs to account for, did we not obſerve in the old *Roman* ſtatues, that theſe two parts were always bare, and expoſed to view, as much as our hands and face are at preſent. I cannot leave *Juvenal* without taking notice that his

Ventilat æſtivum digitis ſudantibus aurum,
Nec ſufferre queat majoris pondera Gemmæ. Sat. 1.

Charg'd with light ſummer rings his fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a gem of weight; *Dryden.*

was not anciently ſo great an Hyperbole as it is now, for I have ſeen old *Roman* rings ſo very thick about, and with ſuch large ſtones in them, that 'tis no wonder a Fop ſhould reckon them a little cumberſome in the ſummer ſeaſon of ſo hot a climate.

It is certain that Satire delights in ſuch alluſions and inſtances as are extremely natural and familiar: When therefore we ſee any thing in an old Satiriſt that looks forced and pedantic, we ought to conſider how it appeared in the time the Poet writ, and whether or no there might not be ſome particular circumſtances to recommend it to the readers of his own age, which we are now deprived of. One of the fineſt ancient ſtatues in *Rome* is a *Meleager* with a ſpear in his hand, and the head of a wild Boar on one ſide of him. It is of *Parian* marble, and as yellow as ivory. One meets with many other figures of *Meleager* in the ancient *Baſſo Relievo*'s, and on the ſides of the *Sarcophagi*, or funeral monuments. Perhaps it was the arms or device of the old *Roman* hunters; which conjecture I have found confirmed in a paſſage of *Manilius*, that lets us know the pagan hunters had *Meleager* for their patron, as the chriſtians have their St. *Hubert*. He ſpeaks of the conſtellation which makes a good ſportſman.

——*Quibus aſpirantibus orti*
Te, Meleagre, colunt—— Manil. Lib. 1.

I queſtion not but this ſets a verſe, in the fifth Satyr of *Juvenal*, in a much better light than if we ſuppoſe that the Poet aims only at the old ſtory of *Meleager*, without conſidering it as ſo very common and familiar a one among the *Romans*.

——*Flavi dignus ferro Meleagri*
Spumat aper—— Juv. Sat. 5.

A Boar intire, and worthy of the ſword
Of *Meleager*, ſmokes upon the board. *Bowles*

In the beginning of the ninth Satire, *Juvenal* aſks his friend, why he looks like *Marſya* when he was overcome:

Scire velim quare toties mihi, Nævole triſtis
Occurris fronte obductâ, ſeu Marſya victus?

Tell me why ſauntring thus from place to place,
I meet thee, *Nævolus*, with a clouded face? *Dryden's Juvenal.*

Some of the Commentators tell us, that *Marſya* was a Lawyer who had loſt his cauſe; others ſay that this paſſage alludes to the ſtory of the Satyr *Marſyas*, who contended with *Apollo*; which I think is more humorous than the

the other, if we conſider there was a famous ſtatue of *Apollo* fleaing *Marſya* in the midſt of the *Roman Forum,* as there are ſtill ſeveral ancient ſtatues of *Rome* on the ſame ſubject.

There is a paſſage in the ſixth Satire of *Juvenal,* that I could never tell what to make of, 'till I had got the interpretation of it from one of *Bellorio*'s ancient *Baſſo Relievo*'s.

Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles
Ut phaleris gauderet equus: cælataque caſſis
Romuleæ ſimulachra feræ manſueſcere juſſæ
Imperii fato, et geminos ſub rupe Quirinos,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis et haſtâ,
Pendentiſque Dei, perituro oſtenderet hoſti. Juv. Sat. 11.

Or elſe a helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The *Roman* Wolf ſuckling the twins was there,
And *Mars* himſelf, arm'd with his ſhield and ſpear,
Hov'ring above his creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threatning death to each reſiſting foe. *Dryden's Juvenal.*

Juvenal here deſcribes the ſimplicity of the old *Roman* ſoldiers, and the figures that were generally engraven on their helmets. The firſt of them was the Wolf giving ſuck to *Romulus* and *Remus*: The ſecond, which is comprehended in the two laſt verſes, is not ſo intelligible. Some of the Commentators tell us, that the God here mentioned is *Mars,* that he comes to ſee his two ſons ſucking the Wolf, and that the old ſculptors generally drew their figures naked, that they might have the advantage of repreſenting the different ſwelling of the muſcles, and the turns of the body. But they are extremely at a loſs to know what is meant by the word *Pendentis*; ſome fancy it expreſſes only the great emboſſment of the figure, others believe it hung off the helmet in *Alto Relievo,* as in the foregoing tranſlation. *Lubin* ſuppoſes that the God *Mars* was engraven on the ſhield, and that he is ſaid to be hanging, becauſe the ſhield which bore him hung on the left ſhoulder. One of the old interpreters is of opinion, that by hanging is only meant a poſture of bending forward to ſtrike the enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is placed on the head may be ſaid to hang, as we call hanging gardens, ſuch as are planted on the top of the houſe. Several learned

men,

men, who like none of theſe explications, believe there has been a fault in the tranſcriber, and that *Pendentis* ought to be *Perdentis*; but they quote no manuſcript in favor of their conjecture. The true meaning of the words is certainly as follows. The *Roman* ſoldiers, who were not a little proud of their Founder, and the military genius of their Republic, uſed to bear on their helmets the firſt hiſtory of *Romulus*, who was begot by the God of war, and ſuckled by a Wolf. The figure of the God was made as if deſcending upon the prieſteſs *Ilia*, or as others call her *Rhea Silvia*. The occaſion required his body ſhould be naked,

Tu quoque inermis eras cum te formoſa ſacerdos
Cepit, ut huic urbi femina magna dares. Ov. de Faſt. L. 3.

Then too, our mighty Sire, thou ſtood'ſt diſarm'd,
When thy rapt Soul the lovely prieſteſs charm'd,
That *Rome*'s high founder bore——

tho' on other occaſions he is drawn, as *Horace* has deſcribed him, *Tunicâ cinctum adamantinâ*. The Sculptor however, to diſtinguiſh him from the reſt of the gods, gave him what the Medalliſts call his proper attributes, a ſpear in one hand, and a ſhield in the other. As he was repreſented deſcending, his figure appeared ſuſpended in the air over the Veſtal Virgin, in which ſenſe the word *Pendentis* is extremely proper and poetical. Beſides the antique *Baſſo Relievo*, that made me firſt think of this interpretation, I have ſince met with the ſame figures on the reverſes of a couple of ancient coins, which were ſtamped in the reign of *Antoninus Pius*, as a compliment to that Emperor, whom for his excellent government and conduct of the city of *Rome*, the Senate regarded as a ſecond kind of founder.

Ilia Veſtalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)
Sacra lavaturas manè petebat aquas:
Feſſa reſedit humi, ventoſque accepit aperto
Pectore; turbatas reſtitnitque comas.
Dum ſedet, umbroſæ ſalices volucreſque canoræ
Fecerunt ſomnos, et leve murmur aquæ;
Blanda quies victis furtim ſubrepit ocellis,
Et cadit a mento languida facta manus.
Mars videt hanc, viſamque cupit, potiturque cupitâ:
Et ſua divinâ furta fefellit ope.
Somnus abit: jacet illa gravis, jam ſcilicet intra
Viſcera Romanæ conditor urbis erat. Ov. de Faſt. Lib. 3. Eleg. 1.

As

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IMPERATOR III
S C

As the fair Veſtal to the fountain came,
(Let none be ſtartled at a Veſtal's name)
Tir'd with the walk, ſhe laid her down to reſt,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breaſt
To take the freſhneſs of the morning air,
And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair:
While thus ſhe reſted on her arm reclin'd,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd choirs that warbled in the ſhade,
And purling ſtreams that through the meadow ſtray'd,
In drowſy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid.
The God of war beheld the Virgin lie,
The God beheld her with a lover's eye,
And by ſo tempting an occaſion preſs'd,
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, poſſeſs'd:
Conceiving as ſhe ſlept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal *Rome*.

I cannot quit this head without taking notice of a line in *Seneca* the Tragedian.

——*Primus emergit ſolo*
Dextrâ ferocem cornibus premens taurum
Zetus—————— Sen. OEdip. Act. 3.

—— Firſt *Zetus* riſes through the ground,
Bending the Bull's tough neck with pain,
That toſſes back his horns in vain.

I cannot doubt but the Poet had here in view the poſture of *Zetus* in the famous groupe of figures, which repreſents the two brothers binding *Dirce* to the horns of a mad bull.

I could not forbear taking particular notice of the ſeveral muſical inſtruments that are to be ſeen in the hands of the *Apollo's*, Muſes, Fauns, Satyrs, Bacchanals, and Shepherds, which might certainly give a great light to the diſpute for preference between the ancient and modern muſic. It would perhaps be no impertinent deſign to take off all their models in wood, which might not only give us ſome notion of the ancient Muſic, but help us to pleaſanter Inſtruments than are now in uſe. By the appearance they

make in marble, there is not one String-inſtrument that ſeems comparable to our Violins, for they are all played on, either by the bare fingers, or the *Plectrum*, ſo that they were incapable of adding any length to their notes, or of varying them by thoſe inſenſible ſwellings, and wearings away of ſound upon the ſame ſtring, which give ſo wonderful a ſweetneſs to our modern muſic. Beſides, that the ſtring-inſtruments muſt have had very low and feeble voices, as may be gueſſed from the ſmall proportion of wood about them, which could not contain air enough to render the ſtrokes, in any conſiderable meaſure, full and ſonorous. There is a great deal of difference in the make, not only of the ſeveral kinds of inſtruments, but even among thoſe of the ſame name. The *Syringa*, for example, has ſometimes four, and ſometimes more pipes, as high as to twelve. The ſame variety of ſtrings may be obſerved on their Harps, and of ſtops on their *Tibiæ*, which ſhows the little foundation that ſuch writers have gone upon, who from a verſe perhaps in *Virgil*'s Eclogues, or a ſhort paſſage in a *Claſſic* Author, have been ſo very nice in determining the preciſe ſhape of the ancient muſical inſtruments, with the exact number of their pipes, ſtrings and ſtops. It is indeed the uſual fault of the writers of Antiquities, to ſtraiten and confine themſelves to particular models. They are for making a kind of ſtamp on every thing of the ſame name, and if they find any thing like an old deſcription of the ſubject they treat on, they take care to regulate it on all occaſions, according to the figure it makes in ſuch a paſſage: As the learned *German* author quoted by Monſieur *Baudelot,* who had probably never ſeen any thing of a Houſhold God, more than a *Canopus*, affirms roundly, that all the ancient *Lares* were made in the faſhion of a jug-bottle. In ſhort, the Antiquaries have been guilty of the ſame fault as the Syſtem-writers, who are for cramping their ſubjects into as narrow a ſpace as they can, and for reducing the whole extent of a ſcience into a few general Maxims. This a man has occaſion of obſerving more than once, in the ſeveral fragments of Antiquity that are ſtill to be ſeen in *Rome.* How many dreſſes are there for each particular Deity? What a variety of ſhapes in the ancient Urns, Lamps, Lachrymary veſſels, *Priapus*'s, Houſhold-Gods, which have ſome of them been repreſented under ſuch a particular form, as any one of them has been deſcribed with in an ancient Author, and would probably be all ſo, were they not ſtill to be ſeen in their own vindication? Madam *Dacier*, from ſome old cuts of *Terence*, fancies that the *Larva* or *Perſona* of the *Roman* Actors, was not only a vizard for the face, but had falſe hair to it, and came over the whole head like a helmet. Among all the ſtatues at *Rome,* I remember to have ſeen but two that are the figures of Actors, which are both in the *Villa Matthei.* One ſees on them the faſhion of

of the old *Sock* and *Larva,* the latter of which anſwers the deſcription that is given of it by this learned Lady, though I queſtion not but ſeveral others were in uſe; for I have ſeen the figure *Thalia,* the comic Muſe, ſometimes with an entire head-piece in her hand, ſometimes with about half the head, and a little friz, like a tower, running round the edges of the face, and ſometimes with a maſk for the face only, like thoſe of a modern make. Some of the *Italian* Actors wear at preſent theſe maſks for the whole head. I remember formerly I could have no notion of that fable in *Phædrus*, before I had ſeen the figures of theſe entire head-pieces.

Perſonam tragicam forté vulpes viderat:
O quanta ſpecies, inquit, cerebrum non habet! Lib. 1. Fab. 7.

As wily *Renard* walk'd the ſtreets at night,
On a Tragedian's maſk he chanc'd to light,
Turning it o'er, he mutter'd with diſdain,
How vaſt a head is here without a brain!

I find Madam *Dacier* has taken notice of this paſſage in *Phædrus*, upon the ſame occaſion; but not of the following one in *Martial*, which alludes to the ſame kind of maſks.

Non omnes fallis, ſcit te Proſerpina canum,
Perſonam capiti detrahet illa tuo. Lib. 3. Ep. 43.

Why ſhould'ſt thou try to hide thyſelf in youth?
Impartial *Proſerpine* beholds the truth,
And laughing at ſo fond and vain a taſk,
Will ſtrip thy hoary noddle of its maſk.

In the *Villa Borgheſe* is the buſt of a young *Nero,* which ſhows us the form of an ancient *Bulla* on the breaſt, which is neither like a heart, as *Macrobius* deſcribes it, nor altogether reſembles that in Cardinal *Chigi*'s cabinet; ſo that without eſtabliſhing a particular inſtance into a general rule, we ought, in ſubjects of this nature, to leave room for the humor of the artiſt or wearer. There are many figures of Gladiators at *Rome,* though I do not remember to have ſeen any of the *Retiarius,* the *Samnite,* or the antagoniſt to the *Pinnirapus.* But what I could not find among the ſtatues, I met with in two antique pieces of Moſaic, which are in the poſſeſſion of a Cardinal. The *Retiarius* is engaged with the *Samnite,* and has had ſo lucky a throw, that his net covers the whole body of his adverſary from head to foot, yet his antagoniſt recover'd himſelf out of the toils, and was conqueror, according

to the inſcription. In another piece is repreſented the combat of the *Pinnirapus,* who is armed like the *Samnite,* and not like the *Retiarius,* as ſome learned men have ſuppoſed: On the helmet of his antagoniſt are ſeen the two *Pinnæ,* that ſtand up on either ſide like the wings in the *Petaſus* of a *Mercury,* but riſe much higher, and are more pointed.

There is no part of the *Roman* Antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their ſacrifices. For as the old *Romans* were very much devoted to their religion, we ſee ſeveral parts of it entering their ancient *Baſſo Relievo's*, Statues, and Medals, not to mention their altars, tombs, monuments, and thoſe particular ornaments of Architecture which were borrowed from it. An heathen Ritual could not inſtruct a man better than theſe ſeveral pieces of Antiquity, in the particular ceremonies and punctilios that attended the different kinds of ſacrifices. Yet there is much greater variety in the make of the ſacrificing inſtruments, than one finds in thoſe who have treated of them, or have given us their pictures. For not to inſiſt too long on ſuch a ſubject, I ſaw in Signior *Antonio Politi*'s collection a *Patera* without any riſing in the middle, as it is generally engraven, and another with a handle to it, as *Macrobius* deſcribes it, though it is quite contrary to any that I have ever ſeen cut in marble; and I have obſerved perhaps ſeveral hundreds. I might here enlarge on the ſhape of the triumphal chariot, which is different in ſome pieces of ſculpture from what it appears in others; and on the figure of the *Diſcus,* that is to be ſeen in the hand of the celebrated *Caſtor* at Don *Livio*'s, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as ſome Antiquaries have repreſented it, nor has it any thing like a ſling faſtened to it, to add force to the toſs.

Protinus imprudens, actuſque cupidine luſûs
Tollere Tænarides orbem *properabat*——
--------De Hyacinthi diſco. Ov. Met. L. 10.

Th' unwary youth, impatient for the caſt,
Went to ſnatch up the rolling orb in haſte.

Notwithſtanding there are ſo great a multitude of clothed ſtatues at *Rome,* I could never diſcover the ſeveral different *Roman* garments, for 'tis very difficult to trace out the figure of a veſt, through all the plaits and foldings of the drapery; beſides, that the *Roman* garments did not differ from each other, ſo much by the ſhape as by the embroidery and color, the one of which was too nice for the ſtatuary's obſervation, as the other does not lie within the expreſſion of the chiſſel. I obſerved, in abundance of *Bas Reliefs,* that the *Cinctus Gabinus* is nothing elſe but a long garment, not unlike a ſurplice, which would have trailed on the ground had it hung looſe, and was therefore

therefore gathered about the middle with a girdle. After this it is worth while to read the laborious deſcription that *Ferrarius* has made of it. *Cinctus Gabinus non aliud fuit quàm cum togæ lacinia lævo brachio ſubducta in tergum ita rejiciebatur, ut contracta retraheretur ad pectus, atque ita in nodum necteretur; qui nodus ſive cinctus togam contrahebat, brevioremque et ſtrictiorem reddidit. De re Veſtiar.* L. 1. C. 14. *Lipſius*'s deſcription of the *Samnite* armor ſeems drawn out of the very words of *Livy;* yet not long ago a ſtatue, which was dug up at *Rome*, dreſſed in this kind of armor, gives a much different explication of *Livy* from what *Lipſius* has done. This figure was ſuperſcribed *BA. TO. NI.* from whence * *Fabretti* concludes, that it was a monument erected to the gladiator *Bato,* who after having ſucceeded in two combats, was killed in the third, and honorably interred by order of the Emperor *Caracalla.* The manner of punctuation after each ſyllable is to be met with in other antique inſcriptions. I confeſs I could never learn where this figure is now to be ſeen, but I think it may ſerve as an inſtance of the great uncertainty of this ſcience of antiquities.

In a palace of Prince *Ceſarini* I ſaw buſts of all the *Antonine* family, which were dug up about two years ſince, not far from *Albano,* in a place where is ſuppoſed to have ſtood a *Villa* of *Marcus Aurelius.* There are the heads of *Antoninus Pius,* the *Fauſtina's, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus,* a young *Commodus,* and *Annius Verus*, all incomparably well cut.

Though the ſtatues that have been found among the ruins of old *Rome* are already very numerous, there is no queſtion but poſterity will have the pleaſure of ſeeing many noble pieces of ſculpture which are ſtill undiſcovered, for doubtleſs there are greater treaſures of this nature under ground, than what are yet brought to light. They have often dug into lands that are deſcribed in old Authors, as the places where ſuch particular ſtatues and obeliſks ſtood, and have ſeldom failed of ſucceſs in their purſuits. There are ſtill many ſuch promiſing ſpots of ground that have never been ſearched into. A great part of the *Palatine* mountain, for example, lies untouched, which was formerly the ſeat of the imperial palace, and may be preſumed to abound with more treaſures of this nature than any other part of *Rome.*

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
Exultatque habitante Deo, potioraque Delphis
Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit.
Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis
Eſſe Larem, nulloque magis ſe colle poteſtas
AEſtimat et ſummi ſentit faſtigia juris,

* Vid. Fabr. de Columnâ Trajani.

Attollens apicem ſubjectis regia roſtris
Tot circum delubra videt, tantiſque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis—— Claud. de Sexto Conſulat. Honorii.

The *Palatine,* proud *Rome*'s imperial ſeat,
(An awful pile!) ſtands venerably great:
Thither the kingdoms and the nations come,
In ſupplicating crouds to learn their doom:
To *Delphi* leſs th'enquiring worlds repair,
Nor does a greater God inhabit there:
This ſure the pompous manſion was deſign'd
To pleaſe the mighty rulers of mankind;
Inferior temples riſe on either hand,
And on the borders of the palace ſtand,
While o'er the reſt her head ſhe proudly rears,
And lodg'd amidſt her guardian Gods appears.

But whether it be that the richeſt of theſe diſcoveries fall into the Pope's hands, or for ſome other reaſon, it is ſaid that the Prince *Farneſe,* who is the preſent owner of this ſeat, will keep it from being turned up 'till he ſees one of his own family in the chair. There are undertakers in *Rome* who often purchaſe the digging of fields, gardens, or vineyards, where they find any likelihood of ſucceeding, and ſome have been known to arrive at great eſtates by it. They pay according to the dimenſions of the ſurface they are to break up, and after having made Eſſays into it, as they do for coal in *England,* they rake into the moſt promiſing parts of it, though they often find, to their diſappointment, that others have been before hand with them. However they generally gain enough by the rubbiſh and bricks, which the preſent Architects value much beyond thoſe of a modern make, to defray the charges of their ſearch. I was ſhown two ſpaces of ground, where part of *Nero*'s golden houſe ſtood, for which the owner has been offered an extraordinary ſum of money. What encouraged the undertakers are ſeveral very ancient trees which grow upon the ſpot, from whence they conclude that theſe particular tracts of ground muſt have lain untouched for ſome ages. 'Tis pity there is not ſomething like a public regiſter, to preſerve the memory of ſuch ſtatues as have been found from time to time, and to mark the particular places where they have been taken up, which would not only prevent many fruitleſs ſearches for the future, but might often give a conſiderable light into the quality of the place, or the deſign of the ſtatue.

But the great magazine for all kinds of treaſure, is ſuppoſed to be the bed of the *Tiber.* We may be ſure, when the *Romans* lay under the apprehenſi-

ons

ons of ſeeing their city ſacked by a barbarous enemy, as they have done more than once, that they would take care to beſtow ſuch of their riches this way as could beſt bear the water; beſides what the inſolence of a bruſh Conqueror may be ſuppoſed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waſte and deſtroy all the beauties of ſo celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common-ſhore of *Rome,* which ran from all parts of the town with the current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the *Tiber*, which may have ſwept away many of the ornaments of its banks: nor the ſeveral ſtatues that the *Romans* themſelves flung into it, when they would revenge themſelves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a diſcarded favorite. At *Rome* they have ſo general an opinion of the riches of this river, that the *Jews* have formerly proffered the Pope to cleanſe it, ſo they might have for their pains, what they found in the boſom of it. I have ſeen the valley near *Ponte molle,* which they propoſed to faſhion into a new channel for it, 'till they had cleared the old for its reception. The Pope however would not comply with the Propoſal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finiſhed their work, and produce a peſtilence among his people; though I do not ſee why ſuch a deſign might not be executed now with as little danger as in *Auguſtus*'s time, were there as many hands employed upon it. The city of *Rome* would receive a great advantage from the undertaking, as it would raiſe the banks and deepen the bed of the *Tiber,* and by conſequence free them from thoſe frequent Inundations to which they are ſo ſubject at preſent; for the channel of the river is obſerved to be narrower within the walls, than either below or above them.

Before I quit this ſubject of the ſtatues, I think it very obſervable, that among thoſe which are already found, there ſhould be ſo many not only of the ſame perſons, but made after the ſame deſign. One would not indeed wonder to ſee ſeveral figures of particular Deities and Emperors, who had a multitude of temples erected to them, and had their ſeveral ſets of worſhippers and Admirers. Thus *Ceres,* the moſt benificent and uſeful of the heathen divinities, has more ſtatues than any other of the Gods or Goddeſſes, as ſeveral of the *Roman* Empreſſes took a pleaſure to be repreſented in her dreſs. And I believe one finds as many figures of that excellent Emperor *Marcus Aurelius,* as of all the reſt together; becauſe the *Romans* had ſo great a veneration for his memory, that it grew into a part of their religion to preſerve a ſtatue of him in almoſt every private family. But how comes it to paſs, that ſo many of theſe ſtatues are cut after the very ſame model, and not only of theſe, but of ſuch as had no relation, either to the intereſt or devotion of the owner, as the dying *Cleopatra,* the *Narciſſus*, the *Fawn* leaning againſt the trunk of a tree, the Boy with a bird in his hand, the

Leda

Leda and her ſwan, with many others of the ſame nature? I muſt confeſs I always look'd upon figures of this kind, as the copies of ſome celebrated maſter-piece, and queſtion not but they were famous originals, that gave riſe to the ſeveral ſtatues which we ſee with the ſame air, poſture and attitudes. What confirms me in this conjecture, there are many ancient ſtatues of the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Silenus* with the young *Bacchus* in his arms, the *Hercules Farneſe*, the *Antinöus*, and other beautiful originals of the ancients, that are already drawn out of the rubbiſh, where they lay concealed for ſo many ages. Among the reſt I have obſerved more that are formed after the deſign of the *Venus* of *Medicis* than of any other, from whence I believe one may conclude, that it was the moſt celebrated ſtatue among the Ancients, as well as among the Moderns. It has always been uſual for Sculptors to work upon the beſt models, as it is for thoſe that are curious to have copies of them.

I am apt to think ſomething of the ſame account may be given of the reſemblance that we meet with in many of the antique *Baſſo Relievo's*. I remember I was very well pleaſed with the device of one that I met with on the tomb of a young *Roman* Lady, which had been made for her by her mother. The Sculptor had choſen the rape of *Proſerpine* for his device, where in one end you might ſee the God of the dead (*Pluto*) hurrying away a beautiful young virgin, (*Proſerpine*) and at the other the grief and diſtraction of the mother (*Ceres*) on that occaſion. I have ſince obſerved the ſame device upon ſeveral *Sarcophagi*, that have encloſed the aſhes of men or boys, maids or matrons; for when the thought took, tho' at firſt it receiv'd its riſe from ſuch a particular occaſion as I have mentioned, the ignorance of the Sculptors applied it promiſcuouſly. I know there are Authors who diſcover a myſtery in this device.

A man is ſometimes ſurpriſed to find ſo many extravagant fancies as are cut on the old Pagan tombs. Maſks, hunting-matches, and bacchanals are very common; ſometimes one meets with a lewd figure of a *Priapus*, and in the *Villa Pamphilia* is ſeen a Satyr coupling with a Goat. There are however many of a more ſerious nature, that ſhadow out the exiſtence of the Soul after death, and the hopes of a happy immortality. I cannot leave the *Baſſo Relievo's* without mentioning one of them, where the thought is extremely noble. It is called *Homer's Apotheoſis*, and conſiſts of a groupe of figures cut in the ſame block of marble, and riſing one above another by four or five different aſcents. *Jupiter* ſits at the top of it with a thunderbolt in his hand, and, in ſuch a majeſty as *Homer* himſelf repreſents him, preſides over the ceremony.

Εὗρον δ' ἐυρυοπα χρονίδην ἀτερ ἥμενον ἄλλων
Ακροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδείραδος Οὐλύμποιο

Imme-

Immediately beneath him are the figures of the nine Muſes ſuppoſed to be celebrating the praiſes of the Poet. *Homer* himſelf is placed at one end of the loweſt row, ſitting in a chair of ſtate, which is ſupported on each ſide by the figure of a kneeling woman. The one holds a ſword in her hand to repreſent the *Iliad*, or actions of *Achilles*, as the other has an *Apluſtre* to repreſent the *Odyſſey*, or voyage of *Ulyſſes*. About the Poet's feet are creeping a couple of Mice, as an emblem of the *Batrachomyomachia*. Behind the chair ſtands Time, and the Genius of the Earth, diſtinguiſhed by their proper Attributes, and putting a garland on the Poet's head, to intimate the mighty reputation he has gained in all ages and in all nations of the world. Before him ſtands an Altar with a bull ready to be ſacrificed to the new God, and behind the victim a train of the ſeveral Virtues that are repreſented in *Homer*'s works, or to be learnt out of them, lifting up their hands in admiration of the Poet, and in applauſe of the ſolemnity. This antique piece of ſculpture is in the poſſeſſion of the Conſtable *Colonna*, but never ſhewn to thoſe who ſee the Palace, unleſs they particularly deſire it.

Among the great variety of ancient coins which I ſaw at *Rome*, I could not but take particular notice of ſuch as relate to any of the buildings or ſtatues that are ſtill extant. Thoſe of the firſt kind have been already publiſhed by the writers of the *Roman* Antiquities, and may be moſt of them met with in the laſt edition of *Donatus*, as the pillars of *Trajan* and *Antonine*, the arches of *Druſus Germanicus*, and *Septimius Severus*, the Temples of *Janus*, *Concord*, *Veſta*, *Jupiter Tonans*, *Apollo* and *Fauſtina*, the *Circus Maximus*, *Agonalis*, and that of *Caracalla*, or, according to *Fabretti*, of *Galienus*, of *Veſpaſian's* Amphitheatre, and *Alexander Severus's* Baths; though, I muſt confeſs, the ſubject of the laſt may be very well doubted of. As for the *Meta ſudans* and *Pons AElius*, which have gained a place among the buildings that are now ſtanding, and to be met with on old reverſes of Medals; the coin that ſhews the firſt is generally rejected as ſpurious; nor is the other, though cited in the laſt edition of Monſieur *Vaillant*, eſteemed more authentic by the preſent *Roman* Medalliſts, who are certainly the moſt ſkilful in the world, as to the mechanical part of this ſcience. I ſhall cloſe up this ſet of Medals with a very curious one, as large as a Medallion, that is ſingular in its kind. On one ſide is the head of the Emperor *Trajan*, the reverſe has on it the *Circus Maximus*, and a view of the ſide of the *Palatine* mountain that faces it, on which are ſeen ſeveral edifices, and among the reſt the famous Temple of *Apollo*, that has ſtill a conſiderable ruin ſtanding. This Medal I ſaw in the hands of Monſeigneur *Strozzi*, brother to the Duke of that name, who has many curioſities in his poſſeſſion, and is very obliging to a ſtranger, who deſires the ſight of them. It is a ſurpriſing thing, that among the great

pieces of Architecture repreſented on the old coins, one can never meet with the *Pantheon*, the *Mauſolæum* of *Auguſtus*, *Nero's* golden houſe, the *Moles Adriani*, the *Septizonium* of *Severus*, the Baths of *Dioclefian*, &c. But ſince it was the cuſtom of the *Roman* Emperors thus to regiſter their moſt remarkable buildings, as well as actions, and ſince there are ſeveral in either of theſe kinds not to be found on Medals, more extraordinary than thoſe that are: we may, I think, with great reaſon ſuſpect our collections of old coins to be extremely deficient, and that thoſe which are already found out ſcarce bear a proportion to what are yet undiſcovered. A man takes a great deal more pleaſure in ſurveying the ancient Statues, who compares them with Medals, than it is poſſible for him to do without ſome little knowledge this way; for theſe two arts illuſtrate each other; and as there are ſeveral particulars in Hiſtory and Antiquities which receive a great light from ancient coins, ſo would it be impoſſible to decipher the faces of the many ſtatues that are to be ſeen at *Rome*, without ſo univerſal a key to them. It is this that teaches to diſtinguiſh the Kings and Conſuls, Emperors and Empreſſes, the Deities and Virtues, with a thouſand other particulars relating to ſtatuary, and not to be learnt by any other means. In the *Villa Pamphilia* ſtands the ſtatue of a man in woman's cloaths, which the Antiquaries do not know what to make of, and therefore paſs it off for an *Hermaphrodite*; but a learned Medalliſt in *Rome* has lately fixed it to *Clodius*, who is ſo famous for having intruded into the ſolemnities of the *Bona Dea* in a woman's habit, for one ſees the ſame features and make of face in a Medal of the *Clodian* family.

I have ſeen on coins the four fineſt figures perhaps that are now extant: The *Hercules Farneſe*, the *Venus* of *Medicis*, the *Apollo* in the *Belvidere*, and the famous *Marcus Aurelius* on horſeback. The oldeſt Medal that the firſt appears upon is one of *Commodus*, the ſecond on one of *Fauſtina*, the third on one of *Antoninus Pius*, and the laſt on one of *Lucius Verus*. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that theſe Statues were extremely celebrated among the old *Romans*, or they would never have been honored with a place among the Emperor's coins. We may further obſerve, that all four of them make their firſt appearance in the *Antonine* family, for which reaſon I am apt to think they are all of them the product of that age. They would probably have been mentioned by *Pliny* the Naturaliſt, who lived in the next reign ſave one before *Antoninus Pius*, had they been made in his time. As for the brazen figure of *Marcus Aurelius* on horſeback, there is no doubt of its being of this age, though I muſt confeſs it may be doubted, whether the Medal I have cited repreſents it. All I can ſay for it is, that the horſe and man on the Medal are in the ſame poſture as they are on the

the ſtatue, and that there is a reſemblance of *Marcus Aurelius*'s face, for I have ſeen this reverſe on a Medallion of *Don Livio*'s cabinet, and much more diſtinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the hands of Signior *Marc: Antonio*. It is generally objected, that *Lucius Verus* would rather have placed the figure of himſelf on horſeback upon the reverſe of his own coin, than the figure of *Marcus Aurelius*. But it is very well known that an Emperor often ſtamped on his coins the face or ornaments of his collegue, as an inſtance of his reſpect or friendſhip for him; and we may ſuppoſe *Lucius Verus* would omit no opportunity of doing honor to *Marcus Aurelius*, whom he rather revered as his father, than treated as his partner in the Empire. The famous *Antinous* in the *Belvidere* muſt have been made too about this age, for he died towards the middle of *Adrian*'s reign, the immediate predeceſſor of *Antoninus Pius*. This entire figure, though not to be found in Medals, may be ſeen in ſeveral precious ſtones. Monſieur *La Chauſſe*, the Author of the *Muſæum Romanum*, ſhewed me an *Antinous* that he has publiſhed in his laſt volume, cut in a *Cornelian*, which he values at fifty piſtoles. It repreſents him in the habit of a *Mercury*, and is the fineſt *Intaglio* that I ever ſaw.

Next to the ſtatues, there is nothing in *Rome* more ſurpriſing than that amazing variety of ancient pillars of ſo many kinds of marble. As moſt of the old ſtatues may be well ſuppoſed to have been cheaper to their firſt owners than they are to a modern purchaſer, ſeveral of the pillars are certainly rated at a much lower price at preſent than they were of old. For not to mention what a huge column of *Granite, Serpentine*, or *Porphyry*, muſt have coſt in the quarry, or in its carriage from *Egypt* to *Rome*, we may only conſider the great difficulty of hewing it into any form, and of giving it the due turn, proportion, and poliſh. It is well known how theſe ſorts of marble reſiſt the impreſſions of ſuch inſtruments as are now in uſe. There is indeed a *Milaneſe* at *Rome* who works in them, but his advances are ſo very ſlow, that he ſcarce lives upon what he gains by it. He ſhewed me a piece of *Porphyry* worked into an ordinary ſalver, which had coſt him four months continual application, before he could bring it into that Form. The ancients had probably ſome ſecret to harden the edges of their tools, without recurring to thoſe extravagant opinions of their having an art to mollify the ſtone, or that it was naturally ſofter at its firſt cutting from the rock, or what is ſtill more abſurd, that it was an artificial compoſition, and not the natural product of Mines and Quarries. The moſt valuable pillars about *Rome*, for the marble of which they are made, are the four columns of oriental Jaſper in St. *Paulina*'s chappel at St. *Maria Maggiore;* two of oriental Granite in St. *Pudenziana*; one of tranſparent oriental Jaſper in

the *Vatican* library; four of *Nero-Bianco* in St. *Cecilia Tranſtevere;* two of *Brocatello*, and two of oriental Agate in Don *Livio's* palace; two of *Giallo Antico* in St. *John Lateran,* and two of *Verdi Antique* in the *Villa Pamphilia.* Theſe are all intire and ſolid pillars, and made of ſuch kinds of marble as are no where to be found but among antiquities, whether it be that the veins of it are undiſcovered, or that they were quite exhauſted upon the ancient buildings. Among theſe old pillars I cannot forbear reckoning a great part of an alabaſter column, which was found in the ruins of *Livia's Portico.* It is of the color of fire, and may be ſeen over the high altar of St. *Maria* in *Campitello,* for they have cut it into two pieces, and fixed it in the ſhape of a croſs in a hole of the wall that was made on purpoſe to receive it; ſo that the light paſſing through it from without, makes it look, to thoſe who are in the church, like a huge tranſparent croſs of amber. As for the workmanſhip of the old *Roman* pillars, Monſieur *Deſgodetz,* in his accurate meaſures of theſe ruins, has obſerved, that the ancients have not kept to the nicety of proportion, and the rules of art, ſo much as the moderns in this particular. Some, to excuſe this defect, lay the blame of it on the workmen of *Egypt,* and of other nations, who ſent moſt of the ancient pillars ready ſhaped to *Rome:* Others ſay that the Ancients, knowing Architecture was chiefly deſigned to pleaſe the eye, only took care to avoid ſuch diſproportions as were groſs enough to be obſerved by the ſight, without minding whether or no they approached to a mathematical exactneſs: Others will have it rather to be an effect of art, and of what the *Italians* call the *Guſto grande,* than of any negligence in the architect; for they ſay the Ancients always conſidered the ſituation of a building, whether it were high or low, in an open ſquare or in a narrow ſtreet, and more or leſs deviated from their rules of art, to comply with the ſeveral diſtances and elevations from which their works were to be regarded. It is ſaid there is an *Ionic* pillar in the *Santa Maria Tranſtevere,* where the marks of the compaſs are ſtill to be ſeen on the volute, and that *Palladio* learnt from hence the working of that difficult problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old columns of that church. Among the pillars I muſt not paſs over the two nobleſt in the world, thoſe of *Trajan* and *Antonine.* There could not be a more magnificent deſign than that of *Trajan's* pillar. Where could an Emperor's aſhes have been ſo nobly lodg'd, as in the midſt of his metropolis, and on the top of ſo exalted a monument, with the greateſt of his actions underneath him? Or, as ſome will have it, his ſtatue was on the top, his urn at the foundation, and his battles in the midſt. The ſculpture of it is too well known to be here mentioned. The moſt remarkable piece in *Antonine's* pillar is the figure of *Jupiter Pluvius,* ſending down rain

rain on the fainting army of *Marcus Aurelius,* and thunderbolts on his enemies, which is the greateſt confirmation poſſible of the ſtory of the Chriſtian Legion, and will be a ſtanding evidence for it, when any paſſage in an old Author may be ſuppoſed to be forged. The figure that *Jupiter* here makes among the clouds, puts me in mind of a paſſage in the *AEneid,* which gives juſt ſuch another image of him. *Virgil*'s interpreters are certainly to blame, that ſuppoſe it is nothing but the air which is here meant by *Jupiter.*

Quantus ab occaſu veniens pluvialibus hædis
Verberat imber humum, quàm multâ grandine nimbi
In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter horridus auſtris
Torquet aquoſam hyemem, et cœlo cava nubila rumpit. AEn. 9.

The combat thickens, like the ſtorm that flies
From weſtward, when the ſhow'ry Kids ariſe:
Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
When *Jupiter* deſcends in harden'd rain;
Or bellowing clouds burſt with a ſtormy ſound,
And with an armed winter ſtrew the ground. *Dryden.*

I have ſeen a Medal that, according to the opinion of many learned men, relates to the ſame ſtory. The Emperor is entitled on it *Germanicus,* (as it was in the wars of *Germany* that this circumſtance happened) and carries on the reverſe a thunderbolt in his hand; for the Heathens attributed the ſame miracle to the piety of the Emperor, that the Chriſtians aſcribed to the prayers of their Legion. *Fulmen de cœlo precibus ſuis contra hoſtium machinamentum Marcus extorſit, ſuis pluviâ impetratâ cùm ſiti laborarent.* Jul. Capit. *Claudian* takes notice of this miracle, and has given the ſame reaſon for it.

———*Ad templa vocatus,*
Clemens Marce, redis, cum gentibus undique cinctam
Exuit Heſperiam paribus fortuna periclis.
Laus ibi nulla ducum, nam flammeus imber in hoſtem
Decidit: hunc dorſo trepidum fumante ferebat
Ambuſtus ſonipes; hic tabeſcente ſolutus
Subſedit galeâ, liqueſactaque fulgure cuſpis
Canduit, et ſubitis fluxere vaporibus enſes.
Tunc, contenta polo, mortalis neſcia teli
Pugna fuit; Chaldæa mago ſeu carmina ritu
Armavere Deos; ſeu, quod reor, omne tonantis
Obſequium Marci mores potuere mereri. De Sexto Conſ. Hon.

So

So mild *Aurelius* to the Gods repaid
The grateful vows that in his fears he made,
When *Latium* from unnumber'd foes was freed:
Nor did he Then by his own force ſucceed;
But with deſcending ſhow'rs of brimſtone fir'd,
The wild Barbarian in the ſtorm expir'd.
Wrapt in devouring flames the horſe-man rag'd,
And ſpurr'd the ſteed in equal flames engag'd:
Another pent in his ſcorch'd armor glow'd,
While from his head the melting helmet flow'd;
Swords by the lightning's ſubtle force diſtill'd,
And the cold ſheath with running metal fill'd:
No human arm its weak aſſiſtance brought,
But Heav'n, offended Heav'n, the battle fought;
Whether dark magic and *Chaldean* charms
Had fill'd the ſkies, and ſet the Gods in arms;
Or good *Aurelius* (as I more believe)
Deſerv'd whatever aid the Thunderer could give.

I do not remember that M. *Dacier,* among ſeveral quotations on this ſubject, in the life of *Marcus Aurelius*, has taken notice, either of the forementioned figure on the pillar of *Marcus Antoninus,* or of the beautiful paſſage I have quoted out of *Claudian.*

It is pity the obeliſks in *Rome* had not been charged with ſeveral parts of the *Egyptian* hiſtories inſtead of hieroglyphics, which might have given no ſmall light to the antiquities of that nation, which are now quite ſunk out of ſight in thoſe remoter ages of the world. Among the triumphal arches, that of *Conſtantine* is not only the nobleſt of any in *Rome,* but in the world. I ſearched narrowly into it, eſpecially among thoſe additions of ſculpture made in the Emperor's own age, to ſee if I could find any marks of the apparition, that is ſaid to have preceded the very victory which gave occaſion to the triumphal arch. But there are not the leaſt traces of it to be met with, which is not very ſtrange, if we conſider that the greateſt part of the ornaments were taken from *Trajan*'s arch, and ſet up to the new conqueror in no ſmall haſte, by the ſenate and people of *Rome,* who were then moſt of them Heathens. There is however ſomething in the inſcription, which is as old as the arch itſelf, which ſeems to hint at the Emperor's viſion. *Imp. Cæſ. Fl. Conſtantino Maximo P. F. Auguſto S. P. Q. R. quod* inſtinctu Divinitatis *mentis magnitudine cum exercitu ſuo tam de Tyranno quàm de omni ejus factione uno tempore juſtis Rempublicam ultus eſt armis arcum triumphis inſignem dicavit.*

dicavit. There is no ſtatue of this Emperor at *Rome* with a croſs to it, though the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtorians ſay there were many ſuch erected to him. I have ſeen of his Medals that were ſtamped with it, and a very remarkable one of his ſon *Conſtantius,* where he is crown'd by a Victory on the reverſe with this inſcription, *In hoc Signo Victor eris* ☧. This triumphal arch, and ſome other buildings of the ſame age, ſhew us that Architecture held up its head after all the other arts of deſigning were in a very weak and languiſhing condition, as it was probably the firſt among them that revived. If I was ſurpriſed not to find the Croſs in *Conſtantine*'s arch, I was as much diſappointed not to ſee the figure of the temple of *Jeruſalem* on that of *Titus,* where are repreſented the golden candleſtick, the table of ſhew-bread, and the river *Jordan.* Some are of opinion, that the compoſite pillars of this Arch were made in imitation of the Pillars of *Soloman's* Temple, and obſerve that theſe are the moſt ancient of any that are found of that order.

It is almoſt impoſſible for a man to form, in his imagination, ſuch beautiful and glorious ſcenes, as are to be met with in ſeveral of the *Roman* Churches and Chapels; for having ſuch a prodigious ſtock of ancient marble within the very city, and at the ſame time ſo many different quarries in the bowels of their country, moſt of their chapels are laid over with ſuch a rich variety of incruſtations, as cannot poſſibly be found in any other part of the world. And notwithſtanding the incredible ſums of money which have been already laid out this way, there is ſtill the ſame work going forward in other parts of *Rome,* the laſt ſtill endeavoring to outſhine thoſe that went before them. Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, are at preſent far from being in a floriſhing condition, but it is thought they may all recover themſelves under the preſent Pontificate, if the wars and confuſions of *Italy* will give them leave. For as the Pope is himſelf a maſter of polite learning, and a great encourager of arts, ſo at *Rome* any of theſe arts immediately thrive under the encouragement of the Prince, and may be fetched up to its perfection in ten or a dozen years, which is the work of an age or two in other countries, where they have not ſuch excellent models to form themſelves upon.

I ſhall conclude my obſervations on *Rome,* with a Letter of King *Henry* the eighth to *Ann* of *Bulleyn,* tranſcribed out of the famous Manuſcript in the Vatican, which the Biſhop of *Saliſbury* aſſures us is written with the King's own hand.

"The cauſe of my writing at this time is to hear of your health and "proſperity, of which I would be as glad as in manner of my own; pray-"ing God that it be his pleaſure to ſend us ſhortly together, for I promiſe

"I

" I long for it; howbeit I truſt it ſhall not be long too, and ſeeing my dar-
" ling is abſent I can no leſs do than ſend her ſome fleſh, prognoſticating
" that hereafter thou muſt have ſome of mine, which, if he pleaſe, I would
" have now. As touching your Siſter's Mother, I have conſigned *Walter*
" *Welſh* to write to my Lord *Manwring* my mind therein, whereby I truſt
" he ſhall not have power to diſſeid her; for ſurely whatever is ſaid, it can-
" not ſo ſtand with his honor, but that he muſt needs take his natural
" Daughter in her extreme neceſſity. No more to you at this time, my
" own darling, but that with a whiſtle I wiſh we were together one even-
" ing; by the hand of yours,

HENRY.

Theſe Letters are always ſhewn to an *Engliſhman* that viſits the *Vatican* Library.

Towns within the neighbourhood of ROME.

I Spent three or four days on *Tivoli, Freſcati, Paleſtrina*, and *Albano*. In our way to *Tivoli* I ſaw the Rivulet of *Salforata*, formerly called *Albula*, and ſmelt the ſtench that ariſes from its waters ſome time before I ſaw them. *Martial* mentions this offenſive ſmell in an Epigram of the fourth book, as he does the Rivulet itſelf in the firſt.

Quod ſiccæ redolet lacus lacunæ,
Crudarum nebulæ quod Albularum. L. 4. Ep. 4.

The drying Marſhes ſuch a ſtench convey,
Such the rank ſteams of reeking *Albula.*

Itur ad Herculeæ gelidas quà Tiburis arces,
Canaque ſulphureis Albula fumat aquis. L. 1. Ep. 5.

As from high *Rome* to *Tivoli* you go,
Where *Albula*'s ſulphureous waters flow.

The little Lake that gives riſe to this river, with its floting Iſlands, is one of the moſt extraordinary natural Curioſities about *Rome*. It lies in the very flat of *Campania*, and as it is the drain of theſe parts, 'tis no wonder that

that it is ſo impregnated with Sulphur. It has at bottom ſo thick a ſediment of it, that upon throwing in a ſtone the water boils for a conſiderable time over the place which has been ſtirred up. At the ſame time are ſeen little flakes of ſcurf riſing up, that are probably the parts which compoſe the Iſlands, for they often mount of themſelves, though the water is not troubled.

I queſtion not but this Lake was formerly much larger than it is at preſent, and that the banks have grown over it by degrees, in the ſame manner as the Iſlands have been formed on it. Nor is it improbable but that, in proceſs of time, the whole ſurface of it may be cruſted over, as the Iſlands enlarge themſelves, and the banks cloſe in upon them. All about the Lake, where the ground is dry, we found it to be hollow by the trampling of our horſes feet. I could not diſcover the leaſt traces of the *Sibyls* Temple and Grove, which ſtood on the borders of this Lake. *Tivoli* is ſeen at a diſtance lying along the brow of a hill. Its ſituation has given *Horace* occaſion to call it *Tibur Supinum*, as *Virgil* perhaps for the ſame reaſon entitles it *Superbum*. The *Villa de Medicis* with its water-works, the Caſcade of the *Teverone*, and the Ruins of the *Sibyls* temple (of which *Vignola* has made a little copy at St. *Peters de Montorio*) are deſcribed in every Itinerary. I muſt confeſs I was moſt pleaſed with a beautiful proſpect that none of them have mentioned, which lies at about a mile diſtance from the town. It opens on one ſide into the *Roman Campania*, where the eye loſes itſelf on a ſmooth ſpacious plain. On the other ſide is a more broken and interrupted Scene, made up of an infinite variety of inequalities and ſhadowings, that naturally riſe from an agreeable mixture of hills, groves and valleys. But the moſt enlivening part of all is the river *Teverone*, which you ſee at about a quarter of a mile's diſtance throwing itſelf down a precipice, and falling by ſeveral Caſcades from one rock to another, 'till it gains the bottom of the valley, where the ſight of it would be quite loſt, did not it ſometimes diſcover itſelf through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it. The *Roman* Painters often work upon this Landſcape, and I am apt to believe that *Horace* had his eye upon it in thoſe two or three beautiful touches he has given us of theſe ſeats. The *Teverone* was formerly called the *Anio*.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Lariſſæ percuſſit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ reſonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis: Lib. 1. O. 7.

Not fair *Lariſſa*'s fruitful ſhore,
Nor *Lacedæmon* charms me more,
Than high *Albunea*'s airy walls
Reſounding with her water-falls,
And *Tivoli*'s delightful ſhades,
And *Anio* rolling in caſcades,
That through the flow'ry meadows glides,
And all the beauteous ſcene divides.

I remember Monſieur *Dacier* explains *mobilibus* by *ductilibus,* and believes that the word relates to the Conduits, Pipes and Canals that were made to diſtribute the waters up and down, according to the pleaſure of the owner. But any one who ſees the *Teverone* muſt be of another opinion, and conclude it to be one of the moſt *moveable* rivers in the world, that has its ſtream broken by ſuch a multitude of Caſcades, and is ſo often ſhifted out of one channel into another. After a very turbulent and noiſy courſe of ſeveral miles among the rocks and mountains, the *Teverone* falls into the valley before mentioned, where it recovers its temper, as it were, by little and little, and after many turnings and windings glides peaceably into the *Tiber*. In which ſenſe we are to underſtand *Silius Italicus*'s deſcription, to give it its proper beauty.

Sulphureis gelidus quà ſerpit lenitèr undis,
Ad genitorem Anio labens ſine murmure Tibrim

Here the loud *Anio*'s boiſt'rous clamors ceaſe,
That with ſubmiſſive murmurs glides in peace
To his old ſire the *Tiber*——

At *Freſcati* I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the firſt ſketch of *Verſailles* in the walks and water-works. The proſpect from it was doubtleſs much more delightful formerly, when the *Campania* was ſet thick with towns, villas and plantations. *Cicero*'s *Tuſculum* was at a place called *Grotto Ferrate* about two miles off this town, though moſt of the modern writers have fixed it to *Freſcati*. *Nardini* ſays, there was found among the ruins at *Grotto Ferrate* a piece of ſculpture which *Cicero* himſelf mentions in one of his familiar Epiſtles. In going to *Freſcati* we had a fair view of mount *Algido*.

On our way to *Palæſtrina* we ſaw the lake *Regillus,* famous for the Apparition of *Caſtor* and *Pollux,* who were here ſeen to give their horſes drink after the battle between the *Romans* and the Son-in-law of *Tarquin*. At ſome diſtance from it we had a view of the *Lacus Gabinus,* that is much larger than

than the former. We left the road for about half a mile to ſee the ſources of a modern Aqueduct. It is entertaining to obſerve how the ſeveral little ſprings and rills, that break out of the ſides of the mountain, are gleaned up, and conveyed through little covered channels into the main hollow of the Aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for *Rome,* ſeeing it had occaſion for ſo many Aqueducts, that there chanced to be ſuch a range of mountains within its neighbourhood. For by this means they could take up their water from what height they pleaſed, without the expence of ſuch an engine as that of *Marli.* Thus the *Claudian* Aqueduct ran thirty eight miles, and ſunk after the proportion of five foot and a half every mile, by the advantage only of a high ſource and the low ſituation of *Rome. Palæſtrina* ſtands very high, like moſt other towns in *Italy,* for the advantage of the cool breezes, for which reaſon *Virgil* calls it *altum,* and *Horace, frigidum Præneſte. Statius* calls it *Præneſte ſacrum,* becauſe of the famous temple of Fortune that ſtood in it. There are ſtill great pillars of Granite, and other fragments of this ancient temple. But the moſt conſiderable remnant of it is a very beautiful *Moſaic* pavement, the fineſt I have ever ſeen in marble. The parts are ſo well joined together, that the whole piece looks like a continued picture. There are in it the figures of a Rhinoceros, of Elephants, and of ſeveral other animals, with little landſcapes which look very lively and well painted, though they are made out of the natural colors and ſhadows of the marble. I do not remember ever to have met with an old *Roman Moſaic,* compoſed of little pieces of clay half vitrified, and prepared at the glaſs-houſes, which the *Italians* call *Smalt.* Theſe are much in uſe at preſent, and may be made of what color and figure the workman pleaſes, which is a modern improvement of the art, and enables thoſe who are employed in it to make much finer pieces of *Moſaic* than they did formerly.

In our excurſion to *Albano* we went as far as *Nemi,* that takes its name from the *Nemus Dianæ.* The whole country thereabouts is ſtill over run with woods and thickets. The Lake of *Nemi* lies in a very deep bottom, ſo ſurrounded on all ſides with mountains and groves, that the ſurface of it is never ruffled with the leaſt breath of wind, which perhaps, together with the clearneſs of its waters, gave it formerly the name of *Diana*'s looking-glaſs.

————*Speculumque Dianæ.* Virg.

Prince *Cæſarini* has a palace at *Jenſano,* very near *Nemi,* in a pleaſant ſituation, and ſet off with many beautiful walks. In our return from *Jenſano* to *Albano* we paſſed through *la Ricca,* the *Aricia* of the ancients, *Horace*'s firſt ſtage from *Rome* to *Brundiſi.* There is nothing at *Albano* ſo remarkable as

the proſpect from the *Capuchin*'s garden, which for the extent and variety of pleaſing incidents is, I think, the moſt delightful one that I ever ſaw. It takes in the whole *Campania,* and terminates in a full view of the Mediterranean. You have a ſight at the ſame time of the *Alban* lake, which lies juſt by in an oval figure of about ſeven miles round, and, by reaſon of the continued circuit of high mountains that encompaſs it, looks like the *Area* of ſome vaſt Amphitheatre. This, together with the ſeveral green hills and naked rocks within the neighbourhood, makes the moſt agreeable confuſion imaginable. *Albano* keeps up its credit ſtill for wine, which perhaps would be as good as it was anciently, did they preſerve it to as great an age; but as for olives there are now very few here, though they are in great plenty at *Tivoli*;

——*Albani pretioſa ſenectus.* Juv. Sat. 13.
Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque ſenectus
Delevit multâ veteris fuligine teſtæ. Id. Sat. 5.

Perhaps tomorrow he may change his wine,
And drink old ſparkling *Alban,* or *Setine.*
Whoſe title, and whoſe age, with mould o'ergrown,
The good old caſk for ever keeps unknown. *Bowles.*

——*Palladiæ ſeu collibus uteris Albæ* Mar. L. 5. E. 1.
Albanæ——*Olivæ.* Id. L. 9. E. 16.

The places mentioned in this chapter were all of them formerly the cool retirements of the *Romans*, where they uſed to hide themſelves among the woods and mountains, during the exceſſive heats of their ſummer; as *Bajæ* was the general winter rendezvous.

Jam terras volucremque polum fuga veris aquoſi
Laxat, et Icariis cœlum latratibus urit.
Ardua jam denſæ rareſcunt mœnia Romæ:
Hos Prœneſte ſacrum, nemus hos glaciale Dianæ,
Algidus aut horrens aut Tuſcula protegit Umbra,
Tiburis hi lucos, Anienaque frigora captant. Sil. 4. 1.

Albanos quoque Tuſculoſque colles
Et quodcunque jacet ſub urbe frigus.
Fidenas veteres, breveſque Rubras,
Et quod Virgineo cruore gaudet
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ. Mar. L. 1. E. 123.

All

All ſhun the raging Dog-ſtar's ſultry heat,
And from the half-unpeopled town retreat;
Some hid in *Nemi*'s gloomy foreſts lie,
To *Paleſtrina* ſome for ſhelter fly,
Others to catch the breeze of breathing air,
To *Tuſculum* or *Algido* repair;
Or in moiſt *Tivoli's* retirements find
A cooling ſhade, and a refreſhing wind.

On the contrary, at preſent, *Rome* is never fuller of Nobility than in ſummer time; for the country towns are ſo infeſted with unwholſome vapors, that they dare not truſt themſelves in them while the heats laſt. There is no queſtion but the air of the *Campania* would be now as healthful as it was formerly, were there as many fires burning in it, and as many Inhabitants to manure the ſoil. Leaving *Rome* about the latter end of *October*, in my way to *Sienna*, I lay the firſt night at a little village in the territories of the ancient *Veii*.

Hæc tum nomina erant, nunc ſunt ſine nomine Campi.

The ruins of their capital city are at preſent ſo far loſt, that the Geographers are not able to determine exactly the place where they once ſtood: So literally is that noble prophecy of *Lucan* fulfilled, of this and other places of *Latium*.

——Gentes Mars iſte futuras
Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
Erepto natale feret, tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Vëioſque, Coramque,
Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monſtrare ruinæ,
Albanoſque lares, Laurentinoſque penates
Rus vacuum, quod non habitet niſi nocte coactâ
Invitus—————— L. 7.

Succeeding nations by the ſword ſhall die,
And ſwallow'd up in dark oblivion lie:
Almighty *Latium* with her cities crown'd,
Shall like an antiquated fable ſound;
The *Vëian* and the *Gabian* tow'rs ſhall fall,
And one promiſcuous ruin cover all,
Nor, after length of years, a ſtone betray
The place where once the very ruins lay:

High

High *Alba*'s walls, and the *Lavinian* ſtrand,
(A lonely deſert, and an empty land)
Shall ſcarce afford, for needful hours of reſt,
A ſingle houſe to their benighted gueſt.

We here ſaw the lake *Bacca*, that gives riſe to the *Cremera*, on whoſe banks the *Fabii* were ſlain.

Tercentum numerabat avos, quos turbine Martis,
Abſtulit una dies, cùm fors non æqua labori
Patricio Cremeræ maculavit ſanguine ripas. Sil. It. L. 1.

Fabius a num'rous anceſtry could tell,
Three hundred Heroes that in battle fell,
Near the fam'd *Cremera's* diſaſt'rous flood,
That ran polluted with Patrician blood.

We ſaw afterwards, in the progreſs of our voyage, the Lakes of *Vico* and *Bolſena*. The laſt is reckoned one and twenty miles in circuit, and is plentifully ſtocked with fiſh and fowl. There are in it a couple of Iſlands, that are perhaps the two floting Iſles mentioned by *Pliny*, with that improbable circumſtance of their appearing ſometimes like a circle, ſometimes like a triangle, but never like a quadrangle. It is eaſy enough to conceive how they might become fixed, though they once floted; and it is not very credible, that the Naturaliſt could be deceived in his account of a place that lay, as it were, in the neighbourhood of *Rome*. At one end of this Lake ſtands *Monteſiaſcone*, the habitation of *Virgil*'s *AEqui Faliſci*, AEn. 7. and on the ſide of it the town of the *Volſinians*, now called *Bolſena*.

Aut poſitis nemoroſa inter juga Voiſiniis. Juv. Sat. 3.

——*Volſinium* ſtood
Cover'd with mountains, and enclos'd with wood.

I ſaw in the church-yard of *Bolſena* an antique funeral monument (of that kind which they called a *Sarcophagus*) very entire, and what is particular, engraven *on all ſides* with a curious repreſentation of a bacchanal. Had the Inhabitants obſerved a couple of lewd figures at one end of it, they would not have thought it a proper ornament for the place where it now ſtands. After having travelled hence to *Aquapendente*, that ſtands in a wonderful pleaſant ſituation, we came to the little brook which ſeparates the Pope's dominions from the Great Duke's. The frontier caſtle of *Radicoſani* is ſeated on the higheſt mountain in the country, and is as well fortified as the ſituation of the place will permit. We here found the natural face of the country

country quite changed from what we had been entertained with in the Pope's dominions. For inſtead of the many beautiful ſcenes of green mountains and fruitful valleys, that we had been preſented with for ſome days before, we ſaw now nothing but a wild naked proſpect of rocks and hills, worn on all ſides with gutters and channels, and not a tree or ſhrub to be met with in a vaſt circuit of ſeveral miles. This ſavage proſpect put me in mind of the *Italian* proverb, that *The Pope has the fleſh, and the Great Duke the bones of* Italy. Among a large extent of theſe barren mountains I ſaw but a ſingle ſpot that was cultivated, on which there ſtood a Convent.

SIENNA, LEGHORN, PISA.

SIENNA ſtands high, and is adorned with a great many towers of brick, which in the time of the commonwealth were erected to ſuch of the members as had done any conſiderable ſervice to their country. Theſe towers gave us a ſight of the town a great while before we entered it. There is nothing in this city ſo extraordinary as the Cathedral, which a man may view with pleaſure after he has ſeen St. *Peters*, though it is quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the maſter-pieces of *Gothic* Architecture. When a man ſees the prodigious pains and expence that our fore-fathers have been at in theſe barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy to himſelf what miracles of Architecture they would have left us, had they been only inſtructed in the right way; for when the devotion of thoſe ages was much warmer than that of the preſent, and the riches of the people much more at the diſpoſal of the Prieſts, there was ſo much money conſumed on theſe *Gothic* Cathedrals, as would have finiſhed a greater variety of noble buildings, than have been raiſed either before or ſince that time.

One would wonder to ſee the vaſt labor that has been laid out on this ſingle Cathedral. The very ſpouts are loaden with ornaments; the windows are formed like ſo many ſcenes of perſpective, with a multitude of little pillars retiring one behind another; the great columns are finely engraven with fruits and foliage that run twiſting about them from the very top to the bottom; the whole body of the church is chequered with different lays of white and black marble; the pavement curiouſly cut out in deſigns and Scripture-ſtories; and the front covered with ſuch a variety of figures, and over run with ſo many little mazes and labyrinths of Sculpture, that nothing in the world can make a prettier ſhow to thoſe who prefer falſe beauties, and affected ornaments, to a noble and majeſtic ſimplicity. Over-againſt

againſt this church ſtands a large Hoſpital, erected by a ſhoe-maker who has been beatified, though never ſainted. There ſtands a figure of him ſuperſcribed, *Sutor ultra Crepidam*, I ſhall ſpeak nothing of the extent of this city, the cleanlineſs of its ſtreets, nor the beauty of its piazza, which ſo many travellers have deſcribed. As this is the laſt republic that fell under the ſubjection of the Duke of *Florence*, ſo is it ſtill ſuppoſed to retain many hankerings after its ancient liberty: for this reaſon, when the Keys and Pageants of the Duke's towns and governments paſs in proceſſion before him, on St. *John* Baptiſt's day, I was told that *Sienna* comes in the rear of his dominions, and is puſhed forward by thoſe who follow, to ſhew the reluctancy it has to appear in ſuch a ſolemnity. I ſhall ſay nothing of the many groſs and abſurd traditions of St. *Catharine* of *Sienna*, who is the great Saint of this place. I think there is as much pleaſure in hearing a man tell his dreams, as in reading accounts of this nature: A traveller that thinks them worth his obſervation, may fill a book with them at every great town in *Italy*.

From *Sienna* we went forward to *Leghorn*, where the two ports, the Bagnio, and *Donatelli*'s ſtatue of the great Duke, amidſt the four ſlaves chained to his pedeſtal, are very noble ſights. The ſquare is one of the largeſt, and will be one of the moſt beautiful in *Italy*, when this ſtatue is erected in it, and a town-houſe built at one end of it to front the church that ſtands at the other. They are at a continual expence to cleanſe the ports, and keep them from being choked up, which they do by the help of ſeveral engines that are always at work, and employ many of the great Duke's ſlaves. Whatever part of the harbor they ſcoop in, it has an influence on all the reſt, for the ſea immediately works the whole bottom to a level. They draw a double advantage from the dirt that is taken up, as it clears the port, and at the ſame time dries up ſeveral marſhes about the town, where they lay it from time to time. One can ſcarce imagine how great profits the Duke of *Tuſcany* receives from this ſingle place, which are not generally thought ſo conſiderable, becauſe it paſſes for a Free Port. But it is very well known how the Great Duke, on a late occaſion, notwithſtanding the privileges of the Merchants, drew no ſmall ſums of money out of them; though ſtill, in reſpect of the exorbitant dues that are paid at moſt other ports, it deſervedly retains the name of Free. It brings into his dominions a great increaſe of people from all other nations. They reckon in it near ten thouſand *Jews*, many of them very rich, and ſo great traffickers, that our *Engliſh* factors complain they have moſt of our country trade in their hands. 'Tis true, the ſtrangers pay little or no taxes directly, but out of every thing they buy there goes a large gabel to the government. The very Ice-merchant at *Leghorn*, pays above a thouſand pound

pound ſterling annually for his privilege, and the Tobacco-merchant ten thouſand. The ground is ſold by the Great Duke at a very high price, and houſes are every day riſing on it. All the commodities that go up into the country, of which there are great quantities, are clogged with impoſitions as ſoon as they leave *Leghorn*. All the wines, oils, and ſilks, that come down from the fruitful valleys of *Piſa, Florence,* and other parts of *Tuſcany,* muſt make their way through ſeveral duties and taxes before they can reach the port. The canal that runs from the ſea into the *Arno* gives a convenient carriage to all goods that are to be ſhipped off, which does not a little enrich the owners; and in proportion as private men grow wealthy, their legacies, law-ſuits, daughter's portions, *&c.* encreaſe, in all which the Great Duke comes in for a conſiderable ſhare. The *Lucqueſe,* who traffic at this port, are ſaid to bring in a great deal into the Duke's coffers. Another advantage, which may be of great uſe to him, is, that at five or ſix days warning he might find credit in this town for very large ſums of money, which no other Prince in *Italy* can pretend to. I need not take notice of the reputation that this port gives him among foreign Princes, but there is one benefit ariſing from it, which, though never thrown into the account, is doubtleſs very conſiderable. It is well known how the *Piſans* and *Florentines* long regretted the loſs of their ancient liberty, and their ſubjection to a family that ſome of them thought themſelves equal to, in the floriſhing times of their common-wealths. The town of *Leghorn* has accidentally done what the greateſt fetch of politics would have found difficult to have brought about, for it has almoſt unpeopled *Piſa,* if we compare it with what it was formerly, and every day leſſens the number of the inhabitants of *Florence*. This does not only weaken thoſe places, but at the ſame time turns many of the buſieſt ſpirits from their old notions of honor and liberty, to the thoughts of traffic and merchandiſe: And as men engaged in a road of thriving are no friends to changes and revolutions, they are at preſent worn into a habit of ſubjection, and puſh all their purſuits another way. It is no wonder therefore that the Great Duke has ſuch apprehenſions of the Pope's making *Civita Vecchia* a free port, which may in time prove ſo very prejudicial to *Leghorn*. It would be thought an improbable ſtory, ſhould I ſet down the ſeveral methods that are commonly reported to have been made uſe of during the laſt Pontificate, to put a ſtop to this deſign. The Great Duke's money was ſo well beſtowed in the Conclave, that ſeveral of the Cardinals diſſuaded the Pope from the undertaking, and at laſt turned all his thoughts upon the little port which he made at *Antium,* near *Nettuno*. The chief workmen that were to have conveyed the water to *Civita Vecchia*, were bought off, and

when a poor *Capuchin*, who was thought proof againſt all bribes, had undertaken to carry on the work, he died a little after he had entered upon it. The preſent Pope however, who is very well acquainted with the ſecret hiſtory, and the weakneſs of his predeceſſor, ſeems reſolved to bring the project to its perfection. He has already been at vaſt charges in finiſhing the Aqueduct, and had ſome hopes that, if the war ſhould drive our *Engliſh* Merchants from *Sicily* and *Naples*, they would ſettle here. His Holineſs has told ſome *Engliſh* Gentlemen, that thoſe of our nation ſhould have the greateſt privileges of any but the ſubjects of the Church. One of our countrymen, who makes a good figure at *Rome*, told me the Pope has this deſign extremely at his heart; but that he fears the *Engliſh* will ſuffer nothing like a Reſident or Conſul in his dominions; though at the ſame time he hoped the buſineſs might as well be tranſacted by one that had no public character. This Gentleman has ſo buſied himſelf in the affair, that he has offended the *French* and *Spaniſh* Cardinals, inſomuch that Cardinal *Janſon* refuſed to ſee him, when he would have made his apology for what he had ſaid to the Pope on this ſubject. There is one great objection to *Civita Vecchia*, that the air of the place is not wholſome; but this they ſay proceeds from want of Inhabitants, the air of *Leghorn* having been worſe than this before the town was well peopled.

The great profits that have accrued to the Duke of *Florence*, from his free Port, have ſet ſeveral of the States of *Italy* on the ſame project. The moſt likely to ſucceed in it would be the *Genoeſe*, who lie more convenient than the *Venetians*, and have a more inviting form of government, than that of the Church, or that of *Florence*. But as the port of *Genoa* is ſo very ill guarded againſt ſtorms, that no privileges can tempt the merchants from *Leghorn* into it, ſo dare not the *Genoeſe* make any other of their ports Free, leſt it ſhould draw to it moſt of their Commerce and Inhabitants, and by conſequence ruin their chief city.

From *Leghorn* I went to *Piſa*, where there is ſtill the Shell of a great City, though not half furniſhed with Inhabitants. The great Church, Baptiſtery, and leaning Tower, are very well worth ſeeing, and are built after the ſame fancy with the cathedral of *Sienna*. Half a day's journey more brought me into the Republic of *Lucca*.

The

The REPUBLIC of *LUCCA.*

IT is very pleaſant to ſee how the ſmall territories of this little Republic are cultivated to the beſt advantage, ſo that one cannot find the leaſt ſpot of ground, that is not made to contribute its utmoſt to the owner. In all the Inhabitants there appears an air of chearfulneſs and plenty, not often to be met with in thoſe of the countries which lie about them. There is but one gate for ſtrangers to enter at, that it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written in Letters of gold, *Libertas.*

This Republic is ſhut up in the Great Duke's dominions, who at preſent is very much incenſed againſt it, and ſeems to threaten it with the fate of *Florence, Piſa* and *Sienna.* The occaſion is as follows.

The *Lucqueſe* plead preſcription for hunting in one of the Duke's foreſts, that lies upon their frontiers, which about two years ſince was ſtrictly forbidden them, the Prince intending to preſerve the game for his own pleaſure. Two or three Sportſmen of the Republic, who had the hardineſs to offend againſt the prohibition, were ſeized, and kept in a neighbouring priſon. Their country-men, to the number of threeſcore, attacked the place where they were kept in cuſtody, and reſcued them. The Great Duke redemands his priſoners, and, as a further ſatisfaction, would have the Governor of the town, where the threeſcore aſſailants had combined together, delivered into his hands; but receiving only excuſes, he reſolved to do himſelf juſtice. Accordingly he ordered all the *Lucqueſe* to be ſeiſed that were found on a market-day, in one of his frontier towns. Theſe amounted to fourſcore, among whom were perſons of ſome conſequence in the Republic. They are now in priſon at *Florence,* and, as it is ſaid, treated hardly enough, for there are fifteen of the number dead within leſs than two years. The King of *Spain,* who is Protector of the Common-wealth, received information from the Great Duke of what had paſſed, who approved of his proceedings, with orders to the *Lucqueſe,* by the Governor of *Milan,* to give a proper ſatisfaction. The Republic, thinking themſelves ill uſed by their Protector, as they ſay at *Florence*, have ſent to Prince *Eu-*

gene to desire the Emperor's protection, with an offer of winter-quarters, as it is said, for four thousand *Germans*. The Great Duke rises on them in his demands, and will not be satisfied with less than a hundred thousand crowns, and a solemn embassy to beg pardon for the past, and promise amendment for the future. Thus stands the affair at present, that may end in the ruin of the Common-wealth, if the *French* succeed in *Italy*. It is pleasant however to hear the discourse of the common people of *Lucca*, who are firmly persuaded that one *Lucquese* can beat five *Florentines*, who are grown low-spirited, as they pretend, by the Great Duke's oppressions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They say, they can bring into the field twenty or thirty thousand fighting men, all ready to sacrifice their lives for their liberty. They have a good quantity of arms and ammunition, but few horse. It must be owned these people are more happy, at least in imagination, than the rest of their neighbours, because they think themselves so; though such a chimerical happiness is not peculiar to Republicans, for we find the subjects of the most absolute Prince in *Europe* are as proud of their Monarch as the *Lucquese* of being subject to none. Should the *French* affairs prosper in *Italy*, it is possible the Great Duke may bargain for the Republic of *Lucca*, by the help of his great treasures, as his Predecessors did formerly with the Emperor for that of *Sienna*. The Great Dukes have never yet attempted any thing on *Lucca*, as not only fearing the arms of their Protector, but because they are well assured, that should the *Lucquese* be reduced to the last extremity, they would rather throw themselves under the government of the *Genoese*, or some stronger neighbour, than submit to a State for which they have so great an aversion. And the *Florentines* are very sensible, that it is much better to have a weak State within their dominions, than the branch of one as strong as themselves. But should so formidable a power, as that of the *French* King, support them in their attempts, there is no government in *Italy* that would dare to interpose. This Republic, for the extent of its dominions, is esteemed the richest and best peopled State of *Italy*. The whole administration of the government passes into different hands at the end of every two months, which is the greatest security imaginable to their liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick dispatch of all public affairs: But in any exigence of state, like that they are now pressed with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any design, for the good of the Common-wealth, to its maturity and perfection.

F L O R E N C E.

I Had the good luck to be at *Florence* when there was an Opera acted, which was the eighth that I had ſeen in *Italy*. I could not but ſmile to read the ſolemn proteſtation of the Poet in the firſt page, where he declares that he believes neither in the Fates, Deities, or Deſtinies: and that if he has made uſe of the words, it is purely out of a poetical liberty, and not from his real ſentiments, for that in all theſe particulars he believes as the Holy Mother Church believes and commands.

PROTESTA.

Le voci Fato, Deità, Deſtino, e ſimili, che per entro queſto Drama trovarai, ſon meſſe per iſcherzo poetico, e non per ſentimento vero, credendo ſempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chieſa.

There are ſome beautiful Palaces in *Florence;* and as *Tuſcan* pillars and *Ruſtic* work owe their original to this country, the architects always take care to give them a place in the great edifices that are raiſed in *Tuſcany*. The Duke's new palace is a very noble pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely ſolid and majeſtic. It is not unlike that of *Luxemburg* at *Paris,* which was built by *Mary* of *Medicis,* and for that reaſon perhaps the workmen fell into the *Tuſcan* humor. I found in the court of this palace what I could not meet with any where in *Rome;* I mean, an antique ſtatue of *Hercules* lifting up *Antæus* from the earth, which I have already had occaſion to ſpeak of. It was found in *Rome,* and brought hither under the reign of *Leo* the tenth. There are abundance of pictures in the ſeveral apartments, by the hands of the greateſt maſters.

But 'tis the famous gallery of the old palace, where are perhaps the nobleſt collections of curioſities to be met with in any part of the whole world. The gallery itſelf is made in the ſhape of an L, according to Mr. *Laſſel,* but, if it muſt needs be like a letter, it reſembles the *Greek* Π moſt. It is adorned with admirable pieces of ſculpture, as well modern as ancient. Of the laſt ſort I ſhall mention thoſe that are rareſt, either for the perſon they repreſent, or the beauty of the ſculpture. Among the buſts of the Emperors and Empreſſes there are theſe that follow, which are all very ſcarce, and

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ſome of them almoſt ſingular in their kind. *Agrippa*, *Caligula*, *Otho*, *Nerva*, *AElius Verus*, *Pertinax*, *Geta*, *Didius Julianus*, *Albinus* extremely well wrought, and, what is ſeldom ſeen, in alabaſter, *Gordianus Africanus* the elder, *Eliogabalus*, *Galien* the elder, and the younger *Pupienus*. I have put *Agrippa* among the Emperors, becauſe he is generally ranged ſo in ſets of Medals, as ſome that follow among the Empreſſes have no other right to the company they are joined with. *Domitia*, *Agrippina* wife of *Germanicus*, *Antonia*, *Matidia*, *Plotina*, *Mallia Scantilla*, falſly inſcribed under her Buſt *Julia Severi*, *Aquilia Severa*, *Julia Mæſa*. I have generally obſerved at *Rome*, which is the great magazine of theſe antiquities, that the ſame heads which are rare in Medals are alſo rare in Marble, and indeed one may commonly aſſign the ſame reaſon for both, which was the ſhortneſs of the Emperors reigns, that did not give the workmen time to make many of their figures; and as the ſhortneſs of their reigns was generally occaſioned by the advancement of a rival, it is no wonder that nobody worked on the figure of a deceaſed Emperor, when his enemy was in the throne. This obſervation however does not always hold. An *Agrippa* or *Caligula*, for example, is a common Coin, but a very extraordinary Buſt; and a *Tiberius* a rare Coin, but a common Buſt, which one would wonder the more at, if we conſider the indignities that were offered to this Emperor's ſtatues after his death. The *Tiberius in Tiberim* is a known inſtance.

Among the Buſts of ſuch Emperors as are common enough, there are ſeveral in the gallery that deſerve to be taken notice of for the excellence of the ſculpture, as thoſe of *Auguſtus*, *Veſpaſian*, *Adrian*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Lucius Verus*, *Septimius Severus*, *Caracalla*, *Geta*. There is in the ſame gallery a very beautiful Buſt of *Alexander* the Great, caſting up his face to Heaven, with a noble air of grief or diſcontentedneſs in his looks. I have ſeen two or three antique Buſts of *Alexander* in the ſame air and poſture, and am apt to think the Sculptor had in his thoughts the Conqueror's weeping for new worlds, or ſome other the like circumſtance of his hiſtory. There is alſo in Porphyry the head of a Faun, and of the God *Pan*. Among the entire figures I took particular notice of a Veſtal Virgin, with the holy fire burning before her. This ſtatue, I think, may decide that notable controverſy among the Antiquaries, whether the Veſtals, after having received the Tonſure ever ſuffered their hair to come again, for it is here full grown, and gathered under the veil. The brazen figure of the Conſul, with the Ring on his finger, reminded me of *Juvenal's majoris pondera gemmæ*. There is another ſtatue in braſs, ſuppoſed to be of *Apollo*, with this modern inſcription on the pedeſtal, which I muſt confeſs I do not know what to make of, *Ut potui huc veni muſis et fratre relicto*. I ſaw in the ſame gallery the famous figure of the wild

wild Boar, the Gladiator, the *Narciſſus*, the *Cupid* and *Pſyche*, the *Flora*, with ſome modern ſtatues that ſeveral others have deſcribed. Among the antique figures there is a fine one of *Morpheus* in touchſtone. I have always obſerved, that this God is repreſented by the ancient Statuaries under the figure of a Boy aſleep, with a bundle of Poppy in his hand. I at firſt took it for a *Cupid*, 'till I had taken notice that it had neither bow nor quiver. I ſuppoſe Doctor *Liſter* has been guilty of the ſame miſtake in the reflections he makes on what he calls the ſleeping *Cupid* with Poppy in his hands.

——*Qualia namque*
Corpora nudorum tabulâ pinguntur Amorum
Talis erat, ſed ne faciat diſcrimina cultus,
Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme Pharetras. Ov. Met. L. 10.

Such are the *Cupids* that in paint we view;
But that the likeneſs may be nicely true,
A loaden Quiver to his ſhoulders tie,
Or bid the *Cupids* lay their quivers by.

'Tis probable they choſe to repreſent the God of ſleep under the figure of a Boy, contrary to all our modern deſigners, becauſe it is that age which has its repoſe the leaſt broken by cares and anxieties. *Statius*, in his celebrated invocation of Sleep, addreſſes himſelf to him under the ſame figure.

Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidiſſime Divûm,
Quove errore miſer, donis ut ſolus egerem
Somne tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucreſque feræque, &c. Silv. Lib. 5.

Tell me, thou beſt of Gods, thou gentle Youth,
Tell me my ſad offence; that only I,
While huſh'd at eaſe thy drowſy ſubjects lie,
In the dead ſilence of the night complain,
Nor taſte the bleſſings of thy peaceful reign.

I never ſaw any figure of Sleep, that was not of black marble, which has probably ſome relation to the night, which is the proper ſeaſon for reſt. I ſhould not have made this remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient authors, that the *Nile* is generally repreſented in ſtone of this color, becauſe it flows from the country of the *Ethiopians*; which ſhews us that the Statuaries had ſometimes an eye to the perſon they were to repreſent, in the choice they made of their marble. There are

ſtill

ſtill at *Rome* ſome of theſe black ſtatues of the *Nile* which are cut in a kind of touchſtone.

Uſque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis. Virg. Geor. 4.

At one end of the gallery ſtands two antique marble pillars, curiouſly wrought with the figures of the old *Roman* arms and inſtruments of war. After a full ſurvey of the gallery, we were led into four or five chambers of Curioſities that ſtand on the ſide of it. The firſt was a Cabinet of Antiquities, made up chiefly of Idols, Taliſmans, Lamps and Hieroglyphics. I ſaw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the four following figures in braſs.

I. A little Image of *Juno Siſpita*, or *Soſpita*, which perhaps is not to be met with any where elſe but on Medals. She is clothed in a Goat's-ſkin, the horns ſticking out above her head. The right arm is broken that probably ſupported a ſhield, and the left a little defaced, though one may ſee it held ſomething in its graſp formerly. The feet are bare. I remember *Tully*'s deſcription of this Goddeſs in the following words. *Hercle inquit quàm tibi illam noſtram Soſpitam quam tu nunquam ne in Somniis vides, niſi cum pelle Caprinâ, cum haſtâ, cum ſcutulo, cum calceolis repandis.*

II. An antique Model of the famous *Laocöon* and his two Sons, that ſtands in the *Belvidera* at *Rome*. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in thoſe parts where the ſtatue is maim'd. It was by the help of this Model that *Bandinelli* finiſhed his admirable copy of the *Laocöon*, which ſtands at one end of this gallery.

III. An *Apollo* or *Amphion*. I took notice of this little figure for the ſingularity of the Inſtrument, which I never before ſaw in ancient ſculpture. It is not unlike a Violin, and played on after the ſame manner. I doubt however whether this figure be not of a later date than the reſt, by the meanneſs of the workmanſhip.

IV. A *Corona Radialis* with only eight ſpikes to it. Every one knows the uſual number was twelve, ſome ſay in alluſion to the ſigns of the *Zodiac*, and others to the labors of *Hercules*.

——— *Ingenti mole Latinus*
Quadrijugo vehitur curru ; cui tempora circùm
Aurati bis ſex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi ſpecimen ——— Virg. AEn. 12.

Four ſteeds the Chariot of *Latinus* bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the God of day. *Dryden.*

The

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The two next chambers are made up of ſeveral artificial curioſities in Ivory, Amber, Chryſtal, Marble, and precious ſtones, which all voyage-writers are full of. In the chamber that is ſhewn laſt ſtands the celebrated *Venus* of *Medicis*. The ſtatue ſeems much leſs than the life, as being perfectly naked, and in company with others of a larger make: It is notwithſtanding as big as the ordinary ſize of a woman, as I concluded from the meaſure of her wriſt; for from the bigneſs of any one part it is eaſy to gueſs at all the reſt, in a figure of ſuch nice proportions. The ſoftneſs of the fleſh, the delicacy of the ſhape, air and poſture, and correctneſs of deſign in this ſtatue, are inexpreſſible. I have ſeveral reaſons to believe that the name of the Sculptor on the pedeſtal is not ſo old as the ſtatue. This figure of *Venus* put me in mind of a ſpeech ſhe makes in one of the *Greek* Epigrams.

Γυμνεν οἶδε Παρις μὲ ἢ Ανχίσης ἢ Ἄδωνις
Τὲς τρεῖς οἶδα μόνες. Πραξιτὲλης δὲ πόθε;

Anchiſes, *Paris*, and *Adonis* too
Have ſeen me naked, and expos'd to view;
All theſe I frankly own without denying:
But where has this *Praxiteles* been prying?

There is another *Venus* in the ſame circle, that would make a good figure any where elſe. There are among the old *Roman* Statues ſeveral of *Venus* in different poſtures and habits, as there are many particular figures of her made after the ſame deſign. I fancy it is not hard to find among them ſome that were made after the three ſtatues of this Goddeſs, which *Pliny* mentions. In the ſame chamber is the *Roman* Slave whetting his knife and liſtning, which from the ſhoulders upwards is incomparable. The two wreſtlers are in the ſame room. I obſerved here likewiſe a very curious Buſt of *Annius Verus*, the young Son of *Marcus Aurelius*, who died at nine years of age. I have ſeen ſeveral other Buſts of him at *Rome*, though his Medals are exceeding rare.

The Great Duke has ordered a large chamber to be fitted up for old Inſcriptions, Urns, Monuments, and the like ſets of Antiquities. I was ſhewn ſeveral of them which are not yet put up. There are the two famous Inſcriptions that give ſo great a light to the hiſtories of *Appius*, who made the High-way, and of *Fabius* the Dictator; they contain a ſhort account of the honors they paſſed through, and the actions they performed. I ſaw too the Buſts of *Tranquillina*, Mother to *Gordianus Pius*, and of *Quintus Herennius*, Son to *Trajan Decius*, which are extremely valuable for their rarity, and a beautiful old figure made after the celebrated Hermaphrodite in the *Villa*

Borgheſe. I ſaw nothing that has not been obſerved by ſeveral others in the *Argenteria*, the Tabernacle of St. *Laurence*'s chapel, and the chamber of Painters. The chapel of St. *Laurence* will be perhaps the moſt coſtly piece of work on the face of the earth when completed, but it advances ſo very ſlowly, that 'tis not impoſſible but the family of *Medicis* may be extinct before their burial place is finiſhed.

The Great Duke has lived many years ſeparate from the Dutcheſs, who is at preſent in the court of *France*, and intends there to end her days. The Cardinal his brother is old and infirm, and could never be induced to reſign his purple for the uncertain proſpect of giving an Heir to the Dukedom of *Tuſcany*. The Great Prince has been married ſeveral years without any Children, and notwithſtanding all the precautions in the world were taken for the marriage of the Prince his younger brother, (as finding out a Lady for him who was in the vigor and flower of her age, and had given marks of her fruitfulneſs by a former Huſband) they have all hitherto proved unſucceſsful. There is a branch of the family of *Medicis* in *Naples:* The head of it has been owned as kinſman by the Great Duke, and it is thought will ſucceed to his dominions, in caſe the Princes his ſons die childleſs; though it is not impoſſible but in ſuch a conjuncture, the Common-wealths, that are thrown under the Great Dutchy, may make ſome efforts towards the recovery of their ancient liberty.

I was in the library of manuſcripts belonging to St. *Laurence*, of which there is a printed Catalogue. I looked into the *Virgil* which diſputes its antiquity with that of the *Vatican*. It wants the *Ille ego qui quondam*, &c. and the twenty two lines in the ſecond *AEneid,* beginning at *Jamque adeo ſuper unus eram* —— I muſt confeſs I always thought this paſſage left out with a great deal of judgment by *Tucca* and *Varius*, as it ſeems to contradict a part in the ſixth *AEneid*, and repreſents the Hero in a paſſion, that is, at leaſt not at all becoming the greatneſs of his character. Beſides, I think the apparition of *Venus* comes in very properly to draw him away immediately after the ſight of *Priam*'s murder; for without ſuch a machine to take him off, I cannot ſee how the Hero could, with honor, leave *Neoptolemus* triumphant, and *Priam* unrevenged. But ſince *Virgil*'s friends thought fit to let drop this incident of *Helen*, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a line in *Venus*'s ſpeech, that has a relation to the rencounter, and comes in improperly without it.

Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies inviſa Lacænæ,
Culpatuſve Paris —— AEn. 2.

Florence

Florence for modern ſtatues I think excels even *Rome*, but theſe I ſhall paſs over in ſilence, that I may not tranſcribe out of others.

The way from *Florence* to *Bolonia* runs over ſeveral ranges of mountains, and is the worſt road, I believe, of any over the *Apennines;* for this was my third time of croſſing them. It gave me a lively idea of *Silius Italicus*'s deſcription of *Hannibal*'s march.

Quoque magis ſubiere jugo atque evadere niſi
Erexere gradum, creſcit labor, ardua ſupra
Seſe aperit, feſſis et naſcitur altera moles. L. 3.

From ſteep to ſteep the troops advanc'd with pain,
In hopes at laſt the topmoſt cliff to gain:
But ſtill by new aſcents the mountain grew,
And a freſh toil preſented to their view.

I ſhall conclude this chapter with the deſcriptions which the *Latin* Poets have given us of the *Apennines.* We may obſerve in them all the remarkable qualities of this prodigious length of mountains, that run from one extremity of *Italy* to the other, and give riſe to an incredible variety of rivers that water this delightful country.

—— *Nubiſer Apenninus.* Ov. Met. L. 2.
—— *Qui Siculum porrectus ad uſque Pelorum.*
Finibus ab Ligurum populos amplectitur omnes
Italiæ, geminumque latus ſtringentia longè
Utraque perpetuo diſcriminat æquora tractu.
Clau. de Sexto Conſ. Hon.

——————— *Mole nivali*
Alpibus æquatum attollens caput Apenninus. Sil. It. L. 2.

Horrebat glacie ſaxa inter lubrica ſummo
Piniferum cœlo miſcens caput Apenninus:
Condiderat nix alta trabes, et vertice celſo
Canus apex ſtrictâ ſurgebat ad aſtra pruinâ. Li. 4. Id.

Umbroſis mediam quà collibus Apenninus
Erigit Italiam, nullo quà vertice tellus
Altius intumuit, propiùſque acceſſit Olympo,
Mons inter geminas medius ſe porrigit undas
Inferni ſuperique maris: colleſque coercent
Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Piſæ,
Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.

Fontibus hic vaſtis immenſos concipit amnes,
Fluminaque in gemini ſpargit divortia ponti. Luc. L. 2.

In pomp the ſhady *Apennines* ariſe,
And lift th' aſpiring nation to the ſkies;
No land like *Italy* erects the ſight
By ſuch a vaſt aſcent, or ſwells to ſuch a height:
Her num'rous ſtates the tow'ring hills divide;
And ſee the billows riſe on either ſide;
At *Piſa* here the range of mountains ends,
And here to high *Ancona*'s ſhores extends:
In their dark womb a thouſand rivers lie,
That with continu'd ſtreams the double ſea ſupply.

Bolonia, Modena, Parma, Turin, &c.

AFTER a very tedious journey over the *Apennines*, we at laſt came to the river that runs at the foot of them, and was formerly called the little *Rhine*. Following the courſe of this river we arrived in a ſhort time at *Bolonia*.

—— *Parvique Bononia Rheni.*. Sil. Ital. 8.

Bolonia water'd by the petty *Rhine*.

We here quickly felt the difference of the northern from the ſouthern ſide of the mountains, as well in the coldneſs of the air, as in the badneſs of the wine. This town is famous for the richneſs of the ſoil that lies about it, and the magnificence of its Convents. It is likewiſe eſteemed the third in *Italy* for pictures, as having been the ſchool of the *Lombard* painters. I ſaw in it three rarities of different kinds, which pleaſed me more than any other ſhows of the place. The firſt was an authentic ſilver medal of the younger *Brutus*, in the hands of an eminent Antiquary. One may ſee the character of the perſon in the features of the face, which is exquiſitely well cut. On the reverſe is the cap of liberty, with a dagger on each ſide of it, ſubſcribed *Id. Mar.* for the Ides of *March,* the famous date of *Cæſar*'s murder. The ſecond was a picture of *Raphel*'s in St. *Giouanni* in *Monte*. It is extremely well preſerved, and repreſents St. *Cecilia* with an Inſtrument of muſic in her hands. On one ſide of her are the figures of St. *Paul*, and St. *John;* and on the other, of *Mary Magdalene*, and St. *Auſtin*. There is ſomething wonderfully divine in the airs of this picture. I cannot forbear mentioning, for my third curioſity, a new Stair-caſe that ſtrangers are generally

nerally carried to ſee, where the eaſineſs of the aſcent within ſo ſmall a compaſs, the diſpoſition of the lights, and the convenient landing, are admirably well contriv'd. The wars of *Italy*, and the ſeaſon of the year, made me paſs through the Dutchies of *Modena, Parma,* and *Savoy* with more haſte than I would have done at another time. The ſoil of *Modena* and *Parma* is very rich and well cultivated. The palaces of the Princes are magnificent, but neither of them is yet finiſhed. We procured a licence of the Duke of *Parma* to enter the Theatre and Gallery, which deſerve to be ſeen as well as any thing of that nature in *Italy*. The Theatre is, I think, the moſt ſpacious of any I ever ſaw, and at the ſame time ſo admirably well contrived, that from the very depth of the ſtage the loweſt ſound may be heard diſtinctly to the fartheſt part of the audience, as in a whiſpering-place; and yet if you raiſe your voice as high as you pleaſe, there is nothing like an echo to cauſe in it the leaſt confuſion. The Gallery is hung with a numerous collection of pictures, all done by celebrated hands. On one ſide of the gallery is a large room adorned with inlaid tables, cabinets, works in amber, and other pieces of great art and value. Out of this we were led into another great room, furniſhed with old Inſcriptions, Idols, Buſts, Medals, and the like Antiquities. I cou'd have ſpent a day with great ſatisfaction in this apartment, but had only time to paſs my eye over the Medals which are in great number, and many of them very rare. The ſcarceſt of all is a *Peſcennius Niger* on a Medallion well preſerved. It was coined at *Antioch,* where this Emperor trifled away his time 'till he loſt his Life and Empire. The reverſe is a *Dea Salus*. There are two of *Otho,* the reverſe a *Serapis*; and two of *Meſſalina* and *Poppæa* in middle braſs, the reverſes of the Emperor *Claudius*. I ſaw two Medallions of *Plotina* and *Matidia,* the reverſe to each a *Pietas*; with two Medals of *Pertinax*, the reverſe of one *Vota Decennalia*, and of the other *Diis Cuſtodibus*; and another of *Gordianus Africanus,* the reverſe I have forgot.

The Principalities of *Modena* and *Parma* are much about the ſame extent, and have each of them two large towns, beſides a great number of little villages. The Duke of *Parma* however is much richer than the Duke of *Modena*. Their ſubjects would live in great plenty amidſt ſo rich and well-cultivated a ſoil, were not the taxes and impoſitions ſo very exorbitant; for the Courts are much too ſplendid and magnificent for the territories that lie about them, and one cannot but be amazed to ſee ſuch a profuſion of wealth laid out in Coaches, Trappings, Tables, Cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few Princes of *Europe* who equal them, when at the ſame time they have not had the generoſity to make Bridges over the rivers of their countries for the convenience of their ſubjects,

jects, as well as ſtrangers, who are forced to pay an unreaſonable exaction at every ferry upon the leaſt riſing of the waters. A man might well expect in theſe ſmall governments a much greater regulation of affairs, for the eaſe and benefit of the people, than in large over-grown ſtates, where the rules of juſtice, beneficence, and mercy may be eaſily put out of their courſe, in paſſing through the hands of deputies, and a long ſubordination of officers. And it wou'd certainly be for the good of mankind to have all the mighty Empires and Monarchies of the world cantoned out into petty States and Principalities, that, like ſo many large families, might lie under the eye and obſervation of their proper Governors; ſo that the care of the Prince might extend itſelf to every individual perſon under his protection. But ſince ſuch a general ſcheme can never be brought about, and if it were, it would quickly be deſtroyed by the ambition of ſome particular ſtate aſpiring above the reſt, it happens very ill at preſent to be born under one of theſe petty Sovereigns, that will be ſtill endeavoring, at his ſubjects coſt, to equal the pomp and grandeur of greater Princes, as well as to out-vie thoſe of his own rank.

For this reaſon there are no people in the world who live with more eaſe and proſperity than the ſubjects of little Common-wealths, as on the contrary there are none who ſuffer more under the grievances of a hard government, than the ſubjects of little Principalities. I left the road of *Milan,* on my right hand, having before ſeen that city, and after having paſſed through *Aſti*, the frontier town of *Savoy*, I at laſt came within ſight of the *Po*, which is a fine river even at *Turin*, though within ſix miles of its ſource. This river has been made the ſcene of two or three poetical ſtories. *Ovid* has choſen it out to throw his *Phaeton* into it, after all the ſmaller rivers had been dryed up in the conflagration.

I have read ſome Botanical critics, who tell us the Poets have not rightly followed the traditions of Antiquity, in metamorphoſing the ſiſters of *Phaeton* into Poplars, who ought to have been turned into Larch-trees; for that it is this kind of tree which ſheds a Gum, and is commonly found on the banks of the *Po*. The change of *Cycnus* into a Swan, which cloſes up the diſaſters of *Phaeton*'s family, was wrought on the ſame place where the ſiſters were turned into trees. The deſcriptions that *Virgil* and *Ovid* have made of it cannot be ſufficiently admired.

Claudian has ſet off his deſcription of the *Eridanus*, with all the poetical ſtories that have been made of it.

——— *Ille caput placidis ſublime fluentis*
Extulit, et totis lucem ſpargentia ripis

Aurea

Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
Non illi madidum vulgaris Arundine crinem
Velat honos, rami caput umbravere virentes
Heliadum, totiſque fluunt electra capillis.
Palla tegit latos humeros, curruque paterno
Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus:
Fultaque ſub gremio cælatis nobilis aſtris
AEtherium probat urna decus. Namque omnia luctûs
Argumenta ſui Titan ſignavit Olympo,
Mutatumque ſenem plumis, & fronde ſorores,
Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anheli.
Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, veſtigia fratris
Germanæ ſervant Hyades, Cycnique ſodalis
Lacteus extentas aſpergit circulus alas.
Stellifer Eridanus ſinuatis fluctibus errans,
Clara noti convexa rigat. — Claudian. de Sexto Conſ. Honorii.

His head above the floods he gently rear'd,
And as he roſe his golden horns appear'd,
That on the forehead ſhone divinely bright,
And o'er the banks diffus'd a yellow light:
No interwoven Reeds a garland made,
To hide his brows within the vulgar ſhade,
But Poplar wreaths around his temples ſpread,
And tears of Amber trickled down his head:
A ſpacious veil from his broad ſhoulders flew,
That ſet th' unhappy *Phaëton* to view:
The flaming Chariot and the Steeds it ſhew'd,
And the whole Fable in the mantle glow'd:
Beneath his arm an Urn ſupported lies
With ſtars embelliſh'd, and fictitious ſkies.
For *Titan*, by the mighty loſs diſmay'd,
Among the Heav'ns th' immortal fact diſplay'd,
Leſt the remembrance of his grief ſhould fail,
And in the Conſtellations wrote his tale.
A Swan in memory of *Cycnus* ſhines;
The mourning Siſters weep in watry ſigns;
The burning Chariot, and the Charioteer,
In bright *Boötes* and his Wane appear;
Whilſt in a Track of Light the Waters run,
That waſh'd the body of his blaſted ſon.

The

The river *Po* gives a name to the chief ſtreet of *Turin,* which fronts the Duke's Palace, and, when finiſhed, will be one of the nobleſt in *Italy* for its length. There is one convenience in this City that I never obſerved in any other, and which makes ſome amends for the badneſs of the Pavement. By the help of a river that runs on the upper ſide of the town, they can convey a little ſtream of water through all the moſt conſiderable ſtreets, which ſerves to cleanſe the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is ſwept into it. The manager opens his ſluice every night, and diſtributes the water into what quarters of the town he pleaſes. Beſides the ordinary convenience that ariſes from it, it is of great uſe when a fire chances to break out, for at a few minutes warning they have a little river running by the very wall of the houſe that is burning. The Court of *Turin* is reckoned the moſt ſplendid and polite of any in *Italy;* but by reaſon of its being in mourning, I could not ſee it in its magnificence. The common people of this ſtate are more exaſperated againſt the *French* than even the reſt of the *Italians.* For the great miſchiefs they have ſuffered from them are ſtill freſh upon their memories, and notwithſtanding this interval of peace, one may eaſily trace out the ſeveral marches which the *French* armies have made through their country, by the ruin and deſolation they have left behind them. I paſſed through *Piedmont* and *Savoy,* at a time when the Duke was forced, by the neceſſity of his affairs, to be in alliance with the *French.*

I came directly from *Turin* to *Geneva,* and had a very eaſy journey over mount *Cennis*, though about the beginning of *December*, the ſnows having not yet fallen. On the top of this high mountain is a large Plain, and in the midſt of the plain a beautiful Lake, which would be very extraordinary were there not ſeveral mountains in the neighbourhood riſing over it. The Inhabitants thereabout pretend that it is unfathomable, and I queſtion not but the waters of it fill up a deep valley, before they come to a level with the ſurface of the plain. It is well ſtocked with Trouts, though they ſay it is covered with Ice three quarters of the year.

There is nothing in the natural face of *Italy* that is more delightful to a traveller, than the ſeveral Lakes which are diſperſed up and down among the many breaks and hollows of the *Alps* and *Apennines.* For as theſe vaſt heaps of mountains are thrown together with ſo much irregularity and confuſion, they form a great variety of hollow bottoms, that often lie in the figure of ſo many artificial Baſins; where, if any fountains chance to riſe, they naturally ſpread themſelves into Lakes before they can find any iſſue for their waters. The ancient *Romans* took a great deal of pains to hew out a paſſage for theſe Lakes to diſcharge themſelves into ſome neighbouring river, for the bettering of the air, or recovering of the ſoil that lay underneath them

them. The draining of the *Fucinus* by the Emperor *Claudius*, with the prodigious multitude of ſpectators who attended it, and the famous *Naumachia* and ſplendid entertainment which were made upon it before the ſluices were opened, is a known piece of hiſtory. In all our journey through the *Alps*, as well when we climbed as when we deſcended them, we had ſtill a river running along with the road, that probably at firſt occaſioned the diſcovery of this paſſage. I ſhall end this chapter with a deſcription of the *Alps*, as I did the laſt with thoſe of the *Apennines*. The Poet perhaps would not have taken notice, that there is no ſpring nor ſummer on theſe mountains, but becauſe in this reſpect the *Alps* are quite different from the *Apennines*, which have as delightful green ſpots among them as any in *Italy*.

Cuncta gelu canâque æternum grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
AEtherii facies, ſurgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratas neſcit flammis mollire pruinas.
Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ ſtagna paludis
A ſuperâ tellure patet: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, et cœlum intercipit umbrâ.
Nullum ver uſquam, nullique æſtatis honores;
Sola jugis habitat diris, ſedeſque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyems: illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit et mixtos cum grandine nimbos.
Nam cuncti flatus ventique ſurentia regna
Alpinâ poſuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus ſaxis, abeuntque in nubila montes. Sil. It. L. 3.

Stiff with eternal Ice, and hid in Snow,
That fell a thouſand centuries ago,
The mountain ſtands; nor can the riſing ſun
Unfix her froſts, and teach 'em how to run:
Deep as the dark infernal waters lie
From the bright regions of the chearful ſky,
So far the proud aſcending rocks invade
Heav'ns upper realms, and caſt a dreadful ſhade:
No ſpring, nor ſummer, on the mountain ſeen,
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green;
But hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there;

There ſhe aſſembles all her blackeſt ſtorms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempeſts forms;
Thither the loud tumultuous winds reſort,
And on the mountain keep their boiſt'rous court,
That in thick ſhow'rs her rocky ſummit ſhrouds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

GENEVA and the LAKE.

NEAR St. *Julian* in *Savoy* the *Alps* begin to enlarge themſelves on all ſides, and open into a vaſt circuit of ground, which in reſpect of the other parts of the *Alps* may paſs for a plain champaign country. This extent of lands, with the *Leman* Lake, would make one of the prettieſt and moſt defenſible dominions in *Europe,* was it all thrown into a ſingle ſtate, and had *Geneva* for its metropolis. But there are three powerful neighbours who divide among them the greateſt part of this fruitful country. The Duke of *Savoy* has the *Chablais,* and all the fields that lie beyond the *Arve,* as far as to the *Ecluſe*. The King of *France* is maſter of the whole country of *Gex*; and the Canton of *Berne* comes in for that of *Vaud*. *Geneva* and its little territories lie in the heart of theſe three States. The greateſt part of the town ſtands upon a hill, and has its views bounded on all ſides by ſeveral ranges of mountains, which are however at ſo great a diſtance, that they leave open a wonderful variety of beautiful proſpects. The ſituation of theſe mountains has ſome particular effects on the country, which they encloſe. As firſt, they cover it from all winds, except the ſouth and north. 'Tis to the laſt of theſe winds that the Inhabitants of *Geneva* aſcribe the healthfulneſs of their air; for as the *Alps* ſurround them on all ſides, they form a vaſt kind of Baſon, where there would be a conſtant ſtagnation of vapors, the country being ſo well watered, did not the north-wind put them in motion, and ſcatter them from time to time. Another effect the *Alps* have on *Geneva* is, that the ſun here riſes later and ſets ſooner than it does to other places of the ſame latitude. I have often obſerved that the tops of the neighbouring mountains have been covered with light above half an hour after the ſun is down, in reſpect of thoſe who live at *Geneva*. Theſe mountains likewiſe very much increaſe their ſummer heats, and make up an Horizon that has ſomething in it very ſingular and agreeable. On one ſide you have the long tract of hills, that goes under the name of mount *Jura,* covered with vineyards and paſturage, and on the other, huge precipices of naked rocks

rocks riſing up in a thouſand odd figures, and cleft in ſome places, ſo as to diſcover high mountains of Snow that lie ſeveral leagues behind them. Towards the ſouth the hills riſe more inſenſibly, and leave the eye a vaſt uninterrupted proſpect for many miles. But the moſt beautiful view of all is the Lake, and the borders of it that lie north of the town.

This Lake reſembles a Sea in the color of its waters, the ſtorms that are raiſed on it, and the ravage it makes on its banks. It receives too a different name from the coaſts it waſhes, and in ſummer has ſomething like an ebb and flow, which ariſes from the melting of the ſnows that fall into it more copiouſly at noon than at other times of the day. It has five different States bordering on it, the Kingdom of *France*, and the Dutchy of *Savoy*, the Canton of *Berne*, the Biſhopric of *Sion*, and the Republic of *Geneva*. I have ſeen papers fixed up in the Canton of *Berne*, with this magnificent preface; *Whereas we have been informed of ſeveral abuſes committed in our Ports and Harbors on the Lake*, &c.

I made a little voyage round the Lake, and touched on the ſeveral towns that lie on its coaſts, which took up near five days, though the wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The right ſide of the Lake from *Geneva* belongs to the Duke of *Savoy*, and is extremely well cultivated. The greateſt entertainment we found in coaſting it were the ſeveral proſpects of Woods, Vineyards, Meadows, and Corn-fields, which lie on the borders of it, and run up all the ſides of the *Alps*, where the barrenneſs of the rocks, or the ſteepneſs of the aſcent will ſuffer them. The wine however on this ſide of the Lake is by no means ſo good as that on the other, as it has not ſo open a ſoil, and is leſs expoſed to the Sun. We here paſſed by *Yvoire*, where the Duke keeps his Gallies, and lodged at *Tonon*, which is the greateſt town on the Lake belonging to the *Savoyard*. It has four convents, and they ſay about ſix or ſeven thouſand Inhabitants. The Lake is here about twelve miles in breadth. At a little diſtance from *Tonon* ſtands *Ripaille*, where there is a convent of *Carthuſians*. They have a large foreſt cut out into walks, that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very ſuitable to the Genius of the Inhabitants. There are *Viſtas* in it of a great length, that terminate upon the Lake. At one ſide of the walks you have a near proſpect of the *Alps*, which are broken into ſo many ſteeps and precipices, that they fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the moſt irregular miſ-ſhapen ſcenes in the world. The houſe that is now in the hands of the *Carthuſians* belonged formerly to the *Hermits* of St. *Maurice*, and is famous in hiſtory for the retreat of an Anti-pope, who called himſelf *Felix* the fifth. He had been Duke of *Savoy*, and after a very glorious reign took on him the habit of a Hermit, and re-

tired into this ſolitary ſpot of his dominions. His enemies will have it, that he lived here in great eaſe and luxury, from whence the *Italians* to this day make uſe of the proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia;* and the *French*, *Faire Ripaille,* to expreſs a delightful kind of life. They ſay too, that he had great managements with ſeveral Eccleſiaſtics before he turned Hermit, and that he did it in the view of being advanced to the Pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a Year before he was choſen Pope by the Council of *Baſil,* who took upon them to depoſe *Eugenio* the fourth. This promiſed fair at firſt, but by the death of the Emperor, who favored *Amadeo,* and the reſolution of *Eugenio*, the greateſt part of the Church threw itſelf again under the government of their depoſed head. Our Anti-pope however was ſtill ſupported by the Council of *Baſil*, and owned by *Savoy*, *Switzerland*, and a few other little States. This ſchiſm laſted in the church nine years, after which *Felix* voluntarily reſigned his title into the hands of Pope *Nicholas* the fifth, but on the following conditions, That *Amadeo* ſhould be the firſt Cardinal in the Conclave; That the Pope ſhould always receive him ſtanding, and offer him his mouth to kiſs; that he ſhould be perpetual Cardinal-legate in the ſtates of *Savoy* and *Switzerland,* and in the Arch-biſhoprics of *Geneva*, *Sion*, *Breſs*, &c. and laſtly, That all the Cardinals of his creation ſhould be recognized by the Pope. After he had made a peace ſo acceptable to the church, and ſo honorable to himſelf, he ſpent the remainder of his life with great devotion at *Ripaille,* and died with an extraordinary reputation of ſanctity.

At *Tonon* they ſhewed us a fountain of water that is in great eſteem for its wholeſomneſs. They ſay it weighs two ounces in a pound leſs than the ſame meaſure of the Lake water, notwithſtanding this laſt is very good to drink, and as clear as can be imagined. A little above *Tonon* is a caſtle and ſmall garriſon. The next day we ſaw other ſmall towns on the coaſt of *Savoy,* where there is nothing but miſery and poverty. The nearer you come to the end of the Lake the mountains on each ſide grow thicker and higher, 'till at laſt they almoſt meet. One often ſees on the tops of the mountains ſeveral ſharp rocks that ſtand above the reſt; for as theſe mountains have been doubtleſs much higher than they are at preſent, the rains have waſhed away abundance of the ſoil, that has left the veins of ſtones ſhooting out of them; as in a decayed body the fleſh is ſtill ſhrinking from the bones. The natural hiſtories of *Switzerland* talk very much of the fall of theſe rocks, and the great damage they have ſometimes done, when their foundations have been mouldered with age, or rent by an earthquake. We ſaw in ſeveral parts of the *Alps* that bordered upon us vaſt pits of ſnow, as ſeveral mountains that lie at a greater diſtance are wholly covered with

with it. I fancied the confuſion of mountains and hollows, I here obſerved, furniſhed me with a more probable reaſon than any I have met with for thoſe periodical fountains in *Switzerland,* which flow only at ſuch particular hours of the day. For as the tops of theſe mountains caſt their ſhadows upon one another, they hinder the Sun's ſhining on ſeveral parts at ſuch certain times, ſo that there are ſeveral heaps of ſnow which have the Sun lying upon them two or three hours together, and are in the ſhade all the day afterwards. If therefore it happens that any particular fountain takes its riſe from any of theſe reſervoirs of ſnow, it will naturally begin to flow on ſuch hours of the day as the ſnow begins to melt: but as ſoon as the Sun leaves it again to freeze and harden, the fountain dries up, and receives no more ſupplies 'till about the ſame time the next day, when the heat of the Sun again ſets the ſnows a running that fall into the ſame little conduits, traces, and canals, and by conſequence break out and diſcover themſelves always in the ſame place. At the very extremity of the Lake the *Rhone* enters, and when I ſaw it, brought along with it a prodigious quantity of water; the rivers and lakes of this country being much higher in ſummer than in winter, by reaſon of the melting of the ſnows. One would wonder how ſo many learned men could fall into ſo great an abſurdity, as to believe this river could preſerve itſelf unmixed with the Lake 'till its going out again at *Geneva*, which is a courſe of many miles. It was extremely muddy at its entrance when I ſaw it, though as clear as rock-water at its going out. Beſides, that it brought in much more water than it carried off. The river indeed preſerves itſelf for about a quarter of a mile in the Lake, but is afterwards ſo wholly mixed, and loſt with the waters of the Lake, that one diſcovers nothing like a ſtream 'till within about a quarter of a mile of *Geneva.* From the end of the Lake to the ſource of the *Rhone* is a valley of about four days journey in length, which gives the name of *Valleſins* to its inhabitants, and is the dominion of the Biſhop of *Sion.* We lodged the ſecond night at *Ville Neuve,* a little town in the Canton of *Berne* where we found good accommodations, and a much greater appearance of plenty than on the other ſide of the Lake. The next day, having paſſed by the caſtle of *Chillon,* we came to *Verſoy*, another town in the Canton of *Berne*, where *Ludlow* retired after having left *Geneva* and *Lauſanne.* The magiſtrates of the town warned him out of the firſt by the ſollicitation of the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*, as the death of his friend *Liſle* made him quit the other. He probably choſe this retreat as a place of the greateſt ſafety, it being an eaſy matter to know what ſtrangers are in the town, by reaſon of its ſituation. The houſe he lived in has this inſcription over the Door.

Omne

Omne ſolum forti patria
quia patris.

The firſt part is a piece of a verſe in *Ovid*, as the laſt is a cant of his own. He is buried in the beſt of the churches with the following Epitaph.

Siſte gradum et reſpice

Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow Anglus Natione, Provinciæ Wiltonienſis, filius Henrici Equeſtris Ordinis, Senatoriſque Parliamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipſe membrum, Patrum ſtemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propriâ nobilior, religione proteſtans et inſigni pietate coruſcus, ætatis Anno 23. *Tribunus Militum, paulo poſt exercitûs prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugnâ intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens et manſuetus, patriæ liberetatis defenſor, et poteſtatis arbitrariæ impugnator acerrimus; cujus cauſâ ab eâdem patriâ* 32 *annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ dignus apud Helvetios ſe recepit ibique ætatis Anno* 73. *Moriens ſui deſiderium relinquens ſedes æternas lætus advolavit.*

Hocce monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et ſinceræ pietatis erga Maritum defunctum memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus ſtrenua et mœſtiſſima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio, conſors dilectiſſima, quæ animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum uſque conſtanter ſecuta eſt. Anno Dom. 1693.

Ludlow was a conſtant frequenter of ſermons and prayers, but would never communicate with them either of *Geneva* or *Vevy*. Juſt by his monument is a tombſtone with the following inſcription.

Depoſitorium

Andreæ Broughton Armigeri Anglicani Maydſtonenſis in Comitatu Cantii ubi bis prætor Urbanus. Dignatuſque etiam fuit ſententiam Regis Regum profari. Quam ob cauſam expulſus patriâ ſuâ, peregrinatione ejus finitâ, ſolo ſenectutis morbo affectus requieſcens a laboribus ſuis in Domino obdormivit, 23 *die Feb. Anno D.* 1687. *ætatis ſuæ* 84. The Inhabitants of the place could give no account of this *Broughton*, but, I ſuppoſe, by his Epitaph, it is the ſame perſon that was Clerk to the pretended High Court of Juſtice, which paſſed ſentence on the Royal Martyr.

The next day we ſpent at *Lauſanne*, the greateſt town on the Lake, after *Geneva*. We ſaw the Wall of the cathedral church that was opened by an earthquake, and ſhut again ſome years after by a ſecond. The Crack can but be juſt diſcerned at preſent, though there are ſeveral in the town ſtill living

living who have formerly paſſed through it. The Duke of *Schomberg*, who was killed in *Savoy*, lies in this church, but without any monument or inſcription over him. *Lauſanne* was once a Republic, but is now under the Canton of *Berne*, and governed, like the reſt of their dominions, by a Bailiff who is ſent them every three years from the Senate of *Berne*. There is one ſtreet of this town that has the privilege of acquitting or condemning any perſon of their own body, in matters of life and death. Every Inhabitant of it has his vote, which makes a houſe here ſell better than in any other part of the town. They tell you that not many years ago it happened that a cobler had the caſting vote for the life of a criminal, which he very graciouſly gave on the merciful ſide. From *Lauſanne* to *Geneva* we coaſted along the country of the *Vaud*, which is the fruitfulleſt and beſt cultivated part of any among the *Alps*. It belonged formerly to the Duke of *Savoy*, but was won from him by the Canton of *Berne*, and made over to it by the treaty of St. *Julian*, which is ſtill very much regretted by the *Savoyard*. We called in at *Morge*, where there is an artificial port, and a ſhew of more trade than in any other town on the Lake. From *Morge* we came to *Nyon*. The *Colonia Equeſtris*, that *Julius Cæſar* ſettled in this country, is generally ſuppoſed to have been planted in this place. They have often dug up old *Roman* inſcriptions and ſtatues, and as I walked in the town I obſerved in the walls of ſeveral houſes the fragments of vaſt *Corinthian* pillars, with ſeveral other pieces of Architecture, which muſt have formerly belonged to ſome very noble pile of building. There is no Author that mentions this Colony, yet it is certain by ſeveral old *Roman* Inſcriptions that there was ſuch an one. *Lucan* indeed ſpeaks of a part of *Cæſar's* army that came to him from the *Leman* Lake in the beginning of the Civil War.

Deſeruere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno.

At about five miles diſtance from *Nyon* they ſhew ſtill the ruins of *Cæſar's* wall, that reached eighteen miles in length from mount *Jura* to the borders of the Lake, as he has deſcribed it in the firſt book of his Commentaries. The next town upon the Lake, is *Verſoy*, which we could not have an opportunity of ſeeing, as belonging to the King of *France*. It has the reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We ſailed from hence directly for *Geneva*, which makes a very noble ſhow from the Lake. There are near *Geneva* ſeveral quarries of free-ſtone that run under the Lake. When the water is at loweſt they make within the borders of it a little ſquare encloſed with four walls. In this ſquare they ſink a pit, and dig for free-ſtone; the walls hindering the waters from coming in upon them, when

when the Lake riſes and runs on all ſides of them. The great convenience of carriage makes theſe ſtones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm land. One ſees ſeveral deep pits that have been made at ſeveral times as one ſails over them. As the Lake approaches *Geneva* it grows ſtill narrower and narrower, 'till at laſt it changes its name into the *Rhone*, which turns all the mills of the town, and is extremely rapid, notwithſtanding its waters are very deep. As I have ſeen a great part of the courſe of this river, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular hand of Providence. It riſes in the very heart of the *Alps*, and has a long valley that ſeems hewn out on purpoſe to give its waters a paſſage amidſt ſo many rocks and mountains which are on all ſides of it. This brings it almoſt in a direct line to *Geneva*. It would there overflow all the country, were there not one particular cleft that divides a vaſt circuit of mountains, and conveys it off to *Lyons*. From *Lyons* there is another great rent, which runs acroſs the whole country in almoſt another ſtraight line, and notwithſtanding the vaſt height of the mountains that riſe about it, gives it the ſhorteſt courſe it can take to fall into the ſea. Had ſuch a river as this been left to itſelf to have found its way out from among the *Alps*, whatever windings it had made it muſt have formed ſeveral little ſeas, and have laid many countries under water before it had come to the end of its courſe. I ſhall not make any remarks upon *Geneva*, which is a Republic ſo well known to the *Engliſh*. It lies at preſent under ſome difficulties by reaſon of the Emperor's diſpleaſure, who has forbidden the importation of their manufactures into any part of the Empire, which will certainly raiſe a ſedition among the people, unleſs the Magiſtrates find ſome way to remedy it: and they ſay it is already done by the interpoſition of the ſtates of *Holland*. The occaſion of the Emperor's prohibition was their furniſhing great ſums to the King of *France* for the payment of his army in *Italy*. They obliged themſelves to remit, after the rate of twelve hundred thouſand pounds ſterling, *per Annum*, divided into ſo many monthly payments. As the intereſt was very great, ſeveral of the merchants of *Lyons*, who would not truſt their King in their own names, are ſaid to have contributed a great deal under the names of *Geneva* merchants. The Republic fancies itſelf hardly treated by the Emperor, ſince it is not any action of the State, but a compact among private perſons that hath furniſhed out theſe ſeveral remittances. They pretend however to have put a ſtop to them, and by that means are in hopes again to open their commerce into the Empire.

Fribourg,

Fribourg, Berne, Soleurre, Zurich, St. *Gaul, Lindaw,* &c.

FROM *Geneva* I travelled to *Lauſanne,* and thence to *Fribourg,* which is but a mean town for the capital of ſo large a Canton: its ſituation is ſo irregular, that they are forced to climb up to ſeveral parts of it by ſtair-caſes of a prodigous aſcent. This inconvenience however gives them a very great commodity in caſe a fire breaks out in any part of the town, for by reaſon of ſeveral reſervoirs on the tops of theſe mountains, by the opening of a ſluice they convey a river into what part of the town they pleaſe. They have four churches, four convents of women, and as many for men. The little chapel, called the *Salutation,* is very neat, and built with a pretty fancy. The college of Jeſuits is, they ſay, the fineſt in *Switzerland.* There is a great deal of Room in it, and ſeveral beautiful views from the different parts of it. They have a collection of pictures repreſenting moſt of the Fathers of their order, who have been eminent for their piety or learning. Among the reſt many *Engliſh* men whom we name Rebels, and they Martyrs, *Henry Garnet's* inſcription ſays, That when the heretics could not prevail with him, either by force or promiſes, to change his religion, they hanged and quartered him. At the *Capuchins* I ſaw the Eſcargatoire, which I took the more notice of becauſe I do not remember to have met with any thing of the ſame in other countries, It is a ſquare place boarded in, and filled with a vaſt quantity of large Snails, that are eſteemed excellent food when they are well dreſſed. The floor is ſtrewed about half a foot deep with ſeveral kinds of plants, among which the Snails neſtle all the winter ſeaſon. When *Lent* arrives they open their magazines, and take out of them the beſt Meager food in the world, for there is no diſh of fiſh that they reckon comparable to a Ragout of Snails.

About two leagues from *Fribourg* we went to ſee a Hermitage, that is reckoned the greateſt curioſity of theſe parts. It lies in the prettieſt ſolitude imaginable, among woods and rocks, which at firſt ſight diſpoſe a man to be ſerious. There has lived in it a Hermite theſe five and twenty years, who with his own hands has worked in the rock a pretty Chapel, a Sacriſty, a Chamber, Kitchen, Cellar, and other Conveniences. His chimney is carried up through the whole rock, ſo that you ſee the ſky through it, notwithſtanding the rooms lie very deep. He has cut the ſide of the rock

into a flat for a garden, and by laying on it the waſte earth that he has found in ſeveral of the neighbouring parts, has made ſuch a ſpot of ground of it as furniſhes out a kind of luxury for an Hermite. As he ſaw drops of water diſtilling from ſeveral parts of the rock, by following the veins of them, he has made himſelf two or three fountains in the bowels of the mountain, that ſerve his table, and water his little garden.

We had very bad ways from hence to *Berne*, a great part of them through woods of Fir-trees. The great quantity of timber they have in this country makes them mend their high-ways with wood inſtead of ſtone. I could not but take notice of the Make of ſeveral of their Barns I here ſaw. After having laid a frame of wood for the foundation, they place at the four corners of it, four huge blocks, cut in ſuch a ſhape as neither mice nor any other ſort of vermin can creep up the ſides of them, at the ſame time that they raiſe the corn above the moiſture that might come into it from the ground. The whole weight of the barn is ſupported by theſe four blocks.

What pleaſed me moſt at *Berne* was their public walks by the Great Church. They are raiſed extremely high, and that their weight might not break down the walls and pilaſters which ſurround them, they are built upon arches and vaults. Though they are, I believe, as high as moſt ſteeples in *England* from the ſtreets and gardens that lie at the foot of them, yet about forty years ago a perſon in his drink fell down from the very top to the bottom, without doing himſelf any other hurt than the breaking of an arm. He died about four years ago. There is the nobleſt ſummer-proſpect in the world from this walk, for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lie in the country of the *Griſons*, and are buried in Snow. They are about twenty five leagues diſtance from the town though by reaſon of their height and their color they ſeem much nearer. The cathedral church ſtands on one ſide of theſe walks, and is perhaps the moſt magnificent of any proteſtant church in *Europe* out of *England*. It is a very bold work, and a maſter-piece in *Gothic* Architecture.

I ſaw the Arſenal of *Berne*, where they ſay there are arms for twenty thouſand men. There is indeed no great pleaſure in viſiting theſe magazines of war after one has ſeen two or three of them, yet it is very well worth a travellers while to look into all that lie in his way; for beſides the Idea it gives him of the Forces of a ſtate, it ſerves to fix in his mind the moſt conſiderable parts of its Hiſtory. Thus in that of *Geneva* one meets with the Ladders, Petards and other utenſils which were made uſe of in their famous Eſcalade, beſides the weapons they took of the *Savoyards, Florentines,* and *French* in the ſeveral battles mentioned in their hiſtory. In this of *Berne* you have the figure and armor of the Count who founded the town,

and

and of the famous *Tell* who is repreſented as ſhooting at the Apple on his Son's head. The ſtory is too well known to be repeated in this place. I here likewiſe ſaw the figure and armor of him that headed the peaſants in the war upon *Berne*, with the ſeveral weapons which were found in the hands of his followers. They ſhew too abundance of arms that they took from the *Burgundians* in the three great battles which eſtabliſhed them in their liberty, and deſtroyed the great Duke of *Burgundy* himſelf, with the braveſt of his ſubjects. I ſaw nothing remarkable in the chambers where the Counſel meet, nor in the fortifications of the town. Theſe laſt were made on occaſion of the Peaſants inſurrection, to defend the place for the future againſt the like ſudden aſſaults. In their Library I obſerved a couple of antique figures in metal, of a Prieſt pouring wine between the horns of a Bull. The Prieſt is veiled after the manner of the old *Roman* ſacrificers, and is repreſented in the ſame action that *Virgil* deſcribes in the third *AEneid*.

Ipſa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido
Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit.

This antiquity was found at *Lauſanne*.

The town of *Berne* is plentifully furniſhed with water, there being a great multitude of handſome fountains planted at ſet diſtances from one end of the ſtreets to the other. There is indeed no country in the world better ſupplied with water, than the ſeveral parts of *Switzerland* that I travelled through. One meets every where in the roads with fountains continually running into huge troughs that ſtand underneath them, which is wonderfully commodious in a country that ſo much abounds in horſes and cattle. It has ſo many ſprings breaking out of the ſides of the hills, and ſuch vaſt quantities of wood to make pipes of, that it is no wonder they are ſo well ſtocked with fountains.

On the road between *Berne* and *Soleurre* there is a monument erected by the Republic of *Berne*, which tells us the ſtory of an *Engliſhman*, who is not to be met with in any of our own writers. The inſcription is in *Latin* verſe on one ſide of the ſtone, and in *German* on the other. I had not time to copy it, but the ſubſtance of it is this. "One *Cuſſinus*, an *Engliſhman*, to whom "the Duke of *Auſtria* had given his Siſter in marriage, came to take her from "among the *Swiſs* by force of arms, but after having ravaged the country for "ſome time, he was here overthrown by the Canton of *Berne*.

Soleurre is our next conſiderable town that ſeemed to me to have a greater air of politeneſs than any I ſaw in *Switzerland*. The *French* Ambaſſador has his reſidence in this place. His maſter contributed a great ſum of money to the Jeſuits church, which is not yet quite finiſhed. It is the fineſt

modern building in *Switzerland*. The old cathedral church ſtood not far from it. At the aſcent that leads to it are a couple of antique pillars which belonged to an old heathen temple, dedicated to *Hermes:* They ſeem *Tuſcan* by their proportion. The whole fortification of *Soleurre* is faced with marble. But its beſt fortifications are the high mountains that lie within its neighbourhood, and ſeparate it from the *Franche Comtè*.

The next day's journey carried us through other parts of the Canton of *Berne*, to the little town of *Meldingen*. I was ſurpriſed to find in all my road through *Switzerland*, the wine that grows in the country of *Vaud* on the borders of the Lake of *Geneva*, which is very cheap, notwithſtanding the great diſtance between the vineyards and the towns that ſell the wine. But the navigable rivers of *Switzerland* are as commodious to them in this reſpect, as the ſea is to the *Engliſh*. As ſoon as the vintage is over, they ſhip off their wine upon the Lake, which furniſhes all the towns that lie upon its borders. What they deſign for other parts of the country they unload at *Vevy*, and after about half a day's land-carriage convey it into the river *Aar*, which brings it down the ſtream to *Berne, Soleurre*, and, in a word, diſtributes it through all the richeſt parts of *Switzerland;* as it is eaſy to gueſs from the firſt ſight of the Map, which ſhews us the natural communication Providence has formed between the many Rivers and Lakes of a country that is at ſo great a diſtance from the ſea. The Canton of *Berne* is reckoned as powerful as all the reſt together. They can ſend a hundred thouſand men into the field; though the Soldiers of the Catholic Cantons, who are much poorer, and therefore forced to enter oftner into foreign armies, are more eſteemed than the Proteſtants.

We lay one night at *Meldingen*, which is a little *Roman* Catholic town with one church, and no convent. It is a Republic of itſelf under the protection of the eight ancient Cantons. There are in it a hundred Burgeois, and about a thouſand Souls. Their government is modelled after the ſame manner with that of the Cantons, as much as ſo ſmall a community can imitate thoſe of ſo large an extent. For this reaſon though they have very little buſineſs to do, they have all the variety of councils and officers that are to be met with in the greater ſtates. They have a town-houſe to meet in, adorned with the arms of the eight Cantons their protectors. They have three Councils, the Great Council of fourteen, the Little Council of ten, and the Privy Council of three. The chief of the State are the two Avoyers: When I was there, the reigning Avoyer, or the Doge of the Commonwealth, was ſon to the Inn where I was lodged; his Father having enjoyed the ſame honors before him. His revenue amounts to about thirty pounds a year. The ſeveral Councils meet every *Thurſday* upon affairs of State, ſuch as

as the reparation of a Trough, the mending of a Pavement, or any the like matters of importance. The river that runs through their dominions puts them to the charge of a very large bridge, that is all made of wood, and coped over head, like the reſt in *Switzerland*. Thoſe that travel over it pay a certain due towards the maintenance of this bridge. And as the *French* Ambaſſador has often occaſion to paſs this way, his Maſter gives the town a penſion of twenty pounds ſterling, which makes them extremely induſtrious to raiſe all the men they can for his ſervice, and keeps this powerful Republic firm to the *French* intereſt. You may be ſure the preſerving of the bridge, with the regulation of the dues ariſing from it, is the grand affair that cuts out employment for the ſeveral councils of State. They have a ſmall village belonging to them, whither they punctually ſend a Bailiff for the diſtribution of Juſtice; in imitation ſtill of the Great Cantons. There are three other towns that have the ſame privileges and protectors.

We dined the next day at *Zurich*, that is prettily ſituated on the outlet of the Lake and is reckoned the handſomeſt town in *Switzerland*. The chief places ſhewn to ſtrangers are the Arſenal, the Library, and the Town-houſe. This laſt is but lately finiſhed, and is a very fine pile of building. The Frontiſpiece has pillars of a beautiful black marble ſtreaked with white, which is found in the neighbouring mountains. The chambers for the ſeveral Councils, with the other apartments, are very neat. The whole building is indeed ſo well deſigned, that it would make a good figure even in *Italy*. It is pity they have ſpoiled the beauty of the walls with abundance of childiſh *Latin* ſentences, that conſiſt often in a jingle of words. I have indeed obſerved in ſeveral inſcriptions of this country, that your men of learning here are extremely delighted in playing little tricks with words and figures; for your *Swiſs* wits are not yet got out of Anagram and Acroſtic. The Library is a very large room, pretty well filled. Over it is another room furniſhed with ſeveral artificial and natural curioſities. I ſaw in it a huge Map of the country of *Zurich* drawn with a Pencil, where they ſee every particular fountain and hilloc in their dominions. I ran over their cabinet of Medals, but do not remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The Arſenal is better than that of *Berne*, and they ſay has arms for thirty thouſand men.

At about a day's journey from *Zurich* we entered on the territories of the Abbot of St. *Gaul*. They are four hours riding in breadth, and twelve in length. The Abbot can raiſe in it an army of twelve thouſand men well armed and exerciſed. He is ſovereign of the whole country, and under the protection of the Cantons of *Zurich, Lucerne, Glaris* and *Switz*. He is always choſen out of the Abby of *Benedictines* at St. *Gaul*. Every Father and Brother of the convent has a voice in the election, which muſt afterwards be confirmed by

by the Pope. The laſt Abbot was Cardinal *Sfondrati,* who was advanced to the Purple about two years before his death. The Abbot takes the advice and conſent of his Chapter before he enters on any matter of importance, as the levying of a tax, or declaring of a war. His chief Lay-officer is the Grand *Maître d' Hôtel,* or High-ſteward of the houſhold, who is named by the Abbot, and has the management of all affairs under him. There are ſeveral other Judges and diſtributers of juſtice appointed for the ſeveral parts of his dominions, from whom there always lies an appeal to the Prince. His reſidence is generally at the *Benedictine* Convent at St. *Gaul*, notwithſtanding the town of St. *Gaul* is a little Proteſtant Republic, wholly independent of the Abbot, and under the protection of the Cantons.

One would wonder to ſee ſo many rich Burgeois in the town of St. *Gaul*, and ſo very few poor people in a place that has ſcarce any lands belonging to it, and little or no income but what ariſes from its trade. But the great ſupport and riches of this little State is its Linen manufacture, which employs almoſt all ages and conditions of its Inhabitants. The whole country about them, furniſhes them with vaſt quantities of flax, out of which they are ſaid to make yearly forty thouſand pieces of linen cloth, reckoning two hundred ells to the piece. Some of their manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in *Holland*; for they have excellent Artizans, and great commodities for whitening. All the fields about the town were ſo covered with their manufacture, that coming in the duſk of the evening we miſtook them for a lake. They ſend off their works upon Mules into *Italy*, *Spain*, *Germany*, and all the adjacent countries. They reckon in the town of St. *Gaul*, and in the houſes that lie ſcattered about it, near ten thouſand Souls, of which there are ſixteen hundred Bourgeois. They chuſe their Councils and Burgomaſters out of the body of the Bourgeois, as in the other governments of *Switzerland*, which are every where of the ſame nature, the difference lying only in the numbers of ſuch as are employed in ſtate-affairs, which are proportioned to the grandeur of the States that employ them. The Abby and the Town bear a great averſion to one another; but in the general Diet of the Cantons their Repreſentatives ſit together, and act by concert. The Abbot deputes his *Grand Maître d' Hôtel,* and the Town one of its Burgomaſters.

About four years ago the Town and Abby would have come to an open rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the interpoſition of their common protectors. The occaſion was this. A *Benedictine* Monk, in one of their annual proceſſions, carried his Croſs erected through the town with a train of three or four thouſand Peaſants following him. They had no ſooner entered the Convent but the whole town was in a tumult, occaſioned by the

inſolence

inſolence of the Prieſt, who, contrary to all precedents, had preſumed to carry his Croſs in that manner. The Burgeois immediately put themſelves in arms, and drew down four pieces of their cannon to the gates of the Convent. The proceſſion to eſcape the fury of the citizens durſt not return by the way it came, but after the devotions of the Monks were finiſhed, paſſed out at a back-door of the Convent, that immediately led into the Abbot's territories. The Abbot on his part raiſes an army, blocks up the town on the ſide that faces his dominions, and forbids his ſubjects to furniſh it with any of their commodities. While things were juſt ripe for a war, the Cantons, their protectors, interpoſed as Umpires in the quarrel, condemning the Town that had appeared too forward in the diſpute to a fine of two thouſand crowns; and enacting at the ſame time, that as ſoon as any proceſſion entered their walls, the Prieſt ſhould let the Croſs hang about his neck without touching it with either hand, 'till he came within the precincts of the Abby. The Citizens could bring into the field near two thouſand men well exerciſed, and armed to the beſt advantage, with which they fancy they could make head againſt twelve or fifteen thouſand Peaſants, for ſo many the Abbot could eaſily raiſe in his territories. But the Proteſtants ſubjects of the Abby, who they ſay make up a good third of its people, would probably, in caſe of a war, abandon the cauſe of their Prince for that of their Religion. The town of St. *Gaul* has an Arſenal, Library, Town-houſes, and Churches, proportionable to the bigneſs of the State. It is well enough fortified to reſiſt any ſudden attack, and to give the Cantons time to come to their aſſiſtance. The Abby is by no means ſo magnificent as one would expect from its endowments. The church is one huge Nef with a double Aiſle to it. At each end is a large Quire. The one of them is ſupported by vaſt pillars of ſtone, caſed over with a compoſition that looks the moſt like marble of any thing one can imagine. On the cieling and walls of the church are liſts of Saints, Martyrs, Popes, Cardinals, Archbiſhops, Kings, and Queens, that have been of the *Benedictine* order. There are ſeveral pictures of ſuch as have been diſtinguiſhed by their Birth, Sanctity, or Miracles, with inſcriptions that let you into the name and hiſtory of the perſons repreſented. I have often wiſhed that ſome traveller would take the pains to gather all the modern Inſcriptions which are to be met with in *Roman* Catholic countries, as *Gruter* and others have copied out the ancient Heathen monuments. Had we two or three volumes of this nature, without any of the collector's own reflections, I am ſure there is nothing in the world could give a clearer idea of the *Roman* Catholic Religion, nor expoſe more the pride, vanity and ſelf-intereſt of Convents, the abuſe of Indulgencies, the folly and impertinence of Votaries, and in ſhort

ſhort the ſuperſtition, credulity, and childiſhneſs, of the *Roman* Catholic religion. One might fill ſeveral Sheets at St. *Gaul,* as there are few conſiderable Convents or Churches that would not afford large Contributions.

As the King of *France* diſtributes his penſions through all the parts of *Switzerland,* the Town and Abby of St. *Gaul* come in too for their ſhare. To the firſt he gives five hundred crowns *per Annum,* and to the other a thouſand. This penſion has not been paid theſe three years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of *Anjou* for King of *Spain.* The Town and Abby of St. *Gaul* carry a Bear for their arms. The *Roman* Catholics have this Bear's memory in very great veneration, and repreſent him as the firſt convert their Saint made in the country. One of the moſt learned of the *Benedictine* Monks gave me the following hiſtory of him, which he delivered to me with tears of affection in his eyes. " St. *Gaul,* " it ſeems, whom they call the great Apoſtle of *Germany*, found all this " country little better than a vaſt deſert. As he was walking in it on a " very cold day he chanced to meet a Bear in his way. The Saint, inſtead " of being ſtartled at the rencounter, ordered the Bear to bring him a bun- " dle of wood, and make him a fire. The Bear ſerved him to the beſt of " his ability, and at his departure was commanded by the Saint to retire " into the very depth of the woods, and there to paſs the reſt of his life " without ever hurting man or beaſt. From this time, ſays the Monk, the " Bear lived irreproachably, and obſerved to his dying day the orders that " the Saint had given him.

I have often conſidered with a great deal of pleaſure, the profound peace and tranquility that reigns in *Switzerland* and its alliances. It is very wonderful to ſee ſuch a knot of governments, which are ſo divided among themſelves in matters of religion, maintain ſo uninterrupted an union and correſpondence, that no one of them is for invading the rights of another, but remains content within the bounds of its firſt eſtabliſhment. This, I think, muſt be chiefly aſcribed to the nature of the people, and the conſtitution of their governments. Were the *Swiſs* animated by zeal or ambition, ſome or other of their States would immediately break in upon the reſt; or were the States ſo many Principalities, they might often have an ambitious Sovereign at the head of them, that would embroil his neighbours, and ſacrifice the repoſe of his ſubjects to his own glory. But as the Inhabitants of theſe countries are naturally of a heavy phlegmatic temper, if any of their leading members have more fire and ſpirit than comes to their ſhare, it is quickly tempered by the coldneſs and moderation of the reſt who ſit at the helm with them. To this we may add, that the *Alps* is the worſt ſpot of ground in the world to make conqueſts in, a great part of its

its governments being ſo naturally intrenched among woods and mountains. However it be, we find no ſuch diſorders among them as one would expect in ſuch a multitude of States; for as ſoon as any public rupture happens, it is immediately cloſed up by the moderation and good offices of the reſt that interpoſe.

As all the conſiderable governments among the *Alps* are Commonwealths, ſo indeed it is a conſtitution the moſt adapted of any other to the poverty and barrenneſs of theſe countries. We may ſee only in a neighbouring government the ill conſequence of having a deſpotic Prince, in a ſtate that is moſt of it compoſed of rocks and mountains; for notwithſtanding there is a vaſt extent of lands, and many of them better than thoſe of the *Swiſs* and *Griſons*, the common people among the latter are much more at their eaſe and in a greater affluence of all the conveniences of life. A Prince's court eats too much into the income of a poor State, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnificence, that ſets every particular perſon upon making a higher figure in his Station than is conſiſtent with his revenue.

It is the great endeavor of the ſeveral Cantons of *Switzerland*, to baniſh from among them every thing that looks like pomp or ſuperfluity. To this end the Miniſters are always preaching, and the Governors putting out Edicts againſt dancing, gaming, entertainments, and fine clothes. This is become more neceſſary in ſome of the governments, ſince there are ſo many Refugees ſettled among them; for though the Proteſtants in *France* affect ordinarily a greater plainneſs and ſimplicity of manners, than thoſe of the ſame quality who are of the *Roman* Catholic Communion, they have however too much of their country gallantry for the genius and conſtitution of *Switzerland*. Should dreſſing, feaſting, and balls, once get among the Cantons, their military roughneſs would be quickly loſt, their tempers would grow too ſoft for their climate, and their expences out run their incomes; beſides that the materials for their luxury muſt be brought from other nations, which would immediately ruin a country that has but few commodities of its own to export, and is not over-ſtocked with money. Luxury indeed wounds a Republic in its very vitals, as its natural conſequences are rapine, avarice, and injuſtice; for the more money a man ſpends, the more muſt he endeavor to augment his ſtock; which at laſt ſets the liberty and votes of a Commonwealth to ſale, if they find any foreign Power that is able to pay the price of them. We ſee no where the pernicious effects of luxury on a Republic more than in that of the ancient *Romans*, who immediately found itſelf poor as ſoon as this vice got footing among them, though they were poſſeſſed of all the riches in the world.

We find in the beginnings and increaſes of their Commonwealth ſtrange inſtances of the contempt of money, becauſe indeed they were utter ſtrangers to the pleaſures that might be procured by it; or in other words, becauſe they were wholly ignorant of the arts of luxury. But as ſoon as they once entered into a taſte of pleaſure, politeneſs, and magnificence, they fell into a thouſand violences, conſpiracies, and diviſions, that threw them into all the diſorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter ſubverſion of the Commonwealth. It is no wonder therefore the poor Common-wealths of *Switzerland* are ever laboring at the ſuppreſſion and prohibition of every thing that may introduce vanity and luxury. Beſides the ſeveral fines that are ſet upon Plays, Games, Balls and Feaſtings, they have many cuſtoms among them which very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient ſimplicity. The Bourgeois, who are at the head of the governments, are obliged to appear at all their public aſſemblies in a black Cloak and a Band. The womens dreſs is very plain, thoſe of the beſt quality wearing nothing on their heads generally but Furs, which are to be met with in their own country. The perſons of different qualities in both ſexes are indeed allowed their different ornaments, but theſe are generally ſuch as are by no means coſtly, being rather deſigned as marks of diſtinction than to make a figure. The chief officers of *Berne,* for example, are known by the Crowns of their hats, which are much deeper than thoſe of an inferior character. The peaſants are generally clothed in a coarſe kind of Canvas, that is the manufacture of the country. Their holy-day clothes go from Father to Son, and are ſeldom worn out, 'till the ſecond or third generation: So that it is common enough to ſee a countryman in the Doublet and Breeches of his Great-grandfather.

Geneva is much politer than *Switzerland*, or any of its allies, and is therefore looked upon as the Court of the *Alps*, whither the Proteſtant Cantons often ſend their children to improve themſelves in language and education. The *Genevois* have been very much refined, or, as others will have it, corrupted by the converſation of the *French* Proteſtants, who make up almoſt a third of their People. It is certain they have very much forgotten the advice that *Calvin* gave them in a great Council a little before his death, when he recommended to them, above all things, an exemplary modeſty and humility, and as great a ſimplicity in their manners as in their religion. Whether or no they have done well, to ſet up for making another kind of figure, Time will witneſs. There are ſeveral that fancy the great ſums they have remitted into *Italy*, though by this means they make their court to the King of *France* at preſent, may ſome time or other give him an inclination to become the maſter of ſo wealthy a city.

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As this collection of little States abounds more in paſturage than in corn, they are all provided with their public granaries, and have the humanity to furniſh one another in public exigencies, when the ſcarcity is not univerſal. As the adminiſtration of affairs relating to theſe public granaries is not very different in any of the particular governments, I ſhall content myſelf to ſet down the rules obſerved in it by the little Commonwealth of *Geneva*, in which I had more time to inform myſelf of the particulars than in any other. There are three of the Little Council deputed for this office. They are obliged to keep together a proviſion ſufficient to feed the people at leaſt two years, in caſe of war or famine. They muſt take care to fill their magazines in times of the greateſt plenty, that ſo they may afford cheaper, and increaſe the public revenue at a ſmall expence of its members. None of the three managers muſt, upon any pretence, furniſh the granaries from his own fields, that ſo they may have no temptation to pay too great a price, or put any bad corn upon the public. They muſt buy up no corn growing within twelve miles of *Geneva*, that ſo the filling their magazines may not prejudice their market, and raiſe the price of their proviſions at home. That ſuch a collection of corn may not ſpoil in keeping, all the Inns and Public-houſes are obliged to furniſh themſelves out of it, by which means is raiſed the moſt conſiderable branch of the public revenues; the corn being ſold out at a much dearer rate than 'tis bought up. So that the greateſt income of the Commonwealth, which pays the penſions of moſt of its Officers and Miniſters, is raiſed on ſtrangers and travellers, or ſuch of their own body as have money enough to ſpend at Taverns and Public-houſes.

It is the cuſtom in *Geneva* and *Switzerland* to divide their eſtates equally among all their children, by which means every one lives at his eaſe without growing dangerous to the Republic, for as ſoon as an overgrown eſtate falls into the hands of one that has many children, it is broken into ſo many portions as render the ſharers of it rich enough, without raiſing them too much above the level of the reſt. This is abſolutely neceſſary in theſe little Republics, where the rich merchants live very much within their eſtates, and by heaping up vaſt ſums from year to year might become formidable to the reſt of their fellow-citizens, and break the equality, which is ſo neceſſary in theſe kinds of governments, were there not means found out to diſtribute their wealth among ſeveral members of their Republic. At *Geneva*, for inſtance, are merchants reckoned worth twenty hundred thouſand crowns, though perhaps, there is not one of them who ſpends to the value of five hundred pounds a year.

Though the Proteſtants and Papiſts know very well that it is their common intereſt to keep a ſteady neutrality in all the wars between the States of *Europe*, they cannot forbear ſiding with a party in their diſcourſe. The Catholics are zealous for the *French* King, as the Proteſtants do not a little glory in the riches, power, and good ſucceſs of the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*, whom they look upon as the bulwarks of the Reformation. The Miniſters, in particular, have often preached againſt ſuch of their fellow-ſubjects as enter into the troops of the *French* King; but ſo long as the *Swiſs* ſee their intereſt in it, their poverty will always hold them faſt to his ſervice. They have indeed the exerciſe of their religion, and their Miniſters with them, which is the more remarkable, becauſe the very ſame Prince refuſed even thoſe of the church of *England*, who followed their maſter to St. *Germains*, the public exerciſe of their religion.

Before I leave *Switzerland* I cannot but obſerve, that the notion of Witchcraft reigns very much in this country. I have often been tired with accounts of this nature from very ſenſible men, who are moſt of them furniſhed with matters of fact which have happened, as they pretend, within the compaſs of their own knowledge. It is certain there have been many executions on this account, as in the Canton of *Berne* there were ſome put to death during my ſtay at *Geneva*. The people are ſo univerſally infatuated with the notion, that if a Cow falls ſick, it is ten to one but an old woman is clapt up in priſon for it, and if the poor creature chance to think herſelf a witch, the whole country is for hanging her up without mercy. One finds indeed the ſame humor prevail in moſt of the rocky barren parts of *Europe*. Whether it be that poverty and ignorance, which are generally the products of theſe countries, may really engage a wretch in ſuch dark practices, or whether or no the ſame principles may not render the people too credulous, and perhaps too eaſy to get rid of ſome of their unprofitable members.

A great affair that employs the *Swiſs* politics at preſent is the Prince of *Conti*'s ſucceſſion to the Dutcheſs of *Nemours* in the government of *Neuf-Chatel*. The Inhabitants of *Neuf-Chatel* can by no means think of ſubmiting themſelves to a Prince who is a *Roman* Catholic, and a ſubject of *France*. They were very attentive to his conduct in the principality of *Orange*, which they did not queſtion but he would rule with all the mildneſs and moderation imaginable, as it would be the beſt means in the world to recommend him to *Neuf-Chatel*. But notwithſtanding it was ſo much his intereſt to manage his Proteſtant ſubjects in that country, and the ſtrong aſſurances he had given them in protecting them in all their privileges, and particularly in the free exerciſe of their religion, he made over his Principality

pality in a very little time for a ſum of money to the King of *France*. It is indeed generally believed the Prince of *Conti* would rather ſtill have kept his title to *Orange*, but the ſame reſpect which induced him to quit his government, might at another time tempt him to give up that of *Neuf-Chatel* on the like conditions. The King of *Pruſſia* lays in his claim for *Neuf-Chatel*, as he did for the Principality of *Orange*, and it is probable would be more acceptable to the Inhabitants than the other; but they are generally diſpoſed to declare themſelves a Free Commonwealth, after the death of the Dutcheſs of *Nemours*, if the *Swiſs* will ſupport them. The Proteſtant Cantons ſeem much inclined to aſſiſt them, which they may very well do, in caſe the Dutcheſs dies while the King of *France* has his hands ſo full of buſineſs on all ſides of him. It certainly very much concerns them not to ſuffer the *French* King to eſtabliſh his Authority on this ſide mount *Jura*, and on the very borders of their country; but it is not eaſy to foreſee what a round ſum of money, or the fear of a rupture with *France*, may do among a people who have tamely ſuffered the *Franche Comptè* to be ſeized on, and a Fort to be built within Cannon-ſhot of one of their cantons.

There is a new ſect ſprung up in *Switzerland*, which ſpreads very much in the Proteſtant Cantons. The profeſſors of it call themſelves *Pietiſts*, and as Enthuſiaſm carries men generally to the like extravagancies, they differ but little from ſeveral ſectaries in other countries. They pretend in general to great refinements, as to what regards the practice of chriſtianity, and to obſerve the following rules. To retire much from the converſation of the world. To ſink themſelves into an entire repoſe and tranquillity of mind. In this ſtate of ſilence to attend the ſecret illapſe and flowings-in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their minds with peace and conſolation, joys or raptures. To favor all his ſecret intimations, and give themſelves up entirely to his conduct and direction, ſo as neither to ſpeak, move, or act but as they find his impulſe on their Souls. To retrench themſelves within the conveniencies and neceſſities of life. To make a covenant with all their ſenſes, ſo far as to ſhun the ſmell of a Roſe or Violet, and to turn away their eyes from a beautiful proſpect. To avoid, as much as is poſſible, what the world calls innocent pleaſures, leſt they ſhould have their affections tainted by any ſenſuality, and diverted from the love of him who is to be the only comfort, repoſe, hope, and delight, of their whole beings. This ſect prevails very much among the Proteſtants of *Germany*, as well as thoſe of *Switzerland*, and has occaſioned ſeveral Edicts againſt it in the Dutchy of *Saxony*. The profeſſors of it are accuſed of all the ill practices which may ſeem to be the conſequence of their principles, as that they aſcribe the worſt of actions, which their own vicious tempers throw them upon, to

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the dictates of the holy Spirit; that both ſexes, under pretence of devout converſation, viſit one another at all hours, and in all places, without any regard to common decency, often making their religion a cover for their immoralities; and that the very beſt of them are poſſeſſed with ſpiritual pride, and a contempt for all ſuch as are not of their own ſect. The *Roman* Catholics, who reproach the Proteſtants for their breaking into ſuch a multitude of religions, have certainly taken the moſt effectual way in the world for the keeping their flocks together; I do not mean the puniſhments they inflict on men's perſons, which are commonly looked upon as the chief methods by which they deter them from breaking through the pale of the church, though certainly theſe lay a very great reſtraint on thoſe of the *Roman* Catholic perſuaſion. But I take one great cauſe why there are ſo few ſects in the church of *Rome*, to be the multitude of convents, with which they every where abound, that ſerve as receptacles for all thoſe fiery zealots who would ſet the church in a flame, were not they got together in theſe houſes of devotion. All men of dark tempers, acccording to their degree of melancholy or enthuſiaſm, may find convents fitted to their humors, and meet with companions as gloomy as themſelves. So that what the Proteſtants would call a Fanatic, is, in the *Roman* Church, a Religious of ſuch or ſuch an order; as I have been told of an *Engliſh* Merchant at *Lisbon*, who after ſome great diſappointments in the world was reſolved to turn Quaker or Capuchin; for, in the change of religion, men of ordinary underſtandings do not ſo much conſider the Principles, as the Practice of thoſe to whom they go over.

From St. *Gaul* I took horſe to the Lake of *Conſtance*, which lies at two leagues diſtance from it, and is formed by the entry of the *Rhine*. This is the only Lake in *Europe* that diſputes for greatneſs with that of *Geneva*; it appears more beautiful to the eye, but wants the fruitful fields and vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its name from *Conſtance*, the chief town on its banks. When the Cantons of *Berne* and *Zurich* propoſed, at a general Diet, the incorporating *Geneva* in the number of the Cantons, the *Roman* Catholic party, fearing the Proteſtant intereſt might receive by it too great a ſtrengthning, propoſed at the ſame time the incantoning of *Conſtance*, as a counterpoiſe; to which the Proteſtants not conſenting, the whole project fell to the ground. We croſſed the Lake to *Lindaw*, and in ſeveral parts of it obſerved abundance of little bubbles of Air, that came working upward from the very bottom of the Lake. The watermen told us, that they are obſerved always to riſe in the ſame places, from whence they conclude them to be ſo many ſprings that break out of the bottom of the Lake. *Lindaw* is an imperial town on a little Iſland that lies at about three hundred paces

paces from the firm land, to which it is joined by a huge bridge of wood. The Inhabitants were all in arms when we paſſed through it, being under great apprehenſions of the Duke of *Bavaria,* after his having fallen upon *Ulme* and *Memminghen.* They flatter themſelves, that by cutting their Bridge they could hold out againſt his Army: but, in all probability, a ſhower of Bombs would quickly reduce the Bourgeois to ſurrender. They were formerly bombarded by *Guſtavus Adolphus.* We were adviſed by our Merchants, by no means to venture ourſelves in the Duke of *Bavaria's* country, ſo that we had the mortification to loſe the ſight of *Munich, Auſburg,* and *Ratiſbon,* and were forced to take our way to *Vienna* through *Tirol,* where we had very little to entertain us beſides the natural face of the country.

TIROL, INSPRUCK, HALL, &c.

AFTER having coaſted the *Alps* for ſome time, we at laſt entered them by a paſſage which leads into the long valley of the *Tirol*, and following the courſe of the river *Inn* we came to *Inſpruck*, that receives its name from this river, and is the capital City of the *Tirol.*

Inſpruck is a handſome town, though not a great one, and was formerly the reſidence of the Arch-Dukes who were Counts of *Tirol:* The Palace where they uſed to keep their Court is rather convenient than magnificent. The great hall is indeed a very noble room, the walls of it are painted in *Freſco*, and repreſent the labors of *Hercules.* Many of them look very finely, though a great part of the work has been cracked by earthquakes, which are very frequent in this country. There is a little wooden palace that borders on the other, whither the Court uſed to retire at the firſt ſhake of an earthquake. I here ſaw the largeſt Menage that I have met with any where elſe. At one end of it is a great partition deſigned for an Opera. They ſhewed us alſo a very pretty Theatre. The laſt Comedy that was acted on it was deſigned by the Jeſuits for the entertainment of the Queen of the *Romans*, who paſſed this way from *Hanover* to *Vienna.* The compliment which the Fathers made her Majeſty on this occaſion was very particular, and did not a little expoſe them to the raillery of the Court. For the Arms of *Hanover* being a Horſe, the Fathers thought it a very pretty alluſion to repreſent the Queen by *Bucephalus*, that would let nobody get upon him but *Alexander* the Great. The wooden horſe that acted this notable part is ſtill to be ſeen behind the ſcenes. In one of the rooms of the palace which is hung with the pictures of ſeveral illuſtrious perſons, they ſhewed us the portrait of *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, who was beheaded in the Reign of

of Queen *Elizabeth*. The gardens about the houſe are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of them a beautiful Statue in Braſs of an Arch-duke *Leopold* on horſeback. There are near it twelve other figures of Water-nymphs and River-gods well caſt, and as big as the life. They were deſigned for the ornaments of a Water-work, as one might eaſily make a great variety of Jetteaus at a ſmall expence in a garden that has the river *Inn* running by its walls. The late Duke of *Lorrain* had this palace, and the government of the *Tirol*, aſſigned him by the Emperor, and his Lady the Queen Dowager of *Poland* lived here ſeveral years after the death of the Duke her Huſband. There are covered galleries that lead from the palace to five different churches. I paſſed through a very long one which reaches to the church of the *Capuchin* Convent, where the Duke of *Lorrain* uſed often to aſſiſt at their midnight devotions. They ſhewed us in this Convent the apartments of *Maximilian*, who was Arch-Duke and Count of *Tirol*, about fourſcore years ago. This prince at the ſame time that he kept the government in his hands, lived in this Convent with all the rigor and auſterity of a *Capuchin*. His anti-chamber and room of audience are little ſquare chambers wainſcoted. His private lodgings are three or four ſmall rooms faced with a kind of fret-work, that makes them look like little hollow caverns in a rock. They preſerve this apartment of the Convent uninhabited, and ſhew in it the Altar, Bed and Stove, as likewiſe a Picture and a Stamp of this devout Prince. The church of the *Franciſcan* Convent is famous for the monument of the Emperor *Maximilian* the firſt, which ſtands in the midſt of it. It was erected to him by his Grand-ſon *Ferdinand* the firſt, who probably looked upon this Emperor as the founder of the *Auſtrian* greatneſs. For as by his own marriage he annexed the Low-countries to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, ſo, by matching his Son to *Joan* of *Arragon*, he ſettled on his Poſterity the Kingdom of *Spain*, and by, the marriage of his Grand-ſon *Ferdinand*, got into his Family the Kingdoms of *Bohemia* and *Hungary*. This monument is only honorary, for the Aſhes of the Emperor lie elſewhere. On the top of it is a brazen figure of *Maximilian* on his knees, and on the ſides of it a beautiful *Bas-relief* repreſenting the actions of this Prince. His whole Hiſtory is digeſted into twenty four ſquare pannels of ſculpture in *Bas-relief*. The ſubject of two of them is his confederacy with *Henry* the eighth, and the wars they made together upon *France*. On each ſide of this monument is a row of very noble brazen ſtatues much bigger than the life, moſt of them repreſenting ſuch as were ſome way or other related to *Maximilian*. Among the reſt is one that the Fathers of the Convent tell us repreſents King *Arthur* the old *Britiſh* King. But what relation had that *Arthur* to *Maximilian?* I do not queſtion therefore but it was deſigned for Prince *Arthur*, elder Brother

ther of *Henry* the eighth, who had eſpouſed *Catherine,* Siſter of *Maximilian,* whoſe divorce afterwards gave occaſion to ſuch ſignal revolutions in *England.* This church was built by *Ferdinand* the firſt. One ſees in it a kind of offer at modern Architecture, but at the ſame time that the Architect has ſhewn his diſlike of the *Gothic* manner, one may ſee very well that in that age they were not, at leaſt in this country, arrived at the knowledge of the true way. The Portal, for example, conſiſts of a Compoſite order unknown to the Ancients; the ornaments indeed are taken from them, but ſo put together that you ſee the Volutas of the *Ionic,* the Foliage of the *Corinthian,* and the Uovali of the *Doric* mixed without any regularity on the ſame Capital. So the Vault of the church, though broad enough, is encumbered with too many little Tricks in ſculpture. It is indeed ſupported with ſingle columns inſtead of thoſe vaſt cluſters of little pillars that one meets with in *Gothic* Cathedrals, but at the ſame time theſe columns are of no regular order, and at leaſt twice too long for their diameter. There are other churches in the town, and two or three palaces which are of a more modern make, and built with a good fancy. I was ſhewn the little *Notredame* that is handſomly deſigned, and topped with a Cupola. It was made as an offering of gratitude to the Bleſſed Virgin, for having defended the country of the *Tirol* againſt the victorious arms of *Guſtavus Adolphus,* who could not enter this part of the Empire after having over-run moſt of the reſt. This temple was therefore built by the contributions of the whole country. At about half a league's diſtance from *Inſpruck* ſtands the caſtle of *Amras,* furniſhed with a prodigious quantity of Medals, and many other ſorts of rarities both in nature and art, for which I muſt refer the reader to Monſieur *Patin*'s account in his letter to the Duke of *Wirtemburg,* having myſelf had neither time or opportunity to enter into a particular examination of them.

From *Inſpruck* we came to *Hall,* that lies at a league diſtance on the ſame river. This place is particularly famous for its Salt-works. There are in the neighbourhood, vaſt mountains of a tranſparent kind of rock not unlike Allum, extremely ſolid, and as piquant to the tongue as Salt itſelf. Four or five hundred men are always at work in the mountains, where as ſoon as they have hewn down any quantities of the rock they let in their ſprings and reſervoirs among their works. The water eats away and diſſolves the particles of Salt which are mixed in the ſtone, and is conveyed by long troughs and canals from the mines to the town of *Hall,* where 'tis received in vaſt ciſterns, and boiled off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight hundred loaves a week, each loaf four hundred pound weight. This would raiſe a great Revenue to the Emperor, were there here ſuch a tax on Salt as there is in *France.* At preſent he

clears but two hundred thouſand crowns a year, after having defrayed all the charges of working it. There are in *Switzerland*, and other parts of the *Alps*, ſeveral of theſe quarries of Salt that turn to very little account, by reaſon of the great quantities of wood they conſume.

The Salt-works at *Hall* have a great convenience for fuel, which ſwims down to them on the river *Inn*. This river, during its courſe through the *Tirol*, is generally ſhut up between a double range of Mountains that are moſt of them covered with woods of Fir-trees. Abundance of Peaſants are employed in the hewing down of the largeſt of theſe trees, that, after they are barked and cut into ſhape, are tumbled down from the mountains into the ſtream of the river, which carries them off to the Salt-works. At *Inſpruck* they take up vaſt quantities for the Convents and public Officers, who have a certain portion of it allotted them by the Emperor: the reſt of it paſſes on to *Hall*. There are generally ſeveral hundred loads aflote; for they begin to cut above twenty-five leagues up the river above *Hall*, and there are other rivers that flow into the *Inn*, which bring in their contributions. Theſe Salt-works, and a Mint that is eſtabliſhed at the ſame place, have rendered this town, notwithſtanding the neighbourhood of the capital city, almoſt as populous as *Inſpruck* itſelf. The deſign of this Mint is to work off part of the Metals which are found in the neighbouring mountains; where, as we were told, there are ſeven thouſand men in conſtant employ. At *Hall* we took a boat to carry us to *Vienna*. The firſt night we lay at *Rottenburg*, where is a ſtrong caſtle above the town. Count *Serini* is ſtill a cloſe priſoner in this caſtle, who, as they told us in the town, had loſt his ſenſes by his long impriſonment and afflictions. The next day we dined at *Kuff-ſtain*, where there is a fortreſs on a high rock above the town almoſt inacceſſible on all ſides: This being a frontier place on the Dutchy of *Bavaria*, where we entered after about an hour's rowing from *Kuff-ſtain*. It was the pleaſanteſt voyage in the world to follow the windings of this river *Inn* through ſuch a variety of pleaſing ſcenes as the courſe of it naturally led us. We had ſometimes on each ſide of us a vaſt extent of naked rocks and mountains, broken into a thouſand irregular ſteeps and precipices; in other places we ſaw a long foreſt of Fir-trees ſo thick ſet together, that it was impoſſible to diſcover any of the ſoil they grew upon, and riſing up ſo regularly one above another, as to give us the view of a whole wood at once. The time of the year, that had given the leaves of the trees ſo many different colors, completed the beauty of the proſpect. But as the materials of a fine landſcape are not always the moſt profitable to the owner of them, we met with but very little corn or paſturage for the proportion of earth that we paſſed through, the lands of the *Tirol* not being able

to

to feed the Inhabitants. This long valley of the *Tirol* lies encloſed on all ſides by the *Alps*, though its dominions ſhoot out into ſeveral branches that lie among the breaks and hollows of the mountains. It is governed by three Councils reſiding at *Inſpruck*, one ſits upon life and death, the other is for taxes and impoſitions, and a third for the common diſtributions of Juſtice. As theſe courts regulate themſelves by the orders they receive from the Imperial court, ſo in many caſes there are appeals from them to *Vienna*. The Inhabitants of the *Tirol* have many particular privileges above thoſe of the other hereditary countries of the Emperor. For as they are naturally well fortified among their mountains, and at the ſame time border upon many different governments, as the *Griſons*, *Venetians*, *Swiſs*, *Bavarians*, &c. a ſevere treatment might tempt them to ſet up for a Republic, or at leaſt throw themſelves under the milder government of ſome of their neighbours: Beſides that their country is poor, and that the Emperor draws conſiderable incomes out of his Mines of Salt and Metal. They are theſe Mines that fill the country with greater numbers of people than it would be able to bear without the importation of corn from foreign parts. The Emperor has Forts and Citadels at the entrance of all the paſſes that lead into the *Tirol*, which are ſo advantageouſly placed on rocks and mountains, that they command all the valleys and avenues that lie about them. Beſides, that the country itſelf is cut into ſo many hills and inequalities, as would render it defenſible by a very little army againſt a numerous enemy. It was therefore generally thought the Duke of *Bavaria* would not attempt the cutting off any ſuccors that were ſent to Prince *Eugene;* or the forcing his way through the *Tirol* into *Italy*. The river *Inn*, that had hitherto been ſhut up among mountains, paſſes generally through a wide open country during all its courſe through *Bavaria*, which is a voyage of two days, after the rate of twenty leagues a day.

THE

TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaffe*, Eſq;

N° 20. *Thurſday, May* 26. 1709.

—THOUGH the *Theatre* is now breaking, it is allowed ſtill to ſell Animals there; therefore, if any Lady or Gentleman have occaſion for a tame Elephant, let them enquire of Mr. *Pinkethman*, who has one to diſpoſe of at a reaſonable rate. The downfal of *May-Fair* has quite ſunk the price of this noble Creature, as well as of many other curioſities of nature. A Tiger will ſell almoſt as cheap as an Ox; and I am credibly informed, a man may purchaſe a Cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewiſe, that there is a great deſolation among the Gentlemen and Ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and uſed to ſhine in plumes and diadems; the Heros being moſt of them preſſed, and the Queens beating hemp. Mrs. *Sarabrand*, ſo famous for her ingenious Puppet-ſhow, has ſet up a ſhop in the *Exchange*, where ſhe ſells her little troop under the term of Jointed Babies. I could not but be ſolicitous to know of her, how ſhe had diſpoſed of that rake-hell *Punch*, whoſe lewd life and converſation had given ſo much ſcandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the Fair. She told me, with a ſigh, That deſpairing of ever reclaiming him, ſhe would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a poſt upon a ſtall in *Wapping*, where he may be ſeen from ſun-riſing to ſun-ſetting, with a glaſs in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as Centry to a brandy-ſhop. The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the diſtreſſes of the unfortunate *Camilla*, who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to diſappear at a time when her beauty was at the height of its bloom. This Lady entered ſo thoroughly into the great characters ſhe acted, that when ſhe had finiſhed her part, ſhe could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the ſame magnificence that ſhe did upon the ſtage. This Greatneſs of Soul has reduced that unhappy Princeſs to an involuntary retirement, where ſhe now paſſes her time among the woods and foreſts, thinking on the Crowns and Scepters ſhe has loſt, and often humming over in her ſolitude,

I was

I was born of royal race,
Yet muſt wander in diſgrace, &c.

But for fear of being over-heard, and her quality known, ſhe uſually ſings it in *Italian.*

Naqui al Regno, naqui al Trono
Et pur ſono
Inventurata Paſtorella ——

Since I have touched upon this ſubject, I ſhall communicate to my Reader part of a letter I have received from a friend at *Amſterdam*, where there is a very noble Theatre; though the manner of furniſhing it with Actors is ſomething peculiar to that place, and gives us occaſion to admire both the politeneſs and frugality of the people.

MY *friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary to ſee one of their Plays, which was performed laſt night with great applauſe. The Actors are all of them Tradeſmen, who, after their day's work is over, earn about a Gilder a night by perſonating Kings and Generals. The Hero of the Tragedy I ſaw, was a journey-man Taylor, and his firſt Miniſter of State a Coffee-man. The Empreſs made me think of* Parthenope *in the* Rehearſal; *for her Mother keeps an Ale-houſe in the ſuburbs of* Amſterdam. *When the Tragedy was over, they entertained us with a ſhort Farce, in which the Cobler did his part to a miracle; but upon enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and repreſenting on the ſtage what he acted every day in his ſhop. The profits of the Theatre maintain an Hoſpital: For as here they do not think the profeſſion of an Actor the only trade that a man ought to exerciſe, ſo they will not allow any body to grow rich on a profeſſion that in their opinion ſo little conduces to the good of the Common-wealth. If I am not miſtaken, your Play-houſes in* England *have done the ſame thing; for, unleſs I am miſinformed, the Hoſpital at* Dulledge *was erected and endowed by Mr.* Allen *a Player: And it is alſo ſaid, a famous She-Tragedian has ſettled her eſtate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed Wits, who are to be taken in as ſoon as they grow dull, at whatever time of their life that ſhall happen.*

Saturday,

N° 42. *Saturday, July* 16. 1709.

—— *Celebrare Domeſtica Facta.*

—THIS is to give Notice, That a magnificent Palace, with great variety of Gardens, Statues and Water-works may be bought cheap in *Drury-Lane*; where there are likewiſe ſeveral Caſtles to be diſpoſed of, very delightfully ſituated; as alſo Groves, Woods, Foreſts, Fountains, and Country Seats, with very pleaſant proſpects on all ſides of them; being the moveables of *Chriſtopher Rich*, Eſq. who is breaking up Houſe-keeping, and has many curious pieces of Furniture to diſpoſe of, which may be ſeen between the Hours of ſix and ten in the Evening.

The INVENTORY.

Spirits of right *Nants* Brandy, for lambent Flames and Apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of Lightning.

One ſhower of Snow in the whiteſt *French* Paper.

Two ſhowers of a browner ſort.

A Sea, conſiſting of a dozen large Waves, the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and a half of Clouds, trimmed with black, and well conditioned.

A Rainbow a little faded.

A ſet of Clouds after the *French* mode, ſtreaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

A New-Moon ſomething decayed.

A pint of the fineſt *Spaniſh* waſh, being all that is left of two hogſheads ſent over laſt Winter.

A Coach very finely gilt, and little uſed, with a pair of Dragons, to be ſold cheap.

A ſetting Sun a pennyworth.

An imperial Mantle, made for *Cyrus the Great*, and worn by *Julius Cæſar*, *Bajazet*, King *Harry* the eighth, and Signior *Valentini*.

A Baſket-hilt Sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's Night-gown.

Othello's Handkerchief.

The imperial Robes of *Xerxes*, never worn but once.

A Wild-Boar, killed by Mrs. *Tofts*, and *Diocleſian*.

A Serpent to ſting *Cleopatra*.

A Muſtard-bowl, to make Thunder with.

Another of a bigger ſort, by Mr. *D——is*'s directions, little uſed.

Six Elbow-Chairs, very expert in Country-Dances, with ſix Flower-Pots for their Partners.

The Whiſkers of a *Turkiſh* Baſſa.

The Complection of a Murderer in a Band-box; conſiſting of a large piece of burnt Cork, and a Coal-black Peruke.

A Suit of Clothes for a Ghoſt, *viz.* a bloody Shirt, a Doublet curiouſly pinked, and a Coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the Breaſt.

A Bale of red *Spaniſh* Wool.

Modern Plots, commonly known by the name of Trap-Doors, Ladders of Ropes, Vizard-Maſques, and Tables with broad Carpets over them.

Three Oak-Cudgels, with one of Crab-Tree: all bought for the uſe of Mr. *Pinkethman*.

Materials for Dancing; as Maſques, Caſtanets, and a Ladder of ten Rounds.

Aurengzebe's Scimitar, made by *Will. Brown* in *Piccadilly*.

A Plume of Feathers, never uſed but by *OEdipus* and the Earl of *Eſſex*.

There are alſo Swords, Halberts, Sheep-hooks, Cardinals Hats, Turbants, Drums, Gally-pots, a Gibbet, a Cradle, a Rack, a Cart-wheel, an Altar, a Helmet, a Back-piece, a Breaſt-plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a jointed Baby.

Theſe are the hard ſhifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our Readers ought to excuſe us, if a weſterly wind blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of Battle; when we ſhew our martial ſkill in each Line, and according to the ſpace we have to fill, we range our Men in Squadrons and Battalions, or draw out Company by Company, and Troop by Troop; ever obſerving, that no Muſter is to be made, but when the Wind is in a croſs Point, which often happens at the end of a Campaign, when half the Men are deſerted or killed. The *Courant* is ſometimes ten deep, his Ranks cloſe: the *Poſt-Boy* is generally in Files, for greater exactneſs; and the *Poſt-Man* comes down upon you rather after the *Turkiſh* way, Sword in Hand, pell-mell, without form or diſcipline; but ſure to bring Men enough into the Field; and wherever they are raiſed, never to loſe a battle for want of numbers.

Saturday,

N° 75. *Saturday, October* 1. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I Am called off from public diſſertations by a domeſtic affair of great importance, which is no leſs than the diſpoſal of my Siſter *Jenny* for life. The Girl is a Girl of great merit, and pleaſant converſation; but I being born of my Father's firſt Wife, and ſhe of his third, ſhe converſes with me rather like a Daughter than a Siſter. I have indeed told her, that if ſhe kept her honor, and behaved herſelf in ſuch a manner as became the *Bickerſtaffes*, I would get her an agreeable Man for her Huſband; which was a promiſe I made her after reading a paſſage in *Pliny*'s *Epiſtles*. That polite Author had been employed to find out a Conſort for his friend's Daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon.

Aciliano plurimum vigoris et induſtriæ quanquam in maxima verecundia: Eſt illi facies liberalis, multo ſanguine, multo rubore, ſuffuſa: Eſt ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, et quidam ſenatorius decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda; debet enim hoc caſtitati puellarum quaſi præmium dari.

" *Acilianus* is a Man of extraordinary vigor and induſtry, accompanied " with the greateſt modeſty. He has very much of the Gentleman, with a " lively color, and fluſh of health in his aſpect. His whole perſon is fine- " ly turned, and ſpeaks him a man of Quality: which are qualifications " that, I think, ought by no means to be overlooked, and ſhould be beſtow- " ed on a Daughter as the reward of her Chaſtity.

A woman that will give herſelf liberties, need not put her parents to ſo much trouble; for if ſhe does not poſſeſs theſe ornaments in a Huſband, ſhe can ſupply herſelf elſewhere. But this is not the caſe of my Siſter *Jenny*, who, I may ſay without vanity, is as unſpotted a Spinſter as any in *Great Britain*. I ſhall take this occaſion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have in the Genealogy of our houſe, the Deſcriptions and Pictures of our Anceſtors from the time of King *Arthur;* in whoſe days there was one of my own Name, a Knight of his Round Table, and known by the name of Sir *Iſaac Bickerſtaffe*. He was low of ſtature, and of a very ſwarthy complexion, not unlike a *Portugueſe* Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height uſually are, and would often communicate to his friends his

deſign of lengthening and whitening his poſterity. His eldeſt Son *Ralph* (for that was his name) was for this reaſon married to a Lady who had little elſe to recommend her, but that ſhe was very tall and fair. The iſſue of this match, with the help of his Shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obſcure 'till the fourth generation from that Marriage. From which time, 'till the reign of *William the Conqueror,* the Females of our houſe were famous for their Needle-work and fine Skins. In the male line there happen'd an unlucky accident in the reign of *Richard* the third, the eldeſt Son of *Philip*, then chief of the family, being born with an Hump-back and very high Noſe. This was the more aſtoniſhing, becauſe none of his forefathers ever had ſuch a blemiſh; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the Butler, who was noted for round Shoulders and a *Roman* Noſe: what made the Noſe the leſs excuſable, was the remarkable ſmallneſs of his Eyes.

Theſe ſeveral defects were mended by ſucceeding matches; his Eyes were opened in the next generation, and the Hump fell in a century and half; but the greateſt difficulty was how to reduce the Noſe; which I do not find was accompliſhed till about the middle of *Henry* the ſeventh's reign, or rather the beginning of that of *Henry* the eighth.

But while our Anceſtors were thus taken up in cultivating the Eyes and Noſe, the Face of the *Bickerſtaffes* fell down inſenſibly into Chin; which was not taken notice of (their thoughts being ſo much employed upon the more noble Features) till it became almoſt too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and ſucceſſive care in our alliances, have cured this alſo, and reduced our faces into that tolerable Oval which we enjoy at preſent. I would not be tedious in this diſcourſe, but cannot but obſerve, that our race ſuffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of her Heireſſes with an eminent Courtier, who gave us Spindle-ſhanks, and Cramps in our bones, inſomuch that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir *Walter Bickerſtaffe* married *Maud* the Milkmaid, of whom the then *Garter* King at Arms (a facetious perſon) ſaid pleaſantly enough, That ſhe had ſpoiled our Blood, but mended our Conſtitutions.

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of Matches has had upon our Perſons and Features, I cannot but obſerve, that there are daily inſtances of as great Changes made by Marriage upon men's Minds and Humors. One might wear any paſſion out of a family by culture, as ſkilful Gardiners blot a color out of a Tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a Shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raiſe a Jackpudding from a Prude, by inoculating Mirth and Melancholy.

lancholy. It is for want of Care in the diſpoſing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an houſe and ſee ſuch different complexions and humors in the ſame race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pikeſtaff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter ſilently lowers, the other ſteals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a Splenetic, and a fifth a Coquette.

In this diſpoſal of my Siſter, I have choſen, with an eye to her being a Wit, and provided, that the Bridegroom be a man of a ſound and excellent judgment, who will ſeldom mind what ſhe ſays when ſhe begins to harangue: For *Jenny*'s only imperfection is an admiration of her Parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, fluttiſh; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate moſt, and bring into obſervation, what we think moſt excellent in ourſelves, or moſt capable of improvement. Thus my Siſter, inſtead of conſulting her Glaſs and her Toilet for an hour and an half after her private devotion, ſits with her Noſe full of Snuff, and a man's Nightcap on her head, reading Plays and Romances. Her Wit ſhe thinks her Diſtinction; therefore knows nothing of the ſkill of Dreſs, or making her perſon agreeable. It would make you laugh, to ſee me often with my Spectacles on lacing her ſtays; for ſhe is ſo very a Wit, that ſhe underſtands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reaſon I have diſpoſed of her to a man of buſineſs, who will ſoon let her ſee, that to be well dreſſed, in good humor, and chearful in the command of her family, are the Arts and Sciences of female life. I could have beſtowed her upon a fine Gentleman, who extremely admired her Wit, and would have given her a Coach and ſix: But I found it abſolutely neceſſary to croſs the ſtrain; for had they met, they had eternally been Rivals in Diſcourſe, and in continual contention for the ſuperiority of Underſtanding, and brought forth Critics, Pedants, or pretty good Poets.

As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of City, Town or Country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the Neceſſity of taking this method, let any one, even below the ſkill of an Aſtrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as ſoon as he paſſes *Cheapſide-conduit*, and you ſee a deep attention and a certain unthinking ſharpneſs in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purpoſes. To me it is very apparent when I ſee a Citizen paſs by, whether his head is upon Woollen, Silks, Iron, Sugar, Indigo, or Stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a perſon of a vaſt eſtate, who is the immediate deſcendant of a fine Gentleman, but the great-grandſon of a broker, in whom his

his Anceſtor is now revived. He is a very honeſt Gentleman in his Principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily ſorry for it; but he cheats by Conſtitution, and over-reaches by Inſtinct.

The happineſs of the man who marries my Siſter will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manners, which grew in herſelf, and can be amended by her. From ſuch an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family riſe to its ancient Splendor of Face, Air, Countenance, Manner and Shape, without diſcovering the product of ten nations in one houſe. *Obadiah Greenhat* ſays, he never comes into any company in *England*, but he diſtinguiſhes the different nations of which we are compoſed: There is ſcarce ſuch a living creature as a true *Britain*. We ſit down indeed all Friends, Acquaintance, and Neighbours; but after two Bottles, you ſee a *Dane* ſtart up and ſwear, The Kingdom is his own. A *Saxon* drinks up the whole quart, and ſwears, He will diſpute that with him. A *Norman* tells them both, He will aſſert his liberty: And a *Welſhman* cries, They are all foreigners and intruders of yeſterday, and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours Children, and Couſin-germans. For which reaſon I ſay, Study your race, or the Soil of your family will dwindle into Cits or 'Squires, or run up into Wits or Madmen.

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this paper.*

N° 81. *Saturday, October* 15, 1709.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera paſſi,
Quique pii Vates & Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo. Virg.

From my own Apartment, October 14.

THERE are two kinds of Immortality; that which the Soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary Exiſtence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The beſt and greateſt actions have proceeded from the proſpect of the one or the other of theſe; but my deſign is to treat only of thoſe who have chiefly propoſed to themſelves the latter as the principal reward of their labors. It was for this reaſon that I excluded from

from my Tables of fame all the great Founders and Votaries of religion; and it is for this reaſon alſo that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do juſtice to the perſons of whom I am now going to ſpeak; for ſince Fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and ſtudies, a man cannot be too ſcrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this conſideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my aſſiſtance; to many of whom I muſt own my obligations for the catalogues of illuſtrious perſons which they have ſent me in upon this occaſion. I yeſterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon my imagination, that they broke my ſleep for the firſt part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable Viſion, which I ſhall beg leave to deſcribe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundleſs plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midſt of it there ſtood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The ſides were extremely ſteep, and of ſuch a particular ſtructure, that no creature, which was not made in an human figure, could poſſibly aſcend it. On a ſudden there was heard from the top of it a ſound like that of a trumpet; but ſo exceeding ſweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of thoſe who heard it with raptures, and gave ſuch high and delightful ſenſations, as ſeemed to animate and raiſe human nature above itſelf. This made me very much amazed to find ſo very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear or reliſh this muſic with pleaſure: But my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I ſaw moſt of them attentive to three Sirens clothed like Goddeſſes, and diſtinguiſhed by the names of *Sloth*, *Ignorance*, and *Pleaſure*. They were ſeated on three rocks, amidſt a beautiful variety of groves, meadows and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the baſe and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks and ages, were liſtening to theſe deluſive Deities, thoſe of a more erect aſpect and exalted ſpirit ſeparated themſelves from the reſt, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain, from whence they heard the ſound, which ſtill grew ſweeter the more they liſtened to it.

On a ſudden, methought this ſelect band ſprang forward, with a reſolution to climb the aſcent; and follow the call of that heavenly muſic. Every one took ſomething with him that he thought might be of aſſiſtance to him in his march. Several had their Swords drawn, ſome carried rolls of Paper in their hands, ſome had Compaſſes, others Quadrants, others Teleſcopes, and others Pencils; ſome had Laurels on their heads, and others Buſkins on their legs, In ſhort, there was ſcarce any Inſtrument of a mechanic

chanic art or liberal ſcience, which was not made uſe of on this occaſion. My good Dæmon who ſtood at my right hand during the courſe of this whole Viſion, obſerving in me a burning deſire to join that glorious company, told me, he highly approved that generous ardor with which I ſeemed tranſported; but at the ſame time adviſed me to cover my face with a maſk all the while I was to labor on the aſcent. I took his counſel without inquiring into his reaſons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thouſand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended and led no further: and I obſerved, that moſt of the Artizans, which conſiderably diminiſhed our number, fell into theſe paths.

We left another conſiderable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had diſcovered by-ways up the hill, which proved ſo very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite loſt among the ſeveral turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progreſs in the aſcent. Theſe, as my guide informed me, were men of ſubtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would ſupply the place of real wiſdom with cunning and artifice. Among thoſe, who were far advanced in their way, there were ſome that by one falſe ſtep fell backward, and loſt more ground in a moment, than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and obſerved, that all the different paths which run about the ſides of the mountain, began to meet in two great roads, which inſenſibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little diſtance from the entrance of each road, there ſtood a hideous Phantom, that oppoſed our further paſſage. One of theſe Apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandiſhed in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, *Death.* The ſpectre that guarded the other road, was *Envy:* She was not armed with weapons of deſtruction like the former; but by dreadful hiſſings, noiſes of reproach, and a horrid diſtracted laughter, ſhe appeared more frightful than death itſelf, inſomuch that abundance of our company were diſcouraged from paſſing any further, and ſome appeared aſhamed of having come ſo far. As for myſelf, I muſt confeſs my heart ſhrunk within me at the ſight of theſe ghaſtly appearances: But on a ſudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, ſo that we felt a new reſolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this reſolution grew, the terrors before us ſeemed to vaniſh. Moſt of the company who had ſwords in their hands, marched on with great ſpirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by *Death;* while others, who had thought and Contemplation

templation in their looks, went forward in a more compoſed manner up the road poſſeſſed by *Envy*. The way above theſe apparitions grew ſmooth and uniform, and was ſo delightful, that the travellers went on with pleaſure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of AEther, and ſaw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with ſatisfaction on their paſt toils, and diffuſed a ſecret joy through the whole aſſembly, which ſhewed itſelf in every look and feature. In the midſt of theſe happy fields, there ſtood a Palace of a very glorious ſtructure: It had four great folding doors, that faced the four ſeveral quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the Goddeſs of the mountain, who ſmiled upon her votaries, and ſounded the ſilver trumpet which had called them up, and cheared them in their paſſage to her Palace. They had now formed themſelves into ſeveral diviſions, a band of Hiſtorians taking their ſtations at each door, according to the perſons whom they were to introduce.

On a ſudden the trumpet, which had hitherto ſounded only a march, or a point of war, now ſwelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: The whole fabric ſhook, and the doors flew open. The firſt who ſtepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming Hero, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, *Alexander the Great*. He was conducted by a crowd of Hiſtorians. The perſon who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous Heros. The name of this falſe guide was *Quintus Curtius*. But *Arrian* and *Plutarch*, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the firſt table. My good Dæmon, that I might ſee the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that paſſed, without being ſeen myſelf. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm ſhe bore a Harp, and on her head a Garland. *Alexander*, who was very well acquainted with *Homer*, ſtood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The Virgin, who it ſeems was one of the nine Siſters that attended on the Goddeſs of *Fame*, ſmiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæſar was now coming forward; and though moſt of the Hiſtorians offered their ſervice to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no Conductor but himſelf.

The next who advanced, was a man of an homely but chearful aſpect, and attended by perſons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occaſion. *Plato* was on his right hand, and *Xenophon* on his left. He bowed to

Homer, and ſat down by him. It was expected that *Plato* would himſelf have taken a place next to his Maſter *Socrates;* but on a ſudden there was heard a great clamor of diſputants at the door, who appeared with *Ariſtotle* at the head of them. That Philoſopher, with ſome rudeneſs, but great ſtrength of reaſon, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had ſcarce ſat down, when the ſame beautiful Virgin that had introduced *Homer* brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excuſed himſelf, had not his modeſty been overcome by the invitation of all who ſat at the table. His guide and behavior made me eaſily conclude it was *Virgil*. *Cicero* next appeared, and took his place. He had enquired at the door for *Lucceius* to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himſelf with the attendance of many other Writers, who all (except *Salluſt*) appeared highly pleaſed with the office.

We waited ſome time in expectation of the next Worthy, who came in with a great retinue of Hiſtorians, whoſe names I could not learn, moſt of them being natives of *Carthage*. The perſon thus conducted, who was *Hannibal,* ſeemed much diſturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board of the affronts he had met with among the *Roman* hiſtorians, who attempted, ſays he, to carry me into the ſubterraneous apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this Gentleman, pointing to *Polybius,* who was the only perſon, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.

The *Carthaginian* took his ſeat, and *Pompey* entered with great dignity in his own perſon, and preceeded by ſeveral Hiſtorians. *Lucan* the Poet was at the head of them, who obſerving *Homer* and *Virgil* at the table, was going to ſit down himſelf, had not the latter whiſpered him, That whatever pretence he might otherwiſe have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the Hiſtorians. *Lucan* was ſo exaſperated with the repulſe, that he muttered ſomething to himſelf, and was heard to ſay, That ſince he could not have a ſeat among them himſelf, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole aſſembly: Upon which he went to the door, and brought in *Cato* of *Utica*. That great man approached the company with ſuch an air, that ſhewed he contemned the honor which he laid a claim to. Obſerving the ſeat oppoſite to *Cæſar* was vacant, he took poſſeſſion of it; and ſpoke two or three ſmart ſentences upon the nature of Precedency, which, according to him, conſiſted not in Place, but in intrinſic Merit; to which he added, That the moſt virtuous man, wherever he was ſeated, was always at the upper end of the table. *Socrates*, who had a great ſpirit of Raillery with his wiſdom, could not forbear ſmiling at a virtue which took

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ſo little pains to make itſelf agreeable. *Cicero* took the occaſion to make a long diſcourſe in praiſe of *Cato,* which he uttered with much vehemence. *Cæſar* anſwered with a great deal of ſeeming temper: but as I ſtood at a great diſtance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they ſaid. But I could not forbear taking notice, That in all the diſcourſe which paſſed at the table, a word or a nod from *Homer* decided the controverſy.

After a ſhort pauſe, *Auguſtus* appeared looking round him with a ſerene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who ſtrove among themſelves which of them ſhould ſhew him the greateſt marks of gratitude and reſpect. *Virgil* roſe from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable gueſt to all, he appeared more ſuch to the Learned, than the military Worthies. The next man aſtoniſhed the whole table with his appearance: he was ſlow, ſolemn, and ſilent in his behavior; and wore a raiment curiouſly wrought with Hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the ſkirt of it, and diſcovered a Golden Thigh. *Socrates,* at the ſight of it, declared againſt keeping company with any who were not made of fleſh and blood; and therefore deſired *Diogenes* the *Laertian* to lead him to the apartment allotted for Fabulous Heros, and Worthies of dubious Exiſtence. At his going out he told them, That they did not know whom they diſmiſſed; that he was now *Pythagoras,* the firſt of Philoſophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the ſiege of *Troy.* That may be very true, ſaid *Socrates;* but you forget that you have likewiſe been a very great Harlot in your time. This excluſion made way for *Archimedes,* who came forward with a ſcheme of Mathematical figures in his hand; among which, I obſerved a Cone or Cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I deſired my guide for variety to lead me to the Fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimæras, and Centaurs, with many other Emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and ſkill to unriddle. The firſt Table was almoſt full. At the upper end ſat *Hercules,* leaning an arm upon his Club. On his right hand were *Achilles* and *Ulyſſes*, and between them *AEneas.* On his left were *Hector, Theſeus* and *Jaſon.* The lower end had *Orpheus, AEſop*, *Phalaris* and *Muſæus.* The Uſhers ſeemed at a loſs for a twelfth man, when methought, to my great joy and ſupriſe, I heard ſome at the lower end of the table mention *Iſaac Bickerſtaffe:* but thoſe of the upper end received it with diſdain, and ſaid, If they muſt have a *Britiſh* Worthy, they would have *Robin Hood.*

" * While I was tranſported with the honor that was done me, and burn-
" ing with envy againſt my Competitor, I was awakened by the noiſe of the
" Cannon which were then fired for the taking of *Mons.* I ſhould have been

* *This laſt paragraph written by Sir* R. Steele.

" very much troubled at being thrown out of ſo pleaſing a viſion on any " other occaſion; but thought it an agreeable change to have my thoughts " diverted from the greateſt among the dead and fabulous Heros, to the " moſt famous among the real and living.

N° 86. *Thurſday, October* 27. 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 25

When I came home laſt night, my Servant delivered me the following Letter.

SIR, *Octob.* 24.

" I Have orders from Sir *Harry Quickſet,* of *Staffordſhire,* Bart. to acquaint " you, That his Honor Sir *Harry* himſelf, Sir *Giles Wheelbarrow* Knt. *Thomas* " *Rentfree* Eſq; Juſtice of the *Quorum, Andrew Windmill* Eſq; and Mr. *Nicholas* " *Doubt* of the *Inner-Temple,* Sir *Harry*'s Grandſon, will wait upon you at " the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being *Tueſday* the 25th of *October,* " upon buſineſs which Sir *Harry* will impart to you by word of mouth. I " thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand ſo many perſons of Qua- " lity came, that you might not be ſurpriſed therewith. Which concludes, " though by many years abſence ſince I ſaw you at *Stafford,* unknown,

SIR, Your moſt humble ſervant,

John Thrifty.

I received this meſſage with leſs ſurpriſe than I believe Mr. *Thrifty* imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in very great concern how I ſhould adjuſt the Ceremonial, and demean myſelf to all theſe great men, who perhaps had not ſeen any thing above themſelves for theſe twenty years laſt paſt. I am ſure that is the caſe of Sir *Harry.* Beſides which, I was ſenſible that there was a great point in adjuſting my behavior to the ſimple 'Squire, ſo as to give him ſatisfaction, and not diſoblige the Juſtice of the *Quorum.*

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no ſooner ſet Chairs (by the Steward's Letter) and fixed my Tea-equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long ſilence, which was broke at laſt by, Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know

know better: and another voice, Nay, good Sir *Giles*——I looked out from my window, and ſaw the good company all with their hats off, and arms ſpread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much ſolemnity, in the Order Mr. *Thrifty* was ſo kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my Chamber-door, and I ſaw my old friend Sir *Harry* enter. I met him with all the reſpect due to ſo reverend a Vegetable; for you are to know, that is my ſenſe of a Perſon who remains idle in the ſame place for half a Century. I got him with great ſucceſs into his Chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my Cups. The Knight-batchelor told me, he had a great reſpect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himſelf next to Sir *Harry*, at whoſe right-hand he had ſat at every Quarter-Seſſions this thirty years, unleſs he was ſick. The Steward in the rear whiſpered the young Templer, That is true to my knowledge. I had the misfortune, as they ſtood Cheek by Jole, to deſire the 'Squire to ſit down before the Juſtice of the *Quorum*, to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of the former, and reſentment of the latter: but I ſaw my error too late, and got them as ſoon as I could into their ſeats. Well, ſaid I, Gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honor, I am to deſire you to drink a diſh of Tea. They anſwered one and all, That they never drank Tea in a morning. Not in a morning, ſaid I! ſtaring round me. Upon which the pert Jackanapes *Nick Doubt* tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his Grandfather. Here followed a profound ſilence, when the Steward in his boots and whip propoſed, That we ſhould adjourn to ſome Public-houſe, where every body might call for what they pleaſed, and enter upon the buſineſs. We all ſtood up in an inſtant, and Sir *Harry* filed off from the left very diſcreetly, counter-marching behind the chairs towards the door: after him, Sir *Giles* in the ſame manner. The ſimple 'Squire made a ſudden ſtart to follow; but the Juſtice of the *Quorum* whipped between upon the ſtand of the ſtairs. A maid going up with coals made us halt, and put us into ſuch confuſion, that we ſtood all in a heap, without any viſible poſſibility of recovering our order: for the young Jackanapes ſeemed to make a jeſt of this matter, and had ſo contrived, by preſſing amongſt us under pretence of making way, that his Grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to ſtir a ſtep, till Sir *Harry* moved firſt. We were fixed in this perplexity for ſome time, till we heard a very loud noiſe in the ſtreet; and Sir *Harry* aſking what it was, I, to make them move, ſaid it was Fire. Upon this, all ran down as faſt as they could, without order or ceremony, till we got into the ſtreet, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down *Sheer-Lane*, the impertinent Templer driving us before him, as in a ſtring, and pointing to his acquaintance who paſſed by.

I muſt

I muſt confeſs, I love to uſe people according to their own ſenſe of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the Juſtice and the ſimple 'Squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I over-heard him whiſper the Steward, That he thought it hard that a common Conjurer ſhould take place of him, though an elder 'Squire. In this order we marched down *Sheer-Lane*, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to *Temple-Bar*, Sir *Harry* and Sir *Giles* got over; but a run of Coaches kept the reſt of us on this ſide of the ſtreet: however we all at laſt landed, and drew up in very good order before *Ben. Tooke*'s ſhop, who favored our rallying with great humanity. From hence we proceeded again, till we came to *Dick*'s Coffe-houſe where I deſigned to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the ſtreet upon the ſame ceremony, We proceeded through the entry, and were ſo neceſſarily kept in order by the ſituation, that we were now got into the Coffee-houſe it ſelf, where, as ſoon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an aſcent to it encloſed in the middle of the room. The whole houſe was alarmed at this entry, made up of perſons of ſo much ſtate and ruſticity. Sir *Harry* called for a Mug of Ale, and *Dyer*'s Letter. The Boy brought the Ale in an inſtant; but ſaid, they did not take in the Letter. No! (ſays Sir *Harry*;) Then take back your Mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this houſe. Here the Templer tipped me a ſecond wink, and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was diſpoſed to be very familiar with me. In ſhort, I obſerved after a long pauſe, that the Gentlemen did not care to enter upon buſineſs till after their morning-draught, for which reaſon I called for a bottle of Mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a ſecond and a third: after which, Sir *Harry* reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, that the place was too public for buſineſs; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring ſome more friends with him.——*

* *Sir* Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this paper.*

N° 88. *Tueſday November* 1. 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 31.

——I was this morning awaked by a ſudden ſhake of the houſe; and as ſoon as I had got a little out of my conſternation, I felt another, which was followed

followed by two or three repetitions of the ſame convulſion. I got up as faſt as poſſible, girt on my rapier, and ſnatched up my hat, when my Landlady came up to me, and told me, That the Gentlewoman of the next houſe begged me to ſtep thither; for that a Lodger ſhe had taken in was run mad, and ſhe deſired my advice; as indeed every body in the whole Lane does upon important occaſions. I am not like ſome Artiſts, ſawcy, becauſe I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, ſhe had the day before let her ſecond floor to a very genteel youngiſh Man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home moſt part of the morning and evening at ſtudy; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noiſe which we then heard. I went up ſtairs with my hand upon the hilt of my Rapier, and approached this new Lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I ſaw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a ſudden, jump into the air ſo high, that his head almoſt touched the Cieling. He came down ſafe on his right foot, and again flew up alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into ſuch a quivering motion, that I thought he would have ſhaked it off, He uſed the left after the ſame manner; when on a ſudden, to my great ſurpriſe, he ſtooped himſelf incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble poſture for ſome time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himſelf with a ſudden ſpring and flew round the room in all the violence and diſorder imaginable, till he made a full pauſe for want of breath. In this interim my woman aſked what I thought: I whiſpered, That I thought this learned perſon an Enthuſiaſt, who poſſibly had his firſt education in the Peripatetic way, which was a ſect of Philoſophers who always ſtudied when walking. But obſerving him much out of breath, I thought it the beſt time to maſter him if he were diſordered, and knocked at his door. I was ſurpriſed to find him open it, and ſay with great civility, and good Mien, That he hoped he had not diſturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and deſired he would pleaſe to let me ſee his book. He did ſo, ſmiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore aſked in what language it was writ. He ſaid, It was one he ſtudied with great application; but it was his profeſſion to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a conſideration. I anſwered, That I hoped he would hereafter keep his Thoughts to himſelf; for his meditation this morning had coſt me three Coffee-diſhes, and a clean Pipe. He ſeemed concerned at that, and told me, he was a Dancing-maſter, and had been reading a Dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an Academy in *France*. He obſerved me at a ſtand, and went

went on to inform me, That no articulate motions, as well as ſounds, were expreſſed by proper characters; and that there is nothing ſo common as to communicate a Dance by a Letter. I beſeeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground room, for that otherwiſe it would be impoſſible for an Artiſt of any other kind to live near him; and that I was ſure, ſeveral of his Thoughts this morning would have ſhaken my Spectacles off my noſe, had I been my ſelf at Study.

I then took my leave of this Virtuoſo, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

N° 90 *Saturday November* 5. 1709.

——*Amoto quæramus ſeria ludo.* Hor.

——THE joining of pleaſure and pain together in ſuch devices, ſeems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it muſt have proceeded from its being the univerſal ſenſe and experience of mankind, that they have all ſpoken of it in the ſame manner. I have in my own reading remarked an hundred and three Epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety one Sentences, tending to this ſole purpoſe.

It is certain, there is no other Paſſion which does produce ſuch contrary effects in ſo great a degree: but this may be ſaid for Love, that if you ſtrike it out of the Soul, life would be inſipid, and our Being but half animated. Human Nature would ſink into deadneſs and lethargy, if not quickned with ſome active principle; and as for all others, whether Ambition, Envy, or Avarice, which are apt to poſſeſs the mind in the abſence of this paſſion, it muſt be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compenſation of ſuch exquiſite pleaſures as thoſe we find in Love. The great ſkill is to heighten the ſatisfactions and deaden the ſorrows of it, which has been the end of many of my labors, and ſhall continue to be ſo for the ſervice of the world in general, and in particular of the Fair Sex, who are always the beſt or the worſt part of it. It is pity that a paſſion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, ſhould not be cultivated to the utmoſt advantage. Reaſon, Prudence, and Good-nature, rightly apply'd, can thoroughly accompliſh this great end, provided they have always a real and conſtant Love to work upon. But this ſubject I ſhall treat more at large in the Hiſtory of my married Sifter; and in the mean time ſhall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleaſures which attend this paſſion with one of the fineſt Allegories which

which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine *Plato*, and to ſhew the opinion he himſelf had of it, aſcribed by him to his admired *Socrates*, whom he repreſents as diſcourſing with his friends, and giving the Hiſtory of Love in the following manner.

At the birth of *Beauty* (ſays he) there was a great feaſt made, and many gueſts invited: among the reſt, was the God *Plenty*, who was the ſon of the Goddeſs *Prudence*, and inherited many of his Mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the Garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great variety of Ambroſial fruits, and ſeems to have been a very proper retreat for ſuch a gueſt. In the mean time an unhappy female, called *Poverty*, having heard of this great feaſt, repaired to it in hopes of finding relief. The firſt place ſhe lights upon was *Jupiter*'s Garden, which generally ſtands open to people of all conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by chance finds the God *Plenty* aſleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herſelf down by his ſide, and managed matters ſo well that ſhe conceived a child by him. The world was very much in ſuſpence upon the occaſion, and could not imagine to themſelves what would be the nature of an Infant that was to have its Original from two ſuch Parents. At the laſt, the Child appears; and who ſhould it be but *Love*. This Infant grew up, and proved in all his behavior what he really was, a compound of oppoſite beings. As he is the Son of *Plenty*, (who was the Offspring of *Prudence*) he is ſubtle, intriguing, full of ſtratagems and devices; as the Son of *Poverty*, he is fawning, begging, ſerenading, delighting to lie at a threſhold, or beneath a window. By the Father he is audacious, full of hopes, conſcious of merit, and therefore quick of reſentment: by the Mother he is doubtful, timorous, mean-ſpirited, fearful of offending, and abject in ſubmiſſions. In the ſame hour you may ſee him tranſported with raptures, talking of immortal pleaſures, and appearing ſatisfied as a God: and immediately after, as the mortal Mother prevails in his compoſition, you behold him pining, languiſhing, deſpairing, dying.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with Fables, Allegories and the like inventions, which the politeſt and the beſt inſtructors of mankind have always made uſe of: they take off from the ſeverity of inſtruction, and inforce it at the ſame time that they conceal it: the ſuppoſing *Love* to be conceived immediately after the birth of *Beauty*, the parentage of *Plenty*, and the inconſiſtency of this paſſion with itſelf ſo naturally derived to it, are great maſter-ſtrokes in this Fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furniſh out a more pleaſing Canto than any in *Spencer*.

N° 93. *Saturday, November* 12. 1709.

Dear Sir,

I *Believe, this is the firſt Letter that was ever ſent you from the middle Region, where I am at this preſent writing. Not to keep you in ſuſpence, it comes to you from the top of the higheſt mountain in* Switzerland, *where I am now ſhivering among the eternal froſts and Snows. I can ſcarce forbear dating it in* December, *though they call it the firſt of* Auguſt *at the bottom of the mountain. I aſſure you, I can hardly keep my Ink from freezing in the middle of the Dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettieſt variety of Snow-proſpects that you can imagine, and have ſeveral pits of it before me that are very near as old as the mountain itſelf; for in this country, it is as laſting as Marble. I am now upon a ſpot of it, which they tell me fell about the reign of* Charlemain, *or King* Pepin. *The Inhabitants of the country are as great curioſities as the country itſelf: they generally hire themſelves out in their youth, and if they are muſquet-proof 'till about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to paſs the reſt of their time among their native mountains. One of the Gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the loſs of an eye only, told me by way of boaſt, That there were now ſeven wooden legs in his family; and that for theſe four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the Style of this Letter a little extraordinary; but the* Rehearſal *will tell you, that* People in clouds muſt not be confined to ſpeak ſenſe; *and I hope we that are above them may claim the ſame privilege. Whereever I am, I ſhall always be,*

SIR, Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble Servant.

From my own Apartment, November 11,

I had ſeveral hints and Advertiſements, from unknown hands, that ſome, who are enemies to my Labors, deſign to demand the faſhionable way of ſatisfaction for the diſturbance my Lucubrations have given them. I confeſs, as things now ſtand, I do not know how to deny ſuch Inviters, and am preparing myſelf accordingly: I have bought Pumps and Files, and am every morning

morning practiſing in my chamber. My neighbour the Dancing-maſter, has demanded of me, why I take this liberty, ſince I would not allow it him? But I anſwered, His was an act of an Indifferent nature, and mine of Neceſſity. My late treatiſes againſt Duels have ſo far diſobliged the fraternity of the noble ſcience of defence, that I can get none of them to ſhew me ſo much as one Paſs. I am therefore obliged to learn by Book, and have accordingly ſeveral volumes, wherein all the poſtures are exactly delineated. I muſt confeſs, I am ſhy of letting people ſee me at this exerciſe, becauſe of my Flannel waiſtcoat, and my Spectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to obſerve the poſture of the enemy.

I have upon my Chamber-walls, drawn at full length, the figures of all ſorts of men, from eight foot to three foot two inches. Within this height, I take it, that all the fighting men of *Great Britain* are comprehended. But as I puſh, I make allowances for my being of a lank and ſpare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimenſions; for I ſcorn to rob any man of his life, or to take advantage of his breadth: therefore I preſs purely in a line down from his Noſe, and take no more of him to aſſault, than he has of me: for to ſpeak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in *Carte* or in *Tierce*, beyond the dimenſions of the ſaid lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and ſuch a murder as is below a Gentleman to commit. As I am ſpare, I am alſo very tall, and behave myſelf with relation to that advantage with the ſame punctilio; and I am ready to ſtoop or ſtand, according to the ſtature of my adverſary. I muſt confeſs, I have had great ſucceſs this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the leaſt hurt, except a little ſcratch by falling on my face, in puſhing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered ſo quick, and jumped ſo nimbly into my Guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confeſſed I have writ againſt Duels with ſome warmth; but in all my diſcourſes, I have not ever ſaid, that I knew how a Gentleman could avoid a Duel if he were provoked to it; and ſince that cuſtom is now become a Law, I know nothing but the Legiſlative power, with new animadverſions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying Challenges, though we are afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at preſent. As things ſtand, I ſhall put up no more affronts; and I ſhall be ſo far from taking ill Words, that I will not take ill Looks. I therefore warn all young hot fellows, not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbours; for if they ſtare at me with their Hats cocked higher than other people, I won't bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I'll bear no frowns, even from

Ladies; and if any Woman pretends to look ſcornfully at me, I ſhall demand ſatisfaction of the next of kin of the Maſculine Gender.

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this Paper.*

N° 97. *Tueſday, November* 22. 1709.

Illud maxime rarum genus eſt eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque re ornati, Spatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potiſſimum vitæ curſum ſequi vellent. Tul. Offic.

From my own Apartment, November 21.

HAVING ſwept away prodigious multitudes in one of my late papers, and brought a great deſtruction upon my own Species, I muſt endeavor in this to raiſe freſh recruits, and, if poſſible, to ſupply the places of the unborn and the deceaſed. It is ſaid of *Xerxes,* that when he ſtood upon a hill, and ſaw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burſt out into tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive a hundred years after. For my part, when I take a ſurvey of this populous city, I can ſcarce forbear weeping, to ſee how few of its inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that I drew up my laſt Bill of Mortality, and endeavored to ſet out in it the great number of perſons who have periſhed by a diſtemper (commonly known by the name of Idleneſs) which has long raged in the world, and deſtroys more in every great town than the Plague has done at *Dantzick.* To repair the miſchief it has done, and ſtock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life thoſe that are young, than of reviving thoſe that are old. For which reaſon, I ſhall here ſet down that noble Allegory which was written by an old Author called *Prodicus*, but recommended and embelliſhed by *Socrates.* It is the deſcription of *Virtue* and *Pleaſure*, making their court to *Hercules* under the appearances of two beautiful women.

When *Hercules*, ſays the divine Moraliſt, was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to conſider what courſe of life he ought to purſue, he one day retired into a Deſert, where the ſilence and ſolitude of the place very much favored his meditations. As he was muſing on his preſent

preſent condition, and very much perplexed in himſelf on the ſtate of life he ſhould chuſe, he ſaw two women of a larger ſtature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble Air, and graceful Deportment; her beauty was natural and eaſy, her Perſon clean and unſpotted, her Eyes caſt towards the ground with an agreeable reſerve, her Motion and Behavior full of Modeſty, and her Raiment as white as ſnow. The other had a great deal of Health and Floridneſs in her countenance, which ſhe had helped with an Artificial white and red, and endeavored to appear more graceful than ordinary in her Mien, by a mixture of Affectation in all her geſtures. She had a wonderful Confidence and Aſſurance in her looks, and all the variety of colors in her dreſs that ſhe thought were the moſt proper to ſhew her complexion to an advantage. She caſt her eyes upon herſelf, then turned them on thoſe that were preſent, to ſee how they liked her, and often looked on the figure ſhe made in her own ſhadow. Upon her nearer approach to *Hercules*, ſhe ſtepped before the other Lady, (who came forward with a regular compoſed carriage) and running up to him, accoſted him after the following manner.

My dear *Hercules*, (ſays ſhe) I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuſe: be my friend and follow me; I'll lead you into the poſſeſſion of Pleaſure, and out of the reach of Pain, and remove you from all the noiſe and diſquietude of Buſineſs. The affairs of either War or Peace ſhall have no power to diſturb you. Your whole employment ſhall be to make your life eaſy, and to entertain every Senſe with its proper gratification. Sumptuous Tables, Beds of Roſes, Clouds of Perfumes, Concerts of Muſic, Crouds of Beauties are all in a readineſs to receive you. Come along with me into this Region of delights, this World of pleaſure, and bid farewel for ever to Care, to Pain, to Buſineſs—

Hercules hearing the Lady talk after this manner, deſired to know her Name; to which ſhe anſwered, My Friends, and thoſe who are acquainted with me, call me *Happineſs;* but my Enemies, and thoſe who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of *Pleaſure.*

By this time the other Lady was come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the young Hero in a very different manner.

Hercules (ſays ſhe) I offer myſelf to you, becauſe I know you are deſcended from the Gods, and give proofs of that deſcent by your love to virtue, and application to the ſtudies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourſelf and me an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my Society and Friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you, and muſt lay down this as an eſtabliſhed truth, That there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchaſed without pains and labor.

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The Gods have ſet a price upon every real and noble pleaſure. If you would gain the favor of the Deity, you muſt be at the pains of worſhipping him; if the friendſhip of good men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be honored by your country, you muſt take care to ſerve it. In ſhort, if you would be eminent in War or Peace, you muſt become maſter of all the qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propoſe Happineſs.

The Goddeſs of *Pleaſure* here broke in upon her diſcourſe; You ſee (ſaid ſhe) *Hercules*, by her own confeſſion, the way to her pleaſure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and eaſy.

Alas! (ſaid the other Lady, whoſe viſage glowed with a paſſion, made up of ſcorn and pity) What are the pleaſures you propoſe? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirſt, ſleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the moſt delicious muſic, which is the praiſe of one's ſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your Votaries paſs away their youth in a dream of miſtaken pleaſures, while they are hoarding up anguiſh, torment and remorſe for old age. As for me, I am the friend of Gods and of good Men, an agreeable companion to the Artizan, an houſhold guardian to the Fathers of Families, a patron and protector of Servants, an aſſociate in all true and generous Friendſhips. The Banquets of my Votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirſt. Their ſlumbers are ſound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have the pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in years; and thoſe who are in years, of being honored by thoſe who are young. In a word, my followers are favored by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, eſteemed by their country, and (after the cloſe of their labors) honored by poſterity.

We know, by the life of this memorable Hero, to which of theſe two Ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every one who reads this will do him the juſtice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the Speeches of theſe Ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of Virtue, or a life of Pleaſure, that could enter into the thoughts of an Heathen; but am particularly pleaſed with the different figures he gives the two Goddeſſes. Our modern Authors have repreſented *Pleaſure* or *Vice* with an alluring face, but ending in ſnakes and monſters: here ſhe appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all falſe and borrowed; and by that means, compoſes a Viſion entirely natural and pleaſing.

I have tranſlated this Allegory for the benefit of the youth of *Great Britain*; and particularly of thoſe who are ſtill in the deplorable ſtate of Non-exiſtence, and whom I moſt earneſtly intreat to come into the world. Let my Embryo's ſhew the leaſt inclination to any ſingle virtue, and I ſhall allow it to be a ſtruggling towards birth. I do not expect of them, that, like the Hero in the foregoing ſtory, they ſhould go about as ſoon as they are born, with a Club in their hands, and a Lion's ſkin on their ſhoulders, to root out Monſters, and deſtroy Tyrants; but, as the fineſt Author of all antiquity has ſaid upon this very occaſion, Though a man has not the abilities to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the moſt ſhining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being juſt, faithful, modeſt, and temperate.

N° 100. *Tueſday, November* 29. 1709.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna. Virg.

Sheer-Lane, November 28.

I Was laſt week taking a ſolitary walk in the garden of *Lincolns-Inn,* (a favor that is indulged me by ſeveral of the Benchers who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood) when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progreſs in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the ſudden riſe of many perſons who are my Juniors, and indeed at the unequal diſtribution of wealth, honor, and all other bleſſings of life. I was loſt in this thought when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The Heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and preſented me with ſuch an Hemiſphere of Stars, as made the moſt agreeable proſpect imaginable to one who delights in the ſtudy of Nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into ſuch a bright tranſparent AEther, as made every Conſtellation viſible; and at the ſame time gave ſuch a particular glowing to the Stars, that I thought it the richeſt Sky I had ever ſeen. I could not behold a ſcene ſo wonderfully adorned and lighted up, (if I may be allowed that expreſſion) without ſuitable meditations on the Author of ſuch illuſtrious and amazing objects. For on theſe occaſions, Philoſophy ſuggeſts motives to Religion, and Religion adds pleaſures to Philoſophy.

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As ſoon as I had recovered my uſual temper and ſerenity of Soul, I retired to my lodgings with the ſatisfaction of having paſſed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reaſonable creature, and promiſing myſelf that my ſlumbers would be ſweet. I no ſooner fell into them, but I dreamed a Dream, or ſaw a Viſion (for I know not which to call it) that ſeemed to riſe out of my evening meditation, and had ſomething in it ſo ſolemn and ſerious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I muſt confeſs, the wildneſs of imagination (which in a dream is always looſe and irregular) diſcovers itſelf too much in ſeveral parts of it.

Methought I ſaw the azure Sky diverſified with the ſame glorious Luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell aſleep. I was looking very attentively on that Sign in the Heavens which is called by the name of the *Balance,* when on a ſudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the Sun ſhould riſe at midnight. By its increaſing in breadth and luſtre, I ſoon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could diſcern ſomething like a Shadow hovering in the midſt of a great Glory, which in a little time after I diſtinctly perceived to be the figure of a Woman. I fancied at firſt it might have been the Angel or Intelligence that guided the Conſtellation from which it deſcended; but upon a nearer view, I ſaw about her all the Emblems with which the *Goddeſs of Juſtice* is uſually deſcribed. Her Countenance was unſpeakably awful and majeſtic, but exquiſitely beautiful to thoſe whoſe eyes were ſtrong enough to behold it; her Smiles tranſported with rapture, her Frowns terrified to deſpair. She held in her hand a Mirror, endowed with the ſame qualities as that which the Painters put into the hand of *Truth.*

There ſtreamed from it a light, which diſtinguiſhed itſelf from all the ſplendors that ſurrounded her, more than a flaſh of lightning ſhines in the midſt of day-light. As ſhe moved it in her hand, it brightened the Heavens, the Air, or the Earth. When ſhe had deſcended ſo low as to be ſeen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more ſupportable, ſhe threw Darkneſs and Clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thouſand beautiful ſhades and colors, and multiplied that luſtre, which was before too ſtrong and dazling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time the world was in an alarm, and all the Inhabitants of it gathered together upon a ſpacious plain; ſo that I ſeemed to have all the Species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the Clouds, declaring the Intention of this viſit, which was to reſtore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The Fear and Hope, Joy and Sorrow, which appeared in that great aſſembly after this ſolemn declaration, are not to be expreſſed. The firſt Edict was then pronounced, *That all Titles and Claims to*

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riches and Eſtates, or to any part of them, ſhould be immediately veſted in the rightful owner. Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the inſtruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the Goddeſs moved the Mirror of Truth which ſhe held in her hand, ſo that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the ſeveral inſtruments by the Beams of it. The Rays of this Mirror had a particular quality of ſetting fire to all Forgery and Falſhood. The blaze of papers, the melting of ſeals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd ſcene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then ſtopped; though I could not but obſerve, that the flame chiefly broke out among the Interlineations and Codicils. The light of the Mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and receſſes of the Univerſe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or deſign. This occaſioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the ſame time, the ſpoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almoſt reached to the Clouds, and was called the *Mount of Reſtitution*; to which all injured perſons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might ſee crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dreſſed with lace and embroidery. Several who were *Plumbs* or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and poſſeſſions, had no more left than what they uſually ſpent. What moved my concern moſt, was, to ſee a certain ſtreet of the greateſt credit in *Europe* from one end to the other become Bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to ſeparate themſelves into their proper Families; which was no ſooner done, but an Edict was iſſued out, requiring all Children *to repair to their true and natural Fathers.* This put a great part of their aſſembly in motion: for as the Mirror was moved over them, it inſpired every one with ſuch a natural Inſtinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy ſpectacle to ſee the Fathers of very large families become childleſs, and Batchelors undone by a charge of Sons and Daughters. You might ſee a preſumptive Heir of a great eſtate aſk bleſſing of his Coachman, and a celebrated Toaſt paying her duty to a *Valet de Chambre.* Many under Vows of Celibacy appeared ſurrounded with a numerous Iſſue. This change of parentage would have cauſed great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally thoſe who loſt their children, had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them put into the hands of their deareſt Friends. Men were no ſooner ſettled in their

Right to their poſſeſſions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, *That all the Poſts of Dignity and Honor in the Univerſe ſhould be conferred on perſons of the greateſt Merit, Abilities and Perfection.* The handſome, the ſtrong, and the wealthy, immediately preſſed forward; but not being able to bear the ſplendor of the Mirror which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the croud: but as the Goddeſs tried the multitude by her Glaſs, as the Eagle does its young ones by the luſtre of the Sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it who had not diſtinguiſhed himſelf either by Virtue, Knowledge, or Capacity in buſineſs, either military or civil. This ſelect Aſſembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious multitude, which was diffuſed on all ſides, and ſtood obſerving them, as idle people uſe to gather about a Regiment that were exerciſing their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the firſt, were the men of Virtue; in the ſecond, the men of Knowledge; and in the third, the men of Buſineſs. Itwas impoſſible to look at the firſt column without a ſecret veneration, their aſpects were ſo ſweetned with Humanity, raiſed with Contemplation, emboldened with Reſolution, and adorned with the moſt agreeable Airs, which are thoſe that proceed from ſecret habits of Virtue. I could not but take notice, That there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to ſeveral of their own body.

In the ſecond column, conſiſting of the men of Knowledge, there had been great diſputes before they fell into their ranks, which they did not do at laſt, without poſitive command of the Goddeſs who preſided over the Aſſembly. She had ſo ordered it, that men of the greateſt Genius and ſtrongeſt Senſe were placed at the head of the Column; behind theſe, were ſuch as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the Rear of the Column were men who had more Wit than ſenſe, or more Learning than Underſtanding. All living Authors of any Value were ranged in one of theſe Claſſes; but I muſt confeſs, I was very much ſurpriſed to ſee a great body of Editors, Critics, Commentators, and Grammarians, meet with ſo very ill a reception. They had formed themſelves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demanded the firſt ſtation in the Column of Knowledge; but the Goddeſs, inſtead of complying with their requeſt, clapped them all into Liveries, and bid them know themſelves for no other but Lacqueys of the Learned.

The third Column were men of Buſineſs, and conſiſted of perſons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the reſt, and placed themſelves in the Front, at which the other ſhook their heads at them, but did not think fit to diſpute the poſt with them. I could not but make ſeveral obſervations upon this laſt column of people; but I have certain private

private reaſons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the poſts of Honor, Dignity, and Profit, there was a draught made out of each Column, of men who were maſters of all three qualifications in ſome degree, and were preferred to ſtations of the firſt rank. The ſecond draught was made out of ſuch as were poſſeſſed of any two of the qualifications, who were diſpoſed of in ſtations of a ſecond dignity. Thoſe who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their ſuitable poſts. When this was over, there remained many places of truſt and profit, unfilled, for which there were freſh draughts made out of the ſurrounding multitude, who had any appearance of theſe excellencies, or were recommended by thoſe who poſſeſſed them in reality.

All were ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many new faces in the moſt eminent Dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleaſed to ſee that all my friends either kept their preſent poſts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with thoſe particulars of Mankind, I muſt reſerve for another occaſion the ſequel of it, which relates to the Fair Sex.

N° 101. *Thurſday, December* 1. 1709.

——— *Poſtquam fregit ſubſellia verſu*
Eſurit intactam Paridi niſi vendit Agaven. Juv.

From my own Apartment, November 30

THE progreſs of my intended account of what happened when *Juſtice* viſited mortals, is at preſent interrupted by the obſervation and ſenſe of an Injuſtice againſt which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the Liberty and Property of the Subject, than any other nation upon earth. This Iniquity is committed by a moſt impregnable ſet of mortals, men who are Rogues within the law; and in the very commiſſion of what they are guilty of, profeſſedly own, that they forbear no injury but from the terror of being puniſhed for it. Theſe Miſcreants are a ſet of wretches we Authors call *Pirates,* who print any Book, Poem, or Sermon, as ſoon as it appears in the world, in a ſmaller volume, and ſell it (as all other thieves do ſtolen goods) at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them Raſcals, Plunderers, Robbers, Higwaymen — But they acknowledge all that, and are pleaſed with thoſe, as well as any other titles; nay, will print them themſelves to turn the penny.

I am extremely at a loſs how to act againſt ſuch open enemies, who have not ſhame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended againſt what we can ſay, as what we can do. Railing therefore we muſt turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I conſider that all the labors of my long life may be diſappointed by the firſt man that pleaſes to rob me. I had flattered myſelf, that my ſtock of learning was worth 150 *l. per Annum,* which would very handſomely maintain me and my little family, who are ſo happy or ſo wiſe as to want only neceſſaries. Before men had come up to this bare-faced impudence, it was an eſtate to have a competency of underſtanding.

An ingenious Drole, who is ſince dead, (and indeed it is well for him he is ſo, for he muſt have ſtarved had he lived to this day) uſed to give me an account of his good huſbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his Amuſements as well comical as ſerious. The merry Rogue ſaid, when he wanted a dinner, he writ a Paragraph of *Table-Talk,* and his Bookſeller upon ſight paid the reckoning. He was a very good judge of what would pleaſe the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the ſeaſon of the year in his writings. His brain, which was his eſtate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of *November* till the opening of the Campaign he writ Pamphlets and *Letters to Members of Parliament*, or *Friends in the country:* But ſometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon *ſtrange and lamentable Accidents.* A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a Prodigy; and a Monſter well writ, was two guineas the loweſt price. This prepared his readers for *his great and bloody news* from *Flanders* in *June* and *July.* Poor *Tom!* He is gone — But I obſerved, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honeſt careleſs fellow lived till now, Famine had ſtared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it muſt be a ſolid affliction to all thoſe whoſe Pen is their Portion.

As for my part, I do not ſpeak wholly for my own ſake in this point; for Palmiſtry and Aſtrology will bring me in greater gains than theſe my Papers; ſo that I am only in the condition of a Lawyer, who leaves the Bar for Chamber-practice. However, I may be allowed to ſpeak in the cauſe of Learning itſelf, and lament, that a liberal Education is the only one which a polite Nation makes unprofitable. All mechanic Artizans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invaſion; but he that has ſeparated himſelf from the reſt of mankind, and ſtudied the wonders of the creation, the government of his paſſions, and the revolutions of

of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life ſpent in ſuch noble enquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is expoſed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and juſt reflection, That he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the ſame time that he beſt deſerves it.

According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the Adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of thoſe who ſucceed in it; and by this meaſure, none have a pretence of turning their labors to greater advantage than perſons brought up to Letters. A learned Education, paſſing through great Schools and Univerſities, is very expenſive, and conſumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper forms. The purchaſe of an handſome Commiſſion or Employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we conſider this expenſive Voyage which is undertaken in the ſearch of Knowledge, and how few there are who take in any conſiderable Merchandiſe, how leſs frequent it is to be able to turn what men have gained into profit: how hard is it, that the very ſmall number who are diſtinguiſhed with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into Port, ſhould ſuffer being plundered by Privateers under the very cannon that ſhould protect them! The moſt eminent and uſeful Author of the age we live in, after having laid out a princely Revenue in works of Charity and Beneficence, as became the Greatneſs of his Mind, and the Sanctity of his Character, would have left the perſon in the world who was the deareſt to him in a narrow condition, had not the ſale of his immortal Writings brought her in a very conſiderable Dowry; though it was impoſſible for it to be equal to their value. Every one will know, that I here mean the works of the late Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, the copy of which was ſold for 2500 *l.*

I do not ſpeak with relation to any Party; but it has happened, and may often ſo happen, that men of great Learning and Virtue cannot qualify themſelves for being employed in Buſineſs, or receiving Preferments. In this caſe, you cut them off from all Support, if you take from them the benefit that may ariſe from their Writings. For my own part, I have brought myſelf to conſider things in ſo unprejudiced a manner, that I eſteem more a man who can live by the products of his underſtanding, than one who does it by the favor of Great Men.

The zeal of an Author has tranſported me thus far, though I think myſelf as much concerned in the capacity of a Reader. If this practice goes on, we muſt never expect to ſee again a beautiful Edition of a book in *Great Britain*.

We

We have already ſeen the Memoirs of Sir *William Temple* publiſhed in the ſame character and volume with the Hiſtory of *Tom Thumb*, and the works of our greateſt Poets ſhrunk into Penny books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to ſee my Lucubrations, printed on browner paper than they are at preſent; and, if the humor continues, muſt be forced to retrench my expenſive way of living, and not ſmoke above two Pipes a day.

Sir Richard Steele *joined in this Paper.*

N° 102. *Saturday, December* 3. 1709.

From my own Apartment, December 3.

A Continuation of the Viſion.

THE Male World were diſmiſſed by the *Goddeſs of Juſtice*, and diſappeared; when on a ſudden the whole Plain was covered with Women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unſpeakable pleaſure; and as the celeſtial Light of the Mirror ſhone upon their faces, ſeveral of them ſeemed rather perſons that deſcended in the train of the Goddeſs, than ſuch who were brought before her to their Tryal. The clack of Tongues, and confuſion of Voices, in this new Aſſembly, was ſo very great, that the Goddeſs was forced to command ſilence ſeveral times, and with ſome ſeverity, before ſhe could make them attentive to her Edicts. They were all ſenſible, that the moſt important Affair among Womankind was then to be ſettled, which every one knows to be the point of Place. This had raiſed innumerable diſputes among them, and put the whole Sex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretenſions. Birth, Beauty, Wit, or Wealth, were words that rung in my Ears from all parts of the Plain. Some boaſted of the Merit of their Huſbands; others of their own Power in governing them. Some pleaded their unſpotted Virginity; others their numerous Iſſue. Some valued themſelves as they were the Mothers, and others as they were the Daughters, of conſiderable Perſons. There was not a ſingle accompliſhment unmentioned, or unpractiſed. The whole congregation was full of ſinging, dancing, toſſing, ogling, ſqueaking, ſmiling, ſighing, fanning, frowning, and all thoſe irreſiſtible arts which women put in practiſe, to captivate the hearts of reaſonable creatures. The Goddeſs, to end this diſpute, cauſed it to be proclaimed, *That every one ſhould take place according as ſhe was more or leſs Beautiful.* This declaration gave great ſatisfaction

tisfaction to the whole Aſſembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themſelves graceful in their motion, found an occaſion of falling back, advancing forwards, or making a falſe ſtep, that they might ſhew their perſons in the moſt becoming air. Such as had fine necks and boſoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and obſerve the moſt diſtant parts of the aſſembly. Several clapped their hands on their foreheads, as helping their ſight to look upon the glories that ſurrounded the Goddeſs, but in reality to ſhew fine hands and arms. The Ladies were yet better pleaſed when they heard, that in the deciſion of this great controverſy, each of them ſhould be her own Judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herſelf, when ſhe conſulted her Looking-glaſs

The Goddeſs then let down the Mirror of Truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it deſcended and approached nearer to the Eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this Looking-glaſs to baniſh all falſe appearances, and ſhew people what they are. The whole woman was repreſented, without regard to the uſual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In ſhort, the moſt accompliſhed (taking in the whole circle of female perfections) were the moſt beautiful; and the moſt defective, the moſt deformed. The Goddeſs ſo varied the motion of the Glaſs, and placed it in ſo different lights, that each had an opportunity of ſeeing herſelf in it.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the Rage, the Pleaſure, or Aſtoniſhment, that appeared in each face upon its repreſentation in the Mirror: Multitudes ſtarted at their own Form, and would have broke the Glaſs if they could have reached it. Many ſaw their blooming Features wither as they looked upon them, and their Self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The Lady who was thought ſo agreeable in her anger, and was ſo often celebrated for a woman of fire and ſpirit, was frighted at her own Image, and fancied ſhe ſaw a Fury in the Glaſs. The intereſted Miſtreſs beheld a Harpy, and the ſubtle Jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to ſee ſuch a deſtruction of fine faces; but at the ſame time had the pleaſure of ſeeing ſeveral improved, which I had before looked upon as the greateſt Maſter-pieces of Nature. I obſerved, that ſome few were ſo humble as to be ſurpriſed at their own charms; and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and ſeverity of a Veſtal, ſhined forth in all the graces and attractions of a Syren. I was raviſhed at the ſight of a particular Image in the Mirror, which I think the moſt beautiful Object that my eyes ever beheld. There was ſomething more than human in her countenance: her eyes were ſo full of light, that they ſeemed to beautify every thing they looked

looked upon. Her face was enlivened with ſuch a florid bloom, as did not ſo properly ſeem the mark of Health, as of Immortality. Her ſhape, her ſtature, and her mein, were ſuch as diſtinguiſhed her even there where the whole Fair Sex was aſſembled.

I was impatient to ſee the Lady repreſented by ſo divine an Image, whom I found to be the perſon that ſtood at my Right hand, and in the ſame point of view with myſelf. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five foot high, though at preſent ſhrunk to about three quarters of that meaſure. Her natural aſpect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with grey hairs. I had obſerved all along an innocent chearfulneſs in her face, which was now heightened into rapture as ſhe beheld herſelf in the glaſs. It was an odd circumſtance in my Dream, (but I cannot forbear relating it) I conceived ſo great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of diſcourſing her upon the point of marriage, when on a ſudden ſhe was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleaſed with their own Images, ſhould ſeparate, and place themſelves at the head of their Sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, conſiſting of Maids, Wives, and Widows; the Wives being placed in the middle, with the Maids on the right, and the Widows on the left; though it was with difficulty that theſe two laſt bodies were hindred from falling into the Centre. This ſeparation of thoſe, who liked their real ſelves, not having leſſened the number of the main Body ſo conſiderably as it might have been wiſhed, the Goddeſs, after having drawn up her Mirror, thought fit to make new diſtinctions among thoſe who did not like the figure which they ſaw in it. She made ſeveral wholeſome Edicts, which are ſlipt out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great ſeverity. Their deſign was, to make an example of two extremes in the Female world; of thoſe who are very ſevere on the conduct of others, and of thoſe who are very regardleſs of their own. The firſt ſentence therefore the Goddeſs pronounced, was, *That all Females addicted to Cenſoriouſneſs and Detraction, ſhould loſe the Uſe of Speech;* a puniſhment which would be the moſt grievous to the offender, and (what ſhould be the end of all puniſhments) effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this Edict, which was as ſoon executed as publiſhed, the noiſe of the Aſſembly very conſiderably abated. It was a melancholy ſpectacle, to ſee ſo many who had the reputation of rigid Virtue ſtruck dumb. A Lady who ſtood by me, and ſaw my concern, told me, ſhe wondered how I could be concerned for ſuch a pack of ——I found, by the ſhaking of her head, ſhe was going to give me their Characters; but by her ſaying no more, I perceived

ceived ſhe had loſt the command of her Tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Prudes*, a courtly word for Female Hypocrites, who have a ſhort way to being virtuous, by ſhewing that others are vicious. The ſecond Sentence was then pronounced againſt the looſe part of the Sex, *That all ſhould immediately be pregnant, who in any part of their lives had ran the hazard of it.* This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed ſo many miſconducts, that made thoſe who were lately ſtruck dumb, repine more than ever at their want of utterance, though at the ſame time (as afflictions ſeldom come ſingle) many of the Mutes were alſo ſeized with this new calamity. The Ladies were now in ſuch a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the Plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their Lines on all ſides. It was a ſenſible affliction to me, to ſee ſuch a multitude of Fair ones either dumb or big-bellied: But I was ſomething more at eaſe, when I found that they agreed upon ſeveral regulations to cover ſuch misfortunes. Among others, that it ſhould be an eſtabliſhed Maxim in all nations, That a woman's firſt child might come into the world within ſix months after her acquaintance with her Huſband; and that Grief might retard the birth of her laſt till fourteen months after his deceaſe.

This Viſion laſted till my uſual hour of waking, which I did with ſome ſurpriſe, to find myſelf alone, after having been engaged almoſt a whole night in ſo prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder, at the partiality and extravagance of my Viſion; which, according to my thoughts, has not done Juſtice to the Sex. If Virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which *Milton* has very finely expreſſed in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, where *Adam*, ſpeaking of *Eve*, after having aſſerted his own Preeminence, as being firſt in the Creation and internal faculties, breaks out into the following rapture:

——— *Yet when I approach*
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems;
And in herſelf complete, ſo well to know
Her Own, that what ſhe wills to do, or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt.
All higher Knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded. Wiſdom, in diſcourſe with her,
Loſes, diſcountenanced, and like Folly ſhews.
Authority and Reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made

Occaſionally: and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of Mind and Nobleneſs their ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelic placed.

N° 103. *Tueſday, December* 6. 1709.

——— *Hæ nugæ ſeria ducunt*
In mala, deriſum ſemel exceptumque ſiniſtrè. Hor.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

THERE is nothing gives a man greater ſatisfaction, than the ſenſe of having diſpatched a great deal of Buſineſs, eſpecially when it turns to the public Emolument. I have much pleaſure of this kind upon my ſpirits at preſent, occaſioned by the fatigue of Affairs which I went through laſt *Saturday*. It is ſome time ſince I ſet apart that day for examining the pretenſions of ſeveral who had applied to me, for Canes, Perſpective-glaſſes, Snuff-boxes, Orange-flower-waters, and the like Ornaments of Life. In order to adjuſt this matter, I had before directed *Charles Lillie* of *Beauford-buildings* to prepare a great bundle of blank Licences in the following words:

You are hereby required to permit the Bearer of this Cane to paſs and repaſs through the ſtreets and ſuburbs of London, *or any place within ten miles of it, without lett or moleſtation; provided that he does not walk with it under his Arm, brandiſh it in the Air, or hang it on a Button: In which caſe it ſhall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who ſhall think it ſafe to take it from him.*

Iſaac Bickerſtaffe.

The ſame form, differing only in the Proviſo's, will ſerve for a Perſpective, Snuff-box, or perfumed Handkerchief. I had placed myſelf in my Elbow-chair at the upper end of my great Parlor, having ordered *Charles Lillie* to take his place upon a Joint-ſtool with a Writing-deſk before him. *John Morphew* alſo took his ſtation at the door; I having for his good and faithful ſervices, appointed him my Chamber-keeper upon Court-days. He let me know, That there were a great number attending without. Upon which

which, I ordered him to give notice, That I did not intend to ſit upon Snuff-boxes that day; but that thoſe who appeared for Canes might enter. The firſt preſented me with the following Petition, which I order'd Mr. *Lillie* to read.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaffe* Eſq; Cenſor of *Great Britain.*

The humble Petition of Simon Trippit,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioner having being bred up to a Cane from his youth, it is now become as neceſſary to him as any other of his limbs.

That a great part of his Behavior depending upon it, he ſhould be reduced to the utmoſt neceſſities if he ſhould loſe the uſe of it.

That the Knocking of it upon his ſhoe, Leaning one leg upon it, or Whiſtling with it on his mouth, are ſuch great reliefs to him in converſation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

That he is at preſent engaged in an Amour, and muſt deſpair of ſucceſs, if it be taken from him.

Your Petitioner therefore hopes, that (the premiſes tenderly conſidered) your Worſhip will not deprive him of ſo uſeful and ſo neceſſary a ſupport.

And your Petitioner ſhall ever, *&c.*

Upon hearing of his caſe, I was touched with ſome compaſſion, and the more ſo when upon obſerving him nearer I found he was a *Prig*. I bid him produce his Cane in Court, which he had left at the door. He did ſo, and I finding it to be very curiouſly clouded, with a tranſparent Amber head, and a blue Ribbon to hang upon his wriſt, I immediately ordered my Clerk *Lillie* to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with Walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in the week, and ſo abate proportionably till he found himſelf able to go alone.

The ſecond who appeared, came limping into the court: and ſetting forth in his petition many pretences for the uſe of a Cane, I cauſed them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different ſtories, and confronting him with ſeveral witneſſes who had ſeen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. *Lillie* to take in his Cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a ſlight Stick, and in danger of falling every ſtep he took. I ſaw the weakneſs of his arms, and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his Cane, and gave him a new pair of Crutches, with which he went off in great vigor and alacrity. This Gentleman was

ſucceeded by another, who ſeemed very much pleaſed while his petition was reading, in which he had repreſented, That he was extremely afflicted with the Gout, and ſet his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that diſtemper. I ſuſpected him for an Impoſtor, and having ordered him to be ſearched, I committed him into the hands of Dr. *Thomas Smith* in *King-ſtreet* (my own Corn-cutter) who attended in an outward room; and wrought ſo ſpeedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to ſend Him alſo away without his Cane.

While I was thus diſpenſing Juſtice, I heard a noiſe in my outward room; and inquiring what was the occaſion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was paſſing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively freſh-colored young man, who made great reſiſtance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make uſe of his Cane, which hung upon his fifth Button. Upon examination, I found him to be an *Oxford* ſcholar, who was juſt entered at the *Temple*. He at firſt diſputed the Juriſdiction of the court; but being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, That he looked upon ſuch a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a Cane in his hand. It is well known (ſays he) we ought, according to the natural ſituation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wiſdom of the ancients had deſcribed man to be an Animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that a Cane might very properly become part of us in ſome period of life. Upon which I aſked him, Whether he wore it at his breaſt to have it in readineſs when that period ſhould arrive? My young lawyer immediately told me, He had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleaſed, and to make uſe of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it: And further ſaid, That he never took it off his Button, unleſs it were to lift it up at a Coachman, hold it over the head of a Drawer, point out the Circumſtances of a ſtory, or for other ſervices of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land. I did not care for diſcouraging a young man, who, I ſaw, would come to good; and becauſe his heart was ſet upon his new purchaſe, I only ordered him to wear it about his Neck, inſtead of hanging it upon his Button, and ſo diſmiſſed him.

There were ſeveral appeared in court, whoſe pretenſions I found to be very good, and therefore gave many their Licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their Licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameneſs than I had before allowed them.

Having diſpatched this ſet of my Petitioners, there came in a well-dreſſed Man, with a Glaſs-tube in one hand, and his Petition in the other. Upon his entering

entering the room, he threw back the right ſide of his Wig, put forward his right Leg, and advancing the Glaſs to his right Eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my obſervations alſo, I put on my Spectacles; in which poſture we ſurveyed each other for ſome time. Upon the removal of our Glaſſes, I deſired him to read his Petition, which he did very promptly and eaſily; though at the ſame time it ſet forth, that he could ſee nothing diſtinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a prayer, That he might be permitted to ſtrengthen and extend his ſight by a Glaſs. In anſwer to this, I told him, he might ſometimes extend it to his own deſtruction. As you are now (ſaid I) you are out of the reach of Beauty; the ſhafts of the fineſt Eyes loſe their force before they can come at you; you cannot diſtinguiſh a Toaſt from an Orange-wench; you can ſee a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to diſcompoſe you. In ſhort, what are ſnares for others,——My Petitioner would hear no more, but told me very ſeriouſly, Mr *Bickerſtaffe*, you quite miſtake your Man; it is the Joy, the Pleaſure, the Employment of my Life, to frequent public Aſſemblies, and gaze upon the Fair. In a word, I found his uſe of a Glaſs was occaſioned by no other infirmity but his Vanity, and was not ſo much deſigned to make him ſee, as to make him be ſeen and diſtinguiſhed by others. I therefore refuſed him a Licence for a Perſpective, but allowed him a pair of Spectacles, with full permiſſion to uſe them in any public Aſſembly as he ſhould think fit. He was followed by ſo very few of this order of men, that I have reaſon to hope this ſort of cheats are almoſt at an end.

The Orange-flower-men appeared next with Petitions, perfumed ſo ſtrongly with Muſk, that I was almoſt overcome with the ſcent; and for my own ſake, was obliged forthwith to licenſe their Handkerchiefs, eſpecially when I found they had ſweetned them at *Charles Lillie*'s, and that ſome of their perſons would not be altogether inoffenſive without them. *John Morphew*, whom I have made the General of my dead men, acquainted me, That the Petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it if I required it. I was ſo well pleaſed, with this way of their embalming themſelves, that I commanded the aboveſaid *Morphew* to give it in orders to his whole army, That every one who did not ſurrender himſelf up to be diſpoſed of by the Upholders, ſhould uſe the ſame method to keep himſelf ſweet during his preſent ſtate of putrefaction.

I finiſhed my Seſſion with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for however ſlightly men may regard theſe particularities and little follies in dreſs and behavior, they lead to greater Evils. The bearing to be laugh'd at for ſuch ſingularities, teaches us inſenſibly an impertinent fortitude,

fortitude, and enables us to bear public cenſure for things which more ſubſtantially deſerve it. By this means they open a gate to Folly, and oftentimes render a man ſo ridiculous, as diſcredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Beſides, the giving into uncommon habits of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind; and (what is worſt of all) the certain indication of ſome ſecret flaw in the mind of the perſon that commits them. When I was a young man, I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad Belt, and a Hanger inſtead of a faſhionable Sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I ſuſpected him at firſt ſight to have ſomething wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to diſcover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly, for ſix and thirty years, when at laſt, to the ſurpriſe of every body but myſelf, who had long expected to ſee the Folly break out, he married his own Cook-maid.

Sir Richard Steele *joined in this Paper.*

N° 108. *Saturday, December* 17, 1709.

Pronaque cum ſpectant animalia cætera terram,
Os homini Sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Juſſit———— Ovid. Met.

Sheer-Lane, December 16,

IT is not to be imagined, how great an effect well-diſpoſed Lights, with proper Forms and Orders in Aſſemblies, have upon ſome tempers. I am ſure I feel it in ſo extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or diſagreeable impreſſion which I receive on ſuch occaſions. For this reaſon, I frequently look in at the Playhouſe, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with ſome new Ideas, that may be ſerviceable to me in my Lucubrations.

In this diſpoſition I entered the Theatre the other day, and placed myſelf in a corner of it, very convenient for ſeeing, without being myſelf obſerved. I found the Audience huſhed in a very deep attention, and did not queſtion but ſome noble Tragedy was juſt then in its criſis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of an Hero. While

I was in this ſuſpenſe, expecting every moment to ſee my friend Mr. *Betterton* appear in all the Majeſty of Diſtreſs, to my unſpeakable amazement, there came up a Monſter with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raiſed himſelf on one leg in ſuch a perpendicular poſture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twiſted itſelf into the motions and wreathings of ſeveral different Animals, and after great variety of Shapes and Transformations, went off the Stage in the figure of an human Creature. The admiration, the applauſe, the ſatisfaction of the audience, during this ſtrange entertainment, is not to be expreſſed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear Countrymen, and looked about with ſome apprehenſion for fear any Foreigner ſhould be preſent. Is it poſſible (thought I) that human nature can rejoice in its diſgrace, and take pleaſure in ſeeing its own figure turned to Ridicule, and diſtorted into forms that raiſe Horror and Averſion? There is ſomething diſingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear ſuch a ſight. Men of elegant and noble minds, are ſhocked at ſeeing the characters of perſons who deſerve Eſteem for their Virtue, Knowledge, or Services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by miſrepreſentation made the ſubject of Buffoonry. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that thoſe who have nothing but the outward figure to diſtinguiſh them as men, ſhould delight in ſeeing it abuſed, vilified and diſgraced.

I muſt confeſs, there is nothing that more pleaſes me, in all that I read in books, or ſee among mankind, than ſuch paſſages as repreſent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a Creature made up of different Extremes, he has ſomething in him very great and very mean: a ſkilful Artiſt may draw an excellent picture of him in either view. The fineſt Authors of Antiquity have taken him on the more advantagious ſide. They cultivate the natural Grandeur of the Soul, raiſe in her a generous Ambition, feed her with hopes of Immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the Virtuous and the Vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between Gods and Brutes. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to read a page in *Plato, Tully*, and a thouſand other antient Moraliſts, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modiſh *French* Authors, or thoſe of our own country who are the Imitators and Admirers of that trifling nation, without being for ſome time out of humor with myſelf, and at every thing about me. Their buſineſs is, to depreciate Human Nature, and conſider it under its worſt appearances. They give mean Interpretations and baſe Motives to the worthieſt Actions: they reſolve Virtue and vice into Conſtitution. In ſhort, they endeavor to make no diſtinction between man and man, or between the

the Species of Men and that of Brutes. As an Inſtance of this kind of Authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated *Rochefoucault,* who is the great Philoſopher for adminiſtring of conſolation to the Idle, the Envious, and Worthleſs part of Mankind.

I remember a young Gentleman of moderate Underſtanding, but great Vivacity who by dipping into many Authors of this nature, had got a little ſmattering of Knowledge, juſt enough to make an Atheiſt or a Free-thinker, but not a Philoſopher or a man of Senſe. With theſe Accompliſhments, he went to viſit his Father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honeſt man, and wiſe, though not learned. The Son, who took all opportunities to ſhew his Learning, began to eſtabliſh a new Religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowneſs of their country notions, in which he ſucceeded ſo well, that he had ſeduced the Butler by his table-talk, and ſtaggered his eldeſt Siſter. The old Gentleman began to be alarmed at the Schiſms that aroſe among his children, but did not yet believe his Son's doctrine to be ſo pernicious as it really was, 'till one day talking of his Setting-dog, the Son ſaid, He did not queſtion but *Tray* was as Immortal as any one of the family; and in the heat of the Argument told his Father, That for his own Part, he expected to die like a Dog. Upon which, the old man ſtarting up in a very great paſſion, cried out, Then, Sirrah, you ſhall live like one; and taking his Cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his Syſtem. This had ſo good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a Bencher in the *Middle-Temple*,

I do not mention this Cudgelling part of the Story with a deſign to engage the Secular Arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itſelf in affairs of Opinion and Speculation, it ought to do it on ſuch ſhallow and deſpicable Pretenders to knowledge, who endeavor to give man dark and uncomfortable proſpects of his Being, and deſtroy thoſe Principles which are the Support, Happineſs, and Glory, of all public ſocieties, as well as private perſons.

I think it is one of *Pythagoras*'s Golden Sayings, *That a man ſhould take care above all things to have a due reſpect for himſelf:* and it is certain, that this licentious ſort of Authors, who are for depreciating Mankind, endeavored to diſappoint and undo what the moſt refined Spirits have been laboring to advance ſince the beginning of the world. The very deſign of Dreſs, Good-breeding, outward Ornaments, and Ceremony, were to lift up human Nature, and ſet it off to an advantage. Architecture, Painting, and Statuary, were invented with the ſame deſign; as indeed every Art and Science contributes to the embelliſhment of Life, and to the wearing off or throwing into ſhades the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great

great end more than all the reſt, as may be ſeen in the following paſſage, taken out of Sir *Francis Bacon*'s *Advancement of Learning*, which gives a truer and better account of this Art than all the Volumes that were ever written upon it.

Poetry, eſpecially heroical, ſeems to be raiſed altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man's nature. For ſeeing this ſenſible world is in dignity inferior to the Soul of man, Poeſy ſeems to endow human Nature with that which Hiſtory denies; and to give ſatisfaction to the mind, with at leaſt the ſhadow of things, where the Subſtance cannot be had. For if the matter be throughly conſidered, a ſtrong Argument may be drawn from Poeſy, that a more ſtately greatneſs of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety, delights the Soul of man, than any way can be found in nature ſince the fall. Wherefore ſeeing the acts and events, which are the ſubjects of true hiſtory, are not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man; Poeſy is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical. Becauſe true hiſtory reports the ſucceſſes of buſineſs not proportionable to the merit of Virtues and Vices, Poeſy corrects it, and preſents events and fortunes according to deſert, and according to the law of Providence: becauſe true Hiſtory, through the frequent ſatiety and ſimilitude of things, works a diſtaſte and miſpriſion in the mind of man, Poeſy cheereth and refreſheth the Soul, chanting things rare and various, and full of viciſſitudes. So as Poeſy ſerveth and conferreth to delectation, Magnanimity and Morality; and therefore it may ſeem deſervedly to have ſome participation of Divineneſs, becauſe it doth raiſe the Mind, and exalt the Spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the Shews of things to the deſires of the mind; and not ſubmitting the mind to things, as Reaſon and Hiſtory do. And by theſe allurements and congruities, whereby it cheriſhes the Soul of man, joined alſo with conſort of Muſic, whereby it may more ſweetly inſinuate itſelf, it hath won ſuch acceſs, that it hath been in eſtimation even in rude times, and barbarous nations, when other learning ſtood excluded.

But there is nothing which favors and falls in with this natural greatneſs and Dignity of human Nature ſo much as Religion, which does not only promiſe the entire refinement of the Mind, but the glorifying of the Body, and the Immortality of Both.

N° 110. *Thurſday, December* 22. 1709.

——*Quæ lucis miſeris tam dira cupido?* Virg.

Sheer-Lane, December 21.

AS ſoon as I had placed myſelf in my Chair of Judicature, I ordered my Clerk Mr. *Lillie* to read to the Aſſembly (who were gathered together according to notice) a certain Declaration, by way of charge to open the purpoſe of my Seſſion, which tended only to this explanation, That as other Courts were often called to demand the Execution of perſons Dead in Law, ſo this was held to give the laſt orders relating to thoſe who are Dead in Reaſon. The Solicitor of the new company of Upholders near the *Hay-Market* appeared in behalf of that uſeful ſociety, and brought in an accuſation of a young woman, who herſelf ſtood at the Bar before me. Mr. *Lillie* read her Indictment, which was in ſubſtance, That whereas Mrs. *Rebecca Pinduſt*, of the Pariſh of St. *Martin in the Fields,* had, by the uſe of one inſtrument called a Looking-glaſs, and by the further uſe of certain attire, made either of Cambrick, Muſlin, or other Linen wares, upon her head, attained to ſuch an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that ſhe the ſaid *Rebecca* had put to death ſeveral young men of the ſaid Pariſh; and that the ſaid young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called *Love-Letters* (which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and ſealed with a particular wax; with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the ſaid Seals) that they died for the ſaid *Rebecca*: and whereas the ſaid *Rebecca* perſiſted in the ſaid evil practice; this way of life the ſaid Society conſtrued to be, according to former Edicts, a ſtate of Death, and demanded an order for the Interment of the ſaid *Rebecca*.

I looked upon the Maid with great humanity, and deſired her to make anſwer to what was ſaid againſt her. She ſaid, It was indeed true, that ſhe had practiſed all the arts and means ſhe could to diſpoſe of herſelf happily in marriage, but thought ſhe did not come under the cenſure expreſſed in my writings for the ſame; and humbly hoped, I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her Accuſers, who, according to their own words, had rather repreſented her Killing than Dead. She further alledged, That the Expreſſions mentioned in the papers written to her, were become meer words,

words, and that ſhe had been always ready to marry any of thoſe who ſaid they Died for her; but that they made their eſcape as ſoon as they found themſelves pitied or believed. She ended her diſcourſe, by deſiring I would for the future ſettle the meaning of the words, *I die*, in Letters of Love.

Mrs. *Pinduſt* behaved herſelf with ſuch an Air of Innocence, that ſhe eaſily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occaſion, I gave it as a ſtanding Rule, That any perſons, who in any Letter, Billet, or Diſcourſe, ſhould tell a Woman he Died for her, ſhould, if ſhe pleaſed, be obliged to Live with her, or be immediately interred upon ſuch their own confeſſion, without Bail or Mainpriſe.

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her Admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A Letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read; in which were the following words; *Cruel Creature, I die for you.* It was obſervable that he took Snuff all the time his Accuſation was reading. I aſked him, How he came to uſe theſe words, if he were not a dead Man? He told me, He was in love with a Lady, and did not know any other way of telling her ſo; and that all his acquaintance took the ſame method. Though I was moved with compaſſion towards him by reaſon of the weakneſs of his parts, yet for Example's-ſake, I was forced to anſwer, Your Sentence ſhall be a warning to all the reſt of your Companions; not to tell lies for want of wit. Upon this, he began to beat his Snuff-box with a very ſaucy air; and opening it again, Faith *Iſaac*, ſaid he, thou art a very unaccountable old Fellow——Pr'ythee, who gave thee Power of Life and Death? What-a-pox haſt thou to do with Ladies and Lovers? I ſuppoſe thou wouldſt have a Man be in company with his Miſtreſs, and ſay nothing to her. Doſt thou call breaking a Jeſt, telling a Lie? Ha! Is that thy wiſdom, old Stiffrump, ha? He was going on with this inſipid common-place mirth, ſometimes opening his box, ſometimes ſhutting it, then viewing the Picture on the Lid, and then the workmanſhip of the Hinge, when, in the midſt of his Eloquence, I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately ſtruck ſpeechleſs, and carried off ſtone dead.

The next who appeared, was a hale old Fellow of ſixty. He was brought in by his relations, who deſired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a diſtinct account of the Priſoner, a credible Witneſs depoſed, That he always roſe at ten of the clock, played with his Cat till twelve, ſmoked Tobacco till one, was at Dinner till two, then took another Pipe, played at Backgammon till ſix, talked of one Madam *Frances*, an old Miſtreſs of his, till eight, repeated the ſame account at the Tavern till ten, then returned home, took the other Pipe, and then to bed. I aſked him, what he had to ſay for himſelf?

ſelf? As to what (ſaid he) they mention concerning Madam *Frances*——I did not care for hearing a *Canterbury* Tale, and therefore thought myſelf ſeaſonably interrupted by a young Gentleman who appeared in the behalf of the old Man, and prayed an Arreſt of Judgment; for that he the ſaid young Man held certain lands by his the ſaid old Man's life. Upon this, the Solicitor of the Upholders took an occaſion to demand him alſo, and thereupon produced ſeveral Evidences that witneſſed to his Life and Converſation. It appeared, that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themſelves and to the public. They roſe at the ſame hour: while the old Man was playing with his Cat, the young one was looking out of his Window; while the old Man was ſmoking his Pipe, the young Man was rubbing his Teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dreſſing; while one was at Backgammon, the other was at dinner; while the old Fellow was talking of Madam *Frances*, the young one was either at Play, or toaſting Women whom he never converſed with. The only difference was, That the young Man had never been good for any thing; the old Man, a Man of Worth, before he knew Madam *Frances*. Upon the whole, I ordered them both to be interred together, with Inſcriptions proper to their Characters, ſignifying, That the old Man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709. And over the young one it was ſaid, That he departed this world in the 25th year of his Death.

The next Claſs of Criminals, were Authors in Proſe and Verſe. Thoſe of them who had produced any ſtill-born work were immediately diſmiſſed to their Burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithſtanding ſome ſprightly Iſſue in their Life-time, had given proofs of their Death, by ſome Poſthumous Children, that bore no reſemblance to their elder brethren. As for thoſe who were the Fathers of a mixed Progeny, provided always they could prove the laſt to be a live Child, they eſcaped with life, but not without loſs of limbs; for in this caſe, I was ſatisfied with Amputation of the Parts which were mortified.

Theſe were followed by a great crowd of ſuperannuated Benchers of the Inns of Court, Senior Fellows of Colleges, and defunct Statemen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the reſt a reprieve for one year, with a promiſe of a free Pardon in caſe of Reſuſcitation.

There were ſtill great Multitudes to be examined; but finding it very late, I adjourned the Court; not without the ſecret pleaſure that I had done my Duty, and furniſhed out an handſome Execution.

Going out of the Court, I received a Letter, informing me, That in Purſuance of the Edict of Juſtice in one of my late Viſions, all thoſe of the Fair Sex began to appear Pregnant who had run any hazard of it; as was manifeſt

feſt by a particular Swelling in the Petticoats of ſeveral Ladies in and about this great City. I muſt confeſs, I do not attribute the riſing of this part of the Dreſs to this occaſion, yet muſt own, that I am very much diſpoſed to be offended with ſuch a new and unaccountable Faſhion. I ſhall however pronounce nothing upon it, till I have examined all that can be ſaid for and againſt it. And in the mean time, think fit to give this notice to the Fair Ladies who are now making up their Winter-ſuits, that they may abſtain from all Dreſſes of that kind, till they ſhall find what Judgment will be paſſed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they ſhould put themſelves to an unneceſſary expence; and I could not but think myſelf to blame, if I ſhould hereafter forbid them the wearing of ſuch Garments, when they have laid out money upon them, without having given them any previous admonitions.

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this paper.*

N°III. *Saturday, December* 24. 1709.

—— *Procul O! Procul eſte profani!* Virg.

Sheer-Lane, December 23.

THE Watchman, who does me particular Honors, as being the chief man in the Lane, gave ſo very great a thump at my door laſt night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myſelf complimented with the uſual Salutation of *Good Morrow Mr.* Bickerſtaffe, *Good Morrow my Maſters all.* The ſilence and darkneſs of the night diſpoſed me to be more than ordinarily ſerious: and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects, by the avocations of ſenſe, my thoughts naturally fell upon myſelf. I was conſidering, amidſt the ſtilneſs of the night, What was the proper employment of a Thinking being? What were the Perfections it ſhould propoſe to itſelf? And, What the End it ſhould aim at? My Mind is of ſuch a particular caſt, that the falling of a ſhower of rain, or the whiſtling of wind, at ſuch a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with ſomething awful and ſolemn. I was in this diſpoſition, when our Bellman began his midnight Homily (which he has been repeating to us every winter night for theſe twenty years) with the uſual exordium.

Oh!

Oh! mortal Man, thou that art born in Sin!

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themſelves juſt and reaſonable, however debaſed by the circumſtances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of Gallantry, Politeneſs, and Ridicule. The temper which I now found myſelf in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of thoſe lines in *Shakeſpear,* wherein, according to his agreeable wildneſs of Imagination, he has wrought a country tradition into a beautiful piece of Poetry. In the tragedy of *Hamlet,* where the Ghoſt vaniſhes upon the Cock's crowing, he takes occaſion to mention its crowing all hours of the night about *Chriſtmas* time, and to inſinuate a kind of religious veneration for that ſeaſon.

It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some ſay, That ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long;
And then, ſay they, no Spirit dares walk abroad:
The nights are wholſom, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no witch has power to charm;
So hallowed, and ſo gracious is the time.

This admirable Author, as well as the beſt and greateſt men of all ages, and of all nations, ſeems to have had his mind throughly ſeaſoned with Religion, as is evident by many paſſages in his plays, that would not be ſuffered by a modern audience; and are therefore certain inſtances, that the age he lived in had a much greater ſenſe of Virtue than the preſent.

It is indeed a melancholy reflection to conſider, That the *Britiſh* nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its Councils and Conqueſts than it ever was before, ſhould diſtinguiſh itſelf by a certain Looſeneſs of Principles, and a falling off from thoſe Schemes of Thinking, which conduce to the happineſs and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from the works of a few ſolemn Blockheads, that meet together with the zeal and ſerioufneſs of Apoſtles, to extirpate common ſenſe, and propagate Infidelity. Theſe are the wretches, who, without any ſhew of Wit, Learning, or Reaſon, publiſh their crude conceptions with the ambition of appearing more wiſe than the reſt of mankind, upon no other pretence, than that of diſſenting from them. One gets by heart a Catalogue of Title Pages and Editions; and immediately to become conſpicuous, declares that

that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a Receipt, or cut up a Dog, and forthwith argues againſt the Immortality of the Soul. I have known many a little Wit, in the oſtentation of his parts, rally the truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. Theſe poor wretches talk Blaſphemy for want of diſcourſe, and are rather the objects of Scorn or Pity, than of our Indignation; but the grave Diſputant, that reads, and writes, and ſpends all his time in convincing himſelf and the world that he is no better than a Brute, ought to be whipped out of a Government, as a Blot to a civil Society, and a Defamer of Mankind. I love to conſider an Infidel, whether diſtinguiſhed by the title of Deiſt, Atheiſt, or Free-thinker, in three different lights, in his Solitudes, his Afflictions, and his laſt Moments.

A wiſe man, that lives up to the principles of Reaſon and Virtue, if one conſiders him in his Solitude, as taking in the Syſtem of the Univerſe, obſerving the mutual dependance and harmony, by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his Paſſions, or ſwelling his thoughts with magnificent Ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent Being, than the greateſt Conqueror amidſt the pomps and ſolemnities of a Triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an Atheiſt in his retirement. His Mind is incapable of Rapture or Elevation: he can only conſider himſelf as an inſignificant figure in a Landſcape, and wandring up and down in a Field or Meadow, under the ſame terms as the meaneſt Animals about him, and ſubject to as total a Mortality as they, with this aggravation, That he is the only one amongſt them who lies under the Apprehenſion of it.

In Diſtreſſes, he muſt be of all creatures the moſt helpleſs and forlorn; he feels the whole preſſure of a preſent calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is paſſed, or the proſpect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greateſt Bleſſing that he propoſes to himſelf, and an Halter or a Piſtol the only Refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of theſe gloomy Miſcreants in his pooreſt figure, you muſt conſider him under the terrors, or at the approach, of Death.

About thirty years ago I was a ſhipboard with one of theſe Vermin, when there aroſe a briſk Gale, which could frighten nobody but himſelf. Upon the rowling of the Ship he fell upon his knees, and confeſſed to the Chaplain, that he had been a vile Atheiſt, and had denied a Supreme Being ever ſince he came to his Eſtate. The good man was aſtoniſhed, and a report immediately ran through the ſhip, That there was an Atheiſt upon the Upper-deck. Several of the common Seamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been ſome ſtrange Fiſh; but they were more

ſurpriſed

ſurpriſed when they ſaw it was a Man, and heard out of his own mouth, That he never believed till that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of Confeſſion, one of the honeſt Tars whiſpered to the Boatſwain, That it would be a good deed to heave him over board. But we are now within ſight of Port, when of a ſudden the wind fell, and the Penitent relapſed, begging all of us that were preſent, as we were Gentlemen, not to ſay any thing of what had paſſed.

He had not been aſhore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his Devotion on Shipboard, which the other denied in ſo high terms, that it produced the Lie on both ſides, and ended in a Duel. The Atheiſt was run through the body, and after ſome loſs of blood became as good a Chriſtian as he was at Sea, till he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at preſent one of the Free-thinkers of the Age, and now writing a Pamphlet againſt ſeveral received opinions concerning the Exiſtence of Fairies.

As I have taken upon me to cenſure the faults of the age, and country which I live in, I ſhould have thought myſelf inexcuſable to have paſſed over this crying one, which is the ſubject of my preſent diſcourſe. I ſhall therefore from time to time give my countrymen particular cautions againſt this diſtemper of the mind, that is almoſt become faſhionable, and by that means more likely to ſpread. I have ſomewhere either read or heard a very memorable ſentence, That a man would be a moſt inſupportable Monſter, ſhould he have the faults that are incident to his Years, Conſtitution, Profeſſion, Family, Religion, Age and Country; and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reaſon, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long ſtories: as I am choleric, I forbear not only Swearing, but all Interjections of Fretting, as Pugh! Piſh! and the like. As I am a Layman, I reſolve not to conceive an averſion for a wife and good man, becauſe his Coat is of a different color from mine. As I am deſcended of the ancient Family of the *Bickerſtaffes,* I never call a man of merit an Upſtart. As a Proteſtant, I do not ſuffer my zeal ſo far to tranſport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myſelf particularly againſt the folly I have been now ſpeaking of. And as I am an *Engliſhman,* I am very cautious not to hate a Stranger, or deſpiſe a poor *Palatine.*

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this paper.*

Saturday,

N° 114. *Saturday, December* 31. 1709.

Ut in vitâ, ſic in ſtudiis, pulcherrimum et humaniſſimum exiſtimo, ſeveritatem comitatemque miſcere, ne illa in triſtitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.

Plin. Epiſt.

Sheer-Lane, December 30.

I WAS walking about my Chamber this morning in a very gay humor, when I ſaw a Coach ſtop at my door, and a Youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldeſt Son of my Boſom-friend that I gave ſome account of in my paper of the 17th of the laſt month. I felt a ſenſible pleaſure riſing in me at the ſight of him, my Acquaintance having begun with his Father when he was juſt ſuch a Stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burſt into tears, I was extremely moved, and immediately ſaid, Child, How does your Father do? He began to reply, My Mother —— but could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the Coach, and gathered out of him, that his Mother was then dying, and that while the Holy Man was doing the laſt offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his Father, who (he ſaid) would certainly break his heart if I did not go and comfort him. The Child's diſcretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderneſs he ſhewed for his Parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not reſolved to fortify myſelf for the ſeaſonable performances of thoſe duties which I owed to my Friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent Woman, and the greatneſs of his grief for the loſs of one who has ever been the ſupport to him under all other afflictions. How (thought I) will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, ſpeak of a ſickneſs, which was then paſt, without ſorrow. We were now got pretty far into *Weſtminſter*, and arrived at my Friend's houſe. At the door of it I met *Favonius*, not without a ſecret Satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly converſed with him at his houſe; and as he abounds with that ſort of Virtue and Knowledge which makes Religion beautiful, and never leads the Converſation into the violence and rage of Party-diſputes, I liſtened to him with great Pleaſure. Our diſcourſe chanced to be upon the ſubject of

Death, which he treated with ſuch a Strength of reaſon, and Greatneſs of ſoul, that inſtead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be deſired. As I met him at the door, I ſaw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightned with an Air of fortitude and reſolution which as I afterwards found, had ſuch an irreſiſtible force, as to ſuſpend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the neareſt friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where ſhe lay, and was met at the entrance by my Friend, who, notwithſtanding his thoughts had been compoſed a little before, at the ſight of me, turned away his face and wept. The little family of Children renewed the expreſſions of their ſorrow according to their ſeveral ages and degrees of underſtanding. The eldeſt Daughter was in tears, buſied in attendance upon her Mother; others were kneeling about the Bed-ſide: And what troubled me moſt was, to ſee a little Boy, who was too young to know the reaſon, weeping only becauſe his Siſters did. The only one in the room who ſeemed reſigned and comforted, was the dying perſon. At my approach to the Bed-ſide, ſhe told me, with a low broken voice, This is kindly done——Take care of your Friend——Do not go from him. She had before taken leave of her Huſband and Children, in a manner proper for ſo ſolemn a parting, and with a gracefulneſs peculiar to a Woman of her Character. My Heart was torn to pieces to ſee the Huſband on one ſide ſuppreſſing and keeping down the ſwellings of his Grief, for fear of diſturbing her in her laſt Moments; and the Wife even at that time concealing the Pains ſhe endured, for fear of encreaſing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for ſome moments after ſhe grew ſpeechleſs, and ſoon after cloſed them for ever. In the moment of her Departure, my friend (who had thus far commanded himſelf) gave a deep Groan, and fell into a Swoon by her Bed-ſide. The diſtraction of the Children, who thought they ſaw both their Parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardeſt heart; but they ſoon perceived their Father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a reſolution to accompany him till the firſt Pangs of his Affliction were abated. I knew Conſolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myſelf to ſit by him, and condole with him in ſilence: For I ſhall here uſe the method of an ancient Author, who in one of his Epiſtles relating the Virtues and Death of *Macrinus*'s Wife, expreſſes himſelf thus; " I ſhall ſuſpend my advice to " this beſt of Friends, till he is made capable of receiving it by thoſe three " great Remedies, *(neceſſitas ipſa, dies longa, et ſatietas doloris)* the Neceſſity of " ſubmiſſion, Length of time, and Satiety of grief.

In

In the mean time, I cannot but conſider, with much commiſeration, the melancholy ſtate of one who has had ſuch a part of himſelf torn from him, and which he miſſes in every circumſtance of Life. His Condition is like that of one who has lately loſt his right Arm, and is every moment offering to help himſelf with it. He does not appear to himſelf the ſame perſon in his houſe, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loſes the reliſh of all the Pleaſures and diverſions that were before entertaining to him by her Participation of them. The moſt agreeable objects recal the Sorrow for her with whom he uſed to enjoy them. This additional ſatisfaction, from the taſte of pleaſures in the Society of one we love, is admirably deſcribed by *Milton*, who repreſents *Eve*, though in Paradiſe itſelf, no further pleaſed with the beautiful objects around her, than as ſhe ſees them in Company with *Adam*, in that paſſage ſo inexpreſſibly charming.

With Thee converſing, I forget all time,
All ſeaſons, and their change; all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her riſing ſweet
With charm of earlieſt Birds; pleaſant the Sun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After ſoft ſhowers! and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; the ſilent Night,
With this her ſolemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And theſe the Gems of Heaven her ſtarry train.
But neither breath of Morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt Birds, nor riſing Sun
In this delightful land, nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew nor Fragrance after ſhowers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor ſilent Night,
With this her ſolemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Star-light, without Thee is ſweet.

The variety of Images in this paſſage is infinitely pleaſing, and the recapitulation of each particular Image, with a little varying of the Expreſſion, makes one of the fineſt turns of Words that I have ever ſeen: which I rather mention, becauſe Mr. *Dryden* has ſaid in his Preface to *Juvenal*, That he could meet with no Turn of Words in *Milton*.

It may further be obſerved, That though the ſweetneſs of theſe Verſes has ſomething in it of a Paſtoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the

Scene of it is above an ordinary Field or Meadow. I might here, ſince I am accidentally led into this ſubject, ſhew ſeveral paſſages in *Milton* that have as excellent turns of this nature, as any of our *Engliſh* Poets whatſoever; but ſhall only mention that which follows, in which he deſcribes the fallen Angels engaged in the intricate diſputes of Predeſtination, Free-will, and Foreknowledge; and to humor the Perplexity, makes a kind of Labyrinth in the very words that deſcribe it.

Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate,
Fix'd Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge abſolute,
And found no end in wand'ring mazes loſt.

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this Paper.*

N° 116. *Thurſday, January* 5. 1709.

——*Pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſui.* Ovid.

Sheer-Lane, January 4.

THE Court being prepared for proceeding on the cauſe of the *Petticoat,* I gave orders to bring in a Criminal who was taken up as ſhe went out of the Puppet-ſhow about three nights ago, and was now ſtanding in the ſtreet with a great concourſe of people about her. Word was brought me that ſhe had endeavored twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reaſon of her Petticoat, which was too large for the Entrance of my houſe, though I had ordered both the Folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I deſir'd the Jury of Matrons, who ſtood at my right hand, to inform themſelves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reaſons why ſhe might not make her appearance ſeparate from her petticoat. This was managed with great diſcretion, and had ſuch an effect, that upon the return of the Verdict from the Bench of Matrons, I iſſued out an order forthwith, That the Criminal ſhould be ſtripped of her incumbrances, till ſhe became little enough to enter my houſe. I had before given directions for an Engine of ſeveral legs, that could contract or open itſelf

itſelf like the top of an Umbrello, in order to place the Petticoat upon it; by which means I might take a leiſurely ſurvey of it, as it ſhould appear in its proper Dimenſions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the cloſing of the Engine, the Petticoat was brought into Court. I then directed the Machine to be ſet upon the table, and dilated in ſuch a manner as to ſhew the Garment in its utmoſt Circumference; but my great Hall was too narrow for the Experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it deſcribed ſo immoderate a Circle, that the lower part of it bruſhed upon my face as I ſate in my Chair of Judicature. I then enquired for the Perſon that belonged to the Petticoat; and to my great ſurpriſe, was directed to a very beautiful young Damſel, with ſo pretty a Face and Shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and ſeated her upon a little Crock at my left hand. " My pretty Maid (ſaid I) do you own yourſelf to have been the In-" habitant of the Garment before us? The Girl I found had good Senſe, and told me with a Smile, That notwithſtanding it was her own Petticoat, ſhe ſhould be very glad to ſee an Example made of it; and that ſhe wore it for no other reaſon, but that ſhe had a mind to look as big and burly as other perſons of her Quality; That ſhe had kept out of it as long as ſhe could, and 'till ſhe began to appear little in the eyes of all her Acquaintance: That if ſhe laid it aſide, people would think ſhe was not made like other women. I always give great allowances to the Fair Sex upon account of the Faſhion, and therefore was not diſpleaſed with the defence of the pretty Criminal. I then ordered the Veſt which ſtood before us to be drawn up by a Pully to the top of my great Hall, and afterwards to be ſpread open by the Engine it was placed upon, in ſuch a manner, that it formed a very ſplendid and ample Canopy over our heads, and covered the whole Court of Judicature with a kind of Silken Rotunda, in its form not unlike the Cupola of St. *Paul*'s. I entered upon the whole Cauſe with great ſatiſfaction, as I ſate under the ſhadow of it.

The Council for the Petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to ſay againſt the popular cry which was raiſed againſt it. They anſwered the Objections with great ſtrength and ſolidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to ſet off and furbelow (if I may be allowed the metaphor) with many periodical ſentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their Client were taken, firſt, from the great benefit that might ariſe to our Woollen Manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows: The common Petticoat has not above four yards in the Circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the Semi-diameter; ſo that by allowing it twenty-four yards in the Circumference, the five Millions of Woollen Petticoats, which

which according to Sir *William Petty* (ſuppoſing what ought to be ſuppoſed in a well-governed State, that all Petticoats are made of that Stuff,) would amount to thirty Millions of thoſe of the ancient Mode. A prodigious improvement of the Woollen trade! and what could not fail to ſink the power of *France* in a few years.

To introduce the ſecond Argument, they begged leave to read a Petition of the Rope-makers, wherein it was repreſented, That the demand for Cords, and the price of them, were much riſen ſince this Faſhion came up. At this, all the Company who were preſent lifted up their eyes into the Vault; and I muſt confeſs, we did diſcover many Traces of Cordage which were interwoven in the Stiffening of the Drapery.

A third Argument was founded upon a Petition of the *Greenland* trade, which likewiſe repreſented the great conſumption of Whale-bone which would be occaſioned by the preſent Faſhion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the *Britiſh* trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unweildineſs of the garment, which they inſinuated might be of great uſe to preſerve the Honor of Families.

Theſe Arguments would have wrought very much upon me, (as I then told the company in a long and elaborate diſcourſe) had I not conſidered the great and additional expence which ſuch Faſhions would bring upon Fathers and Huſbands; and therefore by no means to be thought of 'till ſome years after a Peace. I further urg'd, That it would be a prejudice to the Ladies themſelves, who could never expect to have any money in the Pocket, if they laid out ſo much on the Petticoat. To this I added, the great Temptation it might give to Virgins, of acting in Security like married women, and by that means give a check to Matrimony, an Inſtitution always encouraged by wiſe Societies.

At the ſame time, in anſwer to the ſeveral Petitions produced on that ſide, I ſhewed one ſubſcribed by the Women of ſeveral perſons of Quality, humbly ſetting forth, That ſince the introduction of this mode, their reſpective Ladies had (inſtead of beſtowing on them their Caſt-gowns) cut them into ſhreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to compleat the ſtiffening of their Under-petticoats. For which, and ſundry other reaſons, I pronounced the Petticoat a Forfeiture: But to ſhew that I did not make that judgment for the ſake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and ſent it as a preſent to a Widow-gentlewoman, who has Five Daughters, deſiring ſhe would make each of them a Petticoat out of it, and ſend me back the remainder, which I deſign to cut into Stomachers, Caps, Facings of my waiſtcoat-ſleeves, and other garnitures ſuitable to my Age and Quality.

I would

I would not be underſtood, (that while I diſcard this monſtrous invention) I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the Fair Sex. On the contrary, as the hand of Nature has poured on them ſuch a profuſion of Charms and Graces, and ſent them into the world more amiable and finiſhed than the reſt of her works; ſo I would have them beſtow upon themſelves all the additional Beauties that Art can ſupply them with, provided it does not interfere with, diſguiſe, or pervert, thoſe of Nature.

I conſider Woman as a beautiful Romantic Animal, that may be adorned with Furs and Feathers, Pearls and Diamonds, Ores and Silks. The Lynx ſhall caſt its ſkin at her feet to make her a Tippet; the Peacock, Parrot, and Swan, ſhall pay contributions to her Muff; the Sea ſhall be ſearched for Shells, and the Rocks for Gems; and every part of Nature furniſh out its ſhare towards the embelliſhment of a Creature that is the moſt conſummate work of it. All this I ſhall indulge them in; but as for the Petticoat I have been ſpeaking of, I neither can, nor will allow it.

N° 117. *Saturday, January* 7. 1709.

Durate, et voſmet rebus ſervate ſecundis. Virg.

Sheer-Lane, January 6.

WHEN I look into the frame and conſtitution of my own Mind, there is no part of it which I obſerve with greater ſatisfaction, than that Tenderneſs and Concern which it bears for the Good and Happineſs of Mankind. My own circumſtances are indeed ſo narrow and ſcanty, that I ſhould taſte but very little pleaſure, could I receive it only from thoſe enjoyments which are in my own poſſeſſion; but by this great tincture of Humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any ſingle perſon can be, with all the Wealth, Strength, Beauty, and Succeſs, that can be conferred upon a Mortal, if he only reliſhes ſuch a proportion of theſe bleſſings as is veſted in himſelf, and is his own private property. By this means, every man that does Himſelf any real ſervice, does Me a kindneſs. I come in for my ſhare in all the good that happens to a man of Merit and Virtue, and partake of many gifts of Fortune and Power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I ſo much rejoice, as the deliverance of good and generous Spirits out of dangers,

gers, difficulties, and diſtreſſes. And becauſe the world does not ſupply Inſtances of this kind to furniſh out ſufficient entertainments for ſuch an Humanity and Benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the Hiſtory of Ages paſt, which draws together into a narrow compaſs the great Occurrences and Events that are but thinly ſown in thoſe tracts of time which lie within our own knowledge and obſervation. When I ſee the life of a great Man, who has deſerved well of his country, after having ſtruggled through all the oppoſitions of Prejudice and Envy, breaking out with Luſtre, and ſhining forth in all the ſplendor of Succeſs, I cloſe my book, and am an happy man for a whole evening

But ſince in Hiſtory events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthleſs and deſerving, inſomuch that we frequently ſee a virtuous man dying in the midſt of diſappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in proſperity and peace; I love to amuſe myſelf with the accounts I meet with in fabulous Hiſtories and Fictions: For in this kind of writings we have always the pleaſure of ſeeing Vice puniſhed, and Virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a Man in the whole circle of his Exiſtence, we ſhould have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing it cloſe with happineſs or miſery, according to his proper merit: But though our view of him is interrupted by Death before the finiſhing of his Adventures, (if I may ſo ſpeak) we may be ſure that the Concluſion and Cataſtrophe is altogether ſuitable to his Behavior. On the contrary, the whole Being of a Man conſidered as an Hero, or a Knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a Poem or Romance, and therefore always ends to our ſatisfaction; ſo that Inventions of this kind are like food and exerciſe to a good-natured Diſpoſition, which they pleaſe and gratify at the ſame time that they nouriſh and ſtrengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we ſee our Favorites in theſe relations engaged, the greater is the Pleaſure we take in ſeeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned Hiſtories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the Hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a *French* Author whoſe name I have forgot. It ſo happens, that the Hero's Miſtreſs was the Siſter of his moſt intimate Friend, who for certain reaſons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his Country in queſt of Adventures. The Hero having heard of his Friend's death, immediately repaired to his Miſtreſs, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he diſcovered at a diſtance a Man claſped in her arms, and embraced with the moſt endearing tenderneſs. What ſhould he do? It did not conſiſt with the gentleneſs of a Knight-errant either to kill his Miſtreſs, or the Man whom ſhe

was

was pleaſed to favor. At the ſame time, it would have ſpoiled a Romance, ſhould he have laid violent hands on himſelf. In ſhort, he immediately entered upon his Adventures; and after a long ſeries of exploits, found out by degrees, that the Perſon he ſaw in his Miſtreſs's arms was her own Brother, taking leave of her before he left his Country, and the Embrace ſhe gave him nothing elſe but the affectionate Farewel of a Siſter: So that he had at once the two greateſt ſatisfactions that could enter into the heart of Man, in finding his Friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his Miſtreſs faithful, whom he had believed inconſtant.

There are indeed ſome Diſaſters ſo very fatal, that it is impoſſible for any Accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor *Lucretia;* and yet we ſee *Ovid* has found an expedient even in a caſe like hers. He deſcribes a beautiful and royal Virgin walking on the ſea-ſhore, where ſhe was diſcovered by *Neptune*, and violated after a long and unſucceſsful importunity. To mitigate her ſorrow, he offers her whatever ſhe would wiſh for. Never certainly was the wit of Woman more puzzled in finding out a ſtratagem to retrieve her Honor. Had ſhe deſired to be turned into a Stock or Stone, a Beaſt, Fiſh or Fowl, ſhe would have been a loſer by it: Or had ſhe deſired to have been made a Sea-nymph, or a Goddeſs, her Immortality would but have perpetuated her Diſgrace. Give me therefore, ſaid ſhe, ſuch a ſhape as may make me incapable of ſuffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already ſuffered. To be ſhort, ſhe was turned into a Man, and by that only means avoided the danger and imputation ſhe ſo much dreaded.

I was once myſelf in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in ſo great a diſtraction of mind, that I thought myſelf even out of the poſſibility of receiving comfort. The occaſion was as follows: When I was a Youth in a part of the Army which was then quartered at *Dover,* I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in thoſe parts, and had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my addreſſes kindly received, which occaſioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm Evening diverting ourſelves upon the top of the Cliff with a proſpect of the Sea, and trifling away the time in ſuch little Fondneſſes as are moſt ridiculous to people in buſineſs, and moſt agreeable to thoſe in love.

In the midſt of theſe our innocent endearments, ſhe ſnatched a Paper of Verſes out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a ſudden the ground, though at a conſiderable diſtance from the verge of the precipice, ſunk under her, and threw her down from ſo prodigious an height upon ſuch a range of Rocks, as would have daſhed her into

ten thouſand pieces, had her body been made of Adamant. 'Tis much eaſier for my Reader to imagine my ſtate of mind upon ſuch an occaſion, than for me to expreſs it. I ſaid to myſelf, It is not in the Power of Heaven to relieve me! when I Awaked, equally tranſported and aſtoniſhed, to ſee myſelf drawn out of an Affliction which the very moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The Impreſſions of Grief and Horror were ſo lively on this occaſion, that while they laſted, they made me more miſerable than I was at the real Death of this beloved Perſon, (which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded) inaſmuch as the Imaginary Death was untimely, and I myſelf in a ſort an Acceſſary; whereas her Deceaſe had at leaſt theſe alleviations, of being Natural and Inevitable.

The memory of the Dream I have related ſtill dwells ſo ſtrongly upon me, that I can never read the deſcription of *Dover-Cliff* in *Shakeſpear*'s Tragedy of *King Lear*, without a freſh ſenſe of my eſcape. The proſpect from that place is drawn with ſuch proper Incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, muſt have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on, Sir, here's the place; ſtand ſtill! how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to caſt ones Eyes ſo low?
The Crows and Choughs that wing the midway air
Shew ſcarce as groſs as Beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire. Dreadful trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The Fiſhermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like Mice, and yon tall anchoring Bark
Diminiſh'd to her Boat; her Boat a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring Surge
(That on the unnumber'd idle Pebble beats)
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my Brain turn.

Thurſday,

N° 119. *Thurſday, January* 12. 1709.

In tenui labor. ———— Virg.

Sheer-Lane, January 11.

I HAVE lately applied myſelf with much ſatisfaction to the curious Diſcoveries that have been made by the help of Microſcopes, as they are related by Authors of our own and other Nations. There is a great deal of pleaſure in prying into this World of Wonders, which Nature has laid out of ſight, and ſeems induſtrious to conceal from us. Philoſophy had ranged over all the Viſible creation, and began to want objects for her enquiries, when the preſent age, by the invention of Glaſſes, opened a new and inexhauſtible Magazine of Rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of thoſe which aſtoniſhed our Forefathers. I was yeſterday amuſing myſelf with Speculations of this kind, and reflecting upon Myriads of Animals that ſwim in thoſe little Seas of Juices that are contained in the ſeveral Veſſels of an human Body. While my Mind was thus filled with that ſecret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon myſelf as in an Act of Devotion, and am very well pleaſed with the thought of the great Heathen Anatomiſt, who calls his deſcription of the parts of an human Body, *An Hymn to the Supreme Being.* The reading of the day produced in my Imagination an agreeable Morning's Dream, if I may call it ſuch; for I am ſtill in doubt, whether it paſſed in my ſleeping or waking thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good Genius ſtood at my bed's-head, and entertained me with the following Diſcourſe; for upon my riſing, it dwelt ſo ſtrongly upon me, that I writ down the ſubſtance of it, if not the very words.

If (ſaid he) you can be ſo tranſported with thoſe Productions of Nature which are diſcovered to You by thoſe artificial eyes that are the works of human Invention, how great will Your ſurpriſe be, when you ſhall have it in your power to model your Own eye as you pleaſe, and adapt it to the bulk of objects, which, with all theſe helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception. We who are unbodied Spirits, can ſharpen our ſight to what degree we think fit, and make the leaſt work of the Creation diſtinct and viſible. This gives us ſuch Ideas as cannot poſſibly enter into your preſent Conceptions. There is not the leaſt Particle of Matter

which may not furniſh one of us ſufficient Employment for a whole Eternity. We can ſtill divide it, and ſtill open it, and ſtill diſcover new Wonders of Providence, as we look into the different Texture of its parts, and meet with beds of Vegetables, Mineral and Metallic Mixtures, and ſeveral kinds of Animals that lie hid, and as it were loſt in ſuch an endleſs Fund of Matter. I find you are ſurpriſed at this diſcourſe; but as your Reaſon tells you there are infinite parts in the ſmalleſt portion of matter, it will likewiſe convince you, that there is as great a variety of ſecrets, and as much room for diſcoveries, in a particle no bigger than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole earth. Your Microſcopes bring to ſight ſhoals of living Creatures in a ſpoonful of Vinegar; but we who can diſtinguiſh them in their different magnitudes, ſee among them ſeveral huge *Leviathans,* that terrify the little Fry of Animals about them, and take their paſtime as in an Ocean, or the great Deep. I could not but ſmile at this part of his relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the hiſtory of ſeveral inviſible Giants, accompanied with their reſpective Dwarfs, in caſe that any of theſe little Beings are of an human ſhape. You may aſſure yourſelf (ſaid he) that we ſee in theſe little Animals different Natures, Inſtincts, and Modes of life, which correſpond to what you obſerve in Creatures of bigger dimenſions. We deſcry millions of Species ſubſiſted on a green Leaf, which your Glaſſes repreſent only in crowds and ſwarms. What appears to your eye but as an Hair or Down riſing on the ſurface of it, we find to be Woods and Foreſts, inhabited by Beaſts of Prey, that are as dreadful in thoſe their haunts, as Lions and Tigers in the deſerts of *Libya.* I was much delighted with his diſcourſe, and could not forbear telling him, that I ſhould be wonderfully pleaſed to ſee a natural Hiſtory of Imperceptibles, containing a true account of ſuch Vegetables and Animals as grow and live out of ſight. Such Diſquiſitions (anſwered he) are very ſuitable to reaſonable Creatures; and you may be ſure, there are many curious Spirits amongſt us who employ themſelves in ſuch amuſements. For as our hands, and all our ſenſes, may be formed to what degree of ſtrength and delicacy we pleaſe, in the ſame manner as our ſight, we can make what experiments we are inclined to, how ſmall ſoever the matter be in which we make them. I have been preſent at the diſſection of a Mite, and have ſeen the Skeleton of a Flea. I have been ſhewn a Foreſt of numberleſs trees, which has been picked out of an Acorn. Your Microſcrope can ſhew you in it a compleat Oak in miniature; and could you ſuit all your Organs as we do, you might pluck an Acorn from this little Oak, which contains another tree; and ſo proceed from tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your diſquiſitions. It is almoſt impoſſible (added he) to talk of things ſo remote from common life

and

and the ordinary notions which Mankind receive from blunt and groſs organs of Senſe, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often ſeen a Dog opened, to obſerve the Circulation of the blood, or make any other uſeful enquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I ſhould tell you, that a circle of much greater Philoſophers than any of the Royal Society, were preſent at the cutting up of one of thoſe little Animals which we find in the Blue of a plumb: that it was tied down alive before them; and that they obſerved the palpitations of the Heart, the courſe of the Blood, the working of the Muſcles, and the convulſions in the ſeveral Limbs, with great accuracy and improvement. I muſt confeſs, ſaid I, for my own part, I go along with you in all your diſcoveries with great pleaſure; but it is certain they are too fine for the groſs of mankind, who are more ſtruck with the deſcription of every thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the beſt judge of human Nature ſetting forth his wiſdom, not in the formation of theſe Minute Animals, (though indeed no leſs wonderful than the other) but in that of the *Leviathan* and *Behemoth*, the *Horſe* and the *Crocodile*. Your obſervation (ſaid he) is very juſt; and I muſt acknowledge for my own part, that although it is with much delight that I ſee the traces of Providence in theſe inſtances, I ſtill take greater pleaſure in conſidering the works of the Creation in their Immenſity, than in their Minuteneſs. For this reaſon, I rejoice when I ſtrengthen my ſight ſo as to make it pierce into the moſt remote ſpaces, and take a view of thoſe heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of human eyes though aſſiſted by Teleſcopes. What you look upon as one confuſed White in the Milky-way, appears to me a long tract of Heavens, diſtinguiſhed by Stars that are ranged in proper figures and conſtellations. While you are admiring the Sky in a ſtarry night, I am entertained with a variety of Worlds and Suns placed one above another, and riſing up to ſuch an immenſe diſtance, that no created eye can ſee an end of them.

The latter part of his diſcourſe flung me into ſuch an aſtoniſhment, that he had been ſilent for ſome time before I took notice of it; when on a ſudden I ſtarted up and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but ſaw no-body, and cannot tell to this moment, whether it was my good Genius or a Dream that left me.

Saturday,

N° 120. *Saturday, January* 14. 1709.

——Velut ſilvis, ubi paſſim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;
Ille ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abit. Hor.

Sheer-Lane, January 13.

INSTEAD of conſidering any particular Paſſion or Character in any one Set of men, my thoughts were laſt night employed on the contemplation of human life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole Species are hurried on by the ſame deſires, and engaged in the ſame purſuits, according to the different ſtages and diviſions of Life. Youth is devoted to Luſt, Middle-age to Ambition, Old age to Avarice. Theſe are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it muſt be acknowledged, that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the perſon whom they direct and animate. For with the Good, Luſt becomes Virtuous Love; Ambition, true Honor; and Avarice, the Care of Poſterity. This ſcheme of thought amuſed me very agreeably till I retired to reſt, and afterwards formed itſelf into a pleaſing and regular Viſion, which I ſhall deſcribe in all its circumſtances, as the objects preſented themſelves, whether in a ſerious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a Wood, of ſo prodigious an extent, and cut into ſuch a variety of walks and alleys, that all Mankind were loſt and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down ſome time, I came into the Centre of it, which opened into a wide Plain, filled with multitudes of both Sexes. I here diſcovered Three great Roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the Foreſt. On a ſudden, the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their reſpective bodies into the Three great Roads, that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of theſe Roads terminated, and whither it would lead thoſe who paſſed through them, I joined myſelf with the aſſembly that were in the flower and vigor of their age, and called themſelves *The Band of Lovers*. I found, to my great ſurpriſe, that ſeveral Old men beſides myſelf had intruded into this agreeable company; as I had before obſerved,

ſerved, there were ſome young men who had united themſelves to the Band of Miſers, and were walking up the Path of *Avarice*; though both made a very ridiculous figure, and were as much laughed at by thoſe they joined, as by thoſe they forſook. The Walk which we marched up, for thickneſs of ſhades, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the diſtant purling of ſtreams, and falls of water, was ſo wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our ſenſes, and intoxicated our Minds with pleaſure. We had not been long here, before every Man fingled out ſome Woman to whom he offered his Addreſſes, and profeſſed himſelf a Lover; when on a ſudden we perceived this delicious Walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, till it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes and labyrinths, that were ſo mixed with roſes and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths, and pleaſing grotto's, that it was hard to ſay, whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to thoſe who travelled in it.

It was here that the Lovers began to be eager in their purſuits. Some of their Miſtreſſes, who only ſeemed to retire for the ſake of form and decency, led them into Plantations that were diſpoſed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in ſome turns and windings, they ſuffered themſelves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to thoſe who purſued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little Wilderneſſes, where there were ſo many paths interwoven with each other in ſo much confuſion and irregularity, that ſeveral of the Lovers quitted the purſuit, or broke their hearts in the chace. It was ſometimes very odd to ſee a Man purſuing a fine Woman that was following another, whoſe eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in ſome other quarter of the Wilderneſs. I could not but obſerve two things in this place which I thought very particular, That ſeveral perſons who ſtood only at the End of the Avenues, and caſt a careleſs eye upon the Nymphs during their whole flight, often catched them, when thoſe who preſſed them the moſt warmly through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unſucceſsful; And that ſome of my own Age, who were at firſt looked upon with averſion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the Wilderneſs, and by dodging their Women in the particular corners and allies of it, catched them in their arms, and took them from thoſe whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular Grove, which was called *The Labyrinth of Coquettes*; where many were enticed to the chace, but few returned with purchaſe. It was pleaſant enough to ſee a celebrated Beauty, by ſmiling upon one, caſting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her Charms and Graces to the ſeveral Follies of thoſe that admired her, drawing into the Labyrinth a whole pack of Lovers, that loſt themſelves in the maze, and never could find their way out of it. However,

ever, it was ſome ſatisfaction to me, to ſee many of the Fair ones, who had thus deluded their followers, and left them among the Intricacies of the Labyrinth, obliged when they came out of it, to ſurrender to the firſt Partner that offered himſelf. I now had croſſed over all the difficult and perplexed Paſſages that ſeemed to bound our walk, when on the other ſide of them, I ſaw the ſame great road running on a little way, till it was terminated by two beautiful Temples. I ſtood here for ſome time, and ſaw moſt of the Multitude who had been diſperſed amongſt the Thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the Temples that ſtood before us. The Structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) conſecrated to *Virtuous Love*, and could not be entered but by ſuch as received a Ring, or ſome other token, from a Perſon who was placed as a Guard at the gate of it. He wore a Garland of Roſes and Myrtles on his Head, and on his ſhoulders a Robe like an Imperial Mantle, white and unſpotted all over, excepting only, that where it was claſped at his breaſt, there were two golden Turtle Doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of *Hymen*, and was ſeated near the Temple, in a delicious Bower, made up of ſeveral trees, that were embraced by Woodbines, Jeſſamins, and Amaranths, which were as ſo many emblems of Marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that ſupported them. As I was ſingle and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the Temple, and for that reaſon am a ſtranger to all the Myſteries that were performed in it. I had however the curioſity to obſerve how the ſeveral couples that entered were diſpoſed of; which was after the following manner. There were two great gates on the backſide of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of theſe gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind, the one having a very careful and compoſed air, and the other a ſort of ſmile and ineffable ſweetneſs in her countenance. The name of the firſt was *Diſcretion*, and of the other *Complacency*. All who came out of this gate, and put themſelves under the direction of theſe two Siſters, were immediately conducted by them into Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furniſhed with every thing that could make them the proper ſeats of happineſs. The ſecond gate of this Temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together by Chains, which each of them ſtrove to break, but could not. Several of theſe were ſuch as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great Walk, or had been too well acquainted in the Thicket. The entrance of this gate was poſſeſſed by three Siſters, who joined themſelves with theſe wretches, and occaſioned moſt of their miſeries. The youngeſt of the Siſters was known by the name of *Levity*, who

who with the innocence of a Virgin, had the dreſs and behavior of a Harlot. The name of the ſecond was *Contention*, who bore on her right arm a Muff made of the ſkin of a Porcupine; and on her left carried a little Lapdog, that barked and ſnapped at every one that paſſed by her.

The eldeſt of the Siſters, who ſeemed to have an haughty and imperious Air, was always accompanied with a Tawny *Cupid*, who generally marched before her with a little Mace on his ſhoulder, the end of which was faſhioned into the horns of a Stag. Her Garments were yellow, and her Complexion pale. Her eyes were piercing, but had odd caſts in them, and that particular diſtemper, which makes perſons who are troubled with it, ſee objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was *Jealouſy*.

Having finiſhed my obſervations upon this Temple, and its Votaries, I repaired to that which ſtood on the left hand, and was called *The Temple of Luſt*. The front of it was raiſed on *Corinthian* pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that Order; whereas that of the other was compoſed of the chaſte and matron-like *Ionic*. The ſides of it were adorned with ſeveral groteſque figures of Goats, Sparrows, Heathen Gods, Satyrs, and Monſters made up of half Man half Beaſt. The gates were unguarded and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that ſerved to diſcover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here ſtunned with a mixed noiſe of clamor and jollity: on one ſide of me, I heard ſinging and dancing: on the other, brawls and claſhing of ſwords. In ſhort, I was ſo little pleaſed with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred againſt all that were come in, with Bolts of Iron, and Locks of Adamant. There was no going back from this Temple through the Paths of Pleaſure which led to it: All who paſſed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an Iron Wicket, which was kept by a dreadful Giant call'd *Remorſe*, that held a ſcourge of Scorpions in his hand and drove them into the only outlet from that Temple. This was a paſſage, ſo rugged, ſo uneven, and choaked with ſo many Thorns and Briars, that it was a melancholy ſpectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both Sexes ſuffered who walked through it. The Men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and infeebled with old age: The women wrung their hands, and tore their hair; and ſeveral loſt their Limbs before they could extricate themſelves out of the perplexities of the Path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this Viſion, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of *Ambition* and *Avarice*, muſt be the ſubject of another paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this Morning received the following Letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Dogget.

SIR,

ON Monday *next will be acted for my benefit, the Comedy of* Love for Love: *If you will do me the honor to appear there, I will publiſh on the Bills, That it is to be performed at the requeſt of* Iſaac Bickerſtaffe, *Eſq. and queſtion not but it will bring me as great an Audience, as ever was at the Houſe ſince the* Morocco *Ambaſſador was there.* I am,

(With the greateſt Reſpect)

Your moſt Obedient, and moſt Humble Servant,

Thomas Dogget.

Being naturally an encourager of Wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of Cenſor, I returned the following anſwer.

Mr. Dogget,

I *Am very well pleaſed with the choice you have made of ſo excellent a Play, and have always looked upon you as the beſt of Comedians; I ſhall therefore come in between the firſt and ſecond Act, and remain in the right-hand Box over the Pit till the end of the fourth, provided you take care that every thing be rightly prepared for my reception.*

N° 121. *Tueſday, January* 17, 1709.

——— *Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi cujus*
Turbavit nitidos extinctus paſſer ocellos. Juv.

From my own Apartment, January 16.

I WAS recollecting the remainder of my Viſion, when my Maid came to me, and told me, there was a Gentlewoman below who ſeemed to be in great trouble, and preſſed very much to ſee me. When it lay in my power to remove the diſtreſs of an unhappy perſon, I thought I ſhould very ill

ill employ my time in attending matters of Speculation, and therefore desired the Lady would walk in. When she entered, I saw her eyes full of tears: However, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; for she was very long and exact in her Civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her Clothes were very rich, but tarnished; and her words very fine, but ill applied. These distinctions made me without hesitation (though I had never seen her before) ask her, If her Lady had any commands for me? She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, That their Family was in very great Affliction — I beseeched her to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them — She then cast her eye upon my little Dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, that *Cupid,* her Lady's Lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her Lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come herself to consult me; that as I had mentioned with great affection my own Dog, (here she curtsied, and looking first at the Cur, and then on me, said, Indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty) her Lady sent to me rather than to any other Doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice. I must confess I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a Farrier; yet well knowing, that the best as well as most tender way of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humors, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them; I proceeded accordingly: Pray, Madam, said I, can you give me any methodical account of this Illness, and how *Cupid* was first taken? Sir, (said she) we have a little ignorant Country-Girl, who is kept to tend him: she was recommended to our family by one that my Lady never saw but once, at a visit; and you know, persons of Quality are always inclined to strangers; for I could have helped her to a Cousin of my own, but — Good Madam (said I) you neglect the account of the sick body, while you are complaining of this Girl. No, no, Sir (said she) begging your pardon: but it is the general fault of Physicians, they are so in haste, that they never hear out the case. I say, this silly Girl, after washing *Cupid,* let him stand half an hour in the window without his Collar, where he catched cold, and in an hour after began to bark very hoarse. He had however a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for these two nights last past, neither he nor my Lady have slept a wink. Has he (said I) taken any thing? No (said she,) but my Lady says, he shall take any thing that you prescribe, provided you do not make use of Jesuits Powder, or the Cold Bath. Poor *Cupid* (continued she) has always been Phthifical, and as he lies under something like a Chin-cough, we are afraid it will end in a Con-

ſumption. I then aſked her, if ſhe had brought any of his Water to ſhew me. Upon this, ſhe ſtared me in the face, and ſaid, I am afraid, Mr. *Bickerſtaffe,* you are not ſerious; but if you have any Receipt that is proper on this occaſion, pray let us have it; for my Miſtreſs is not to be comforted. Upon this, I pauſed a little without returning any anſwer: and after ſome ſhort ſilence, I proceeded in the following manner: I have conſidered the Nature of the Diſtemper, and the Conſtitution of the Patient, and by the beſt obſervation that I can make on both, I think it ſafeſt to put him into a courſe of Kitchen phyſick. In the mean time, to remove his hoarſeneſs, it will be the moſt natural way to make *Cupid* his own Druggiſt; for which reaſon I ſhall preſcribe to him, three mornings ſucceſſively, as much powder as will lie on a groat, of that noble remedy which the Apothecaries call *Album Græcum.* Upon hearing this advice, the young woman ſmiled, as if ſhe knew how ridiculous an errand ſhe had been employed in; and indeed I found by the ſequel of her diſcourſe, that ſhe was an arch Baggage, and of a character that is frequent enough in perſons of her employment, who are ſo uſed to conform themſelves in every thing to the humors and paſſions of their Miſtreſſes, that they ſacrifice ſuperiority of Senſe to ſuperiority of Condition, and are inſenſibly betrayed into the paſſions and prejudices of thoſe whom they ſerve, without giving themſelves leave to conſider, that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to ſee her give a new turn to her diſcourſe, and from ſympathizing with her Miſtreſs in her follies, to fall a railing at her. You cannot imagine, ſaid ſhe, Mr. *Bickerſtaffe,* what a life ſhe makes us lead for the ſake of this ugly Cur: If he dies we are the moſt unhappy family in town. She chanced to loſe a Parrot laſt year, which to tell you truly, brought me into her ſervice; for ſhe turned off her Woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, becauſe ſhe neglected to give him water, though every one of the family ſays, ſhe was as innocent of the Bird's death as the Babe that is unborn. Nay, ſhe told me this very morning, that if *Cupid* ſhould die, ſhe would ſend the poor innocent Wench I was telling you of, to *Bridewell,* and have the Milk-woman tried for her life at the *Old-Baily,* for putting water into his milk. In ſhort, ſhe talks like any diſtracted Creature.

Since it is ſo, young Woman, (ſaid I) I will by no means let you offend her, by ſtaying on this meſſage longer than is abſolutely neceſſary; and ſo forced her out.

While I am ſtudying to cure thoſe Evils and diſtreſſes that are neceſſary or natural to human life, I find my taſk growing upon me, ſince by theſe accidental Cares, and acquired Calamities, (if I may ſo call them) my Patients

tients contract diſtempers to which their conſtitution is of itſelf a ſtranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the Fair Sex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have obſerved, that when by too obſtinate a cruelty, or any other means, they have diſappointed themſelves of the proper objects of Love, as Huſbands, or Children, ſuch Virgins have exactly at ſuch a year grown fond of Lapdogs, Parrots, or other Animals. I know at this time a celebrated Toaſt, whom I allow to be one of the moſt agreeable of her ſex, that in the preſence of her Admirers, will give a torrent of kiſſes to her Cat, any one of which a Chriſtian would be glad of. I do not at the ſame time deny but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our Sex as theirs. A *Roman* Emperor had ſo very great an eſteem for an horſe of his, that he had thoughts of making him a Conſul; and ſeveral Moderns of that rank of men, whom we call Country Squires, will not ſcruple to kiſs their Hounds before all the world, and declare in the preſence of their Wives, that they had rather ſalute a Favorite of the pack, than the fineſt Woman in *England*. Theſe voluntary friendſhips between Animals of different Species, ſeem to ariſe from Inſtinct: for which reaſon, I have always looked upon the mutual good-will between the 'Squire and the Hound, to be of the ſame nature with that between the Lion and the Jackal.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excuſable, is one that grew out of an exceſs of gratitude, which I have ſomewhere met with in the life of a *Turkiſh* Emperor. His Horſe had brought him ſafe out of a field of battle, and from the purſuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for ſuch his good and faithful ſervice, his Maſter built him a ſtable of Marble, ſhod him with Gold, fed him in an Ivory Manger, and made him a Rack of Silver. He annexed to the ſtable ſeveral fields and meadows, lakes and running ſtreams. At the ſame time he provided for him a Seraglio of Mares, the moſt beautiful that could be found in the whole *Ottoman* Empire. To theſe were added a ſuitable train of Domeſtics, conſiſting of Grooms, Farriers, Rubbers, *&c.* accommodated with proper Liveries and Penſions. In ſhort, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the eaſe and happineſs of his life who had preſerved the Emperor's.

By reaſon of the extreme cold, and the changeableneſs of the weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free uſe of the Fardingal till the 20*th of* February *next enſuing.*

Thurſday,

N° 122. *Thurſday, January* 19, 1709.

Cur in Theatrum Cato ſevere veniſti? Mart.

From my own Apartment, January 18.

I FIND it is thought neceſſary, that I (who have taken upon me to cenſure the Irregularities of the age) ſhould give an account of my actions when they appear doubtful, or ſubject to miſconſtruction. My appearing at the Play on **Monday* laſt is looked upon as a ſtep in my conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be miſled by my Example. It is true in matter of fact, I was preſent at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myſelf in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and diſtinction. It is ſaid of *Virgil*, when he entered a *Roman* Theatre, where there were many thouſands of ſpectators preſent, that the whole aſſembly roſe up to do him honor; a reſpect which was never before paid to any but the Emperor. I muſt confeſs, that univerſal Clap, and other teſtimonies of applauſe, with which I was received at my firſt appearance in the Theatre of *Great-Britain*, gave me as ſenſible a delight, as the above-mentioned reception could give to that immortal Poet. I ſhould be ungrateful at the ſame time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were ſhewn me by Mr. *Thomas Dogget*, who made his compliments to me between the Acts after a moſt ingenuous and diſcreet manner; and at the ſame time communicated to me, that the company of Upholders deſired to receive me at their door at the end of the *Haymarket*, and to light me home to my lodgings. That part of the ceremony I forbad, and took particular care during the whole Play to obſerve the Conduct of the *Drama*, and give no offence by my own behavior. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an Audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual Spectator in publick diverſions of this nature. Every one ſhould on theſe occaſions ſhew his Attention, Underſtanding and Virtue. I would undertake to find out all the perſons of ſenſe and breeding by the effect of a ſingle ſentence, and to diſtinguiſh a Gentleman as much by his Laugh as his Bow. When we ſee the Footman and his Lord diverted by the ſame Jeſt, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honor of

* N. B. *A Perſon dreſſed for* Iſaac Bickerſtaffe *did appear at the Play-houſe on this occaſion.*

the

the other. But though a man's Quality may appear in his Underſtanding and Taſte, the regard to Virtue ought to be the ſame in all ranks and conditions of Men, however they make a profeſſion of it under the name of honor, Religion, or Morality. When therefore we ſee any thing divert an Audience, either in Tragedy or Comedy, that ſtrikes at the Duties of Civil Life or expoſes what the beſt men in all ages have looked upon as ſacred and inviolable, it is the certain ſign of a Profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their Forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their Poſterity. For this reaſon I took great delight in ſeeing the generous and diſintereſted paſſion of the Lovers in this Comedy (which ſtood ſo many trials, and was proved by ſuch a variety of diverting incidents) received with an univerſal Approbation. This brings to my mind a paſſage in *Cicero*, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a *Roman* audience. He there deſcribes the ſhouts and applauſes which the people gave to the perſons who acted the Parts of *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, on the nobleſt occaſion that a Poet could invent to ſhew friendſhip in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they ſtood in judgment before the Tyrant, each of them ſtrove who ſhould be the Criminal, that he might ſave the life of his friend. Amidſt the vehemence of each aſſerting himſelf to be the offender, the *Roman* Audience gave a thunder of applauſe, and by that means, as the Author hints, approved in others what they would have done themſelves on the like occaſion. Methinks a people of ſo much virtue were deſervedly placed at the head of mankind: But, alas! pleaſures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the *Engliſh* Stage.

The *Athenians*, at a time when they were the moſt Polite, as well as the moſt Powerful government in the world, made the care of the Stage one of the chief parts of the adminiſtration: and I muſt confeſs, I am aſtoniſhed at the Spirit of Virtue which appeared in that people upon ſome expreſſions in a ſcene of a famous Tragedy; an account of which we have in one of *Seneca*'s Epiſtles. A covetous Perſon is repreſented ſpeaking the common ſentiments of all who are poſſeſſed with that vice in the following Soliloquy, which I have tranſlated litterally.

Let me be called a Baſe man, ſo I am called, a Rich one. If a man is Rich, who aſks if he is Good? The queſtion is, How Much we have; not from Whence, or by what Means, we have it. Every one has ſo much Merit as he has Wealth. For my own part, let me be Rich, Oh ye Gods! or let me Die. The man dies Happily who dies increaſing his Treaſure. There is more pleaſure in the Poſſeſſion of Wealth, than in that of Parents, Children, Wife, or Friends.

The Audience were very much provoked by the firſt words of this ſpeech; but when the Actor came to the cloſe of it, they could bear no longer. In ſhort,

ſhort, the whole Aſſembly roſe up at once in the greateſt fury with a deſign to pluck him off the Stage, and brand the work itſelf with infamy. In the midſt of the tumult, the Author came out from behind the Scenes, begging the Audience to be compoſed for a little while and they ſhould ſee the Tragical End which this wretch ſhould come to immediately. The promiſe of Puniſhment appeaſed the people, who ſat with great attention and pleaſure to ſee an example made of ſo odious a Criminal. It is with ſhame and concern that I ſpeak it; but I very much queſtion, whether it is poſſible to make a Speech ſo impious, as to raiſe ſuch a laudable horror and indignation in a Modern Audience.

It is very natural for an Author to make oſtentation of his reading, as it is for an Old man to tell ſtories; for which reaſon I muſt beg the Reader will excuſe me, if I for once indulge myſelf in both theſe inclinations. We ſee the attention, judgment, and virtue of a whole Audience, in the foregoing inſtances. If we would imitate the behavior of a ſingle Spectator, let us reflect upon that of *Socrates*, in a particular which gives me as great an Idea of that extraordinary Man, as any circumſtance of his life; or, what is more, of his death. This venerable perſon often frequented the Theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a deſire to ſee him. On which occaſion it is recorded of him, That he ſometimes ſtood to make himſelf the more conſpicuous, and to ſatisfy the curioſity of the beholders. He was one day preſent at the firſt repreſentation of a Tragedy of *Euripides*, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is ſaid to have aſſiſted in ſeveral of his Plays. In the midſt of the Tragedy, which had met with very great ſucceſs, there chanced to be a line that ſeemed to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no ſooner ſpoken, but *Socrates* roſe from his ſeat, and without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the ſucceſs of the play, ſhewed himſelf diſpleaſed at what was ſaid, and walked out of the aſſembly. I queſtion not but the reader will be curious to know what the line was that gave this divine Heathen ſo much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of *Hyppolytus*, who when he was preſſed by an oath, whichhe had taken to keep ſilence, returned for anſwer, That he had taken the Oath with his Tongue, but not with his Heart. Had a perſon of a vicious character made ſuch a Speech, it might have been allowed as a proper repreſentation of the Baſeneſs of his thoughts: but ſuch an expreſſion out of the mouth of the virtuous *Hyppolytus*, was giving a ſanction to falſehood, and eſtabliſhing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have ſet apart to-morrow for the cloſing of my Viſion.

Saturday,

N° 123. *Saturday, January* 21, 1709.

Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore. Hor.

From my own Apartment, *January* 20.

A Continuation of the Viſion.

WITH much labor and difficulty I paſſed through the firſt part of my Viſion, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the Proſpect of the three great Roads. I here joined myſelf to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the Standard of Ambition. The great Road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the *Temple of Virtue*. It was planted on each ſide with Laurels, which were intermixed with marble Trophies, carved Pillars, and Statues of Lawgivers, Heroes, Stateſmen, Philoſophers, and Poets. The perſons who travelled up this great Path, were ſuch whoſe thoughts were bent upon doing eminent ſervices to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each ſide of this great Road were ſeveral Paths, that were alſo laid out in ſtraight lines, and ran parallel with it. Theſe were moſt of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who propoſed to themſelves the ſame end of their journey, though they choſe to make it in ſhade and obſcurity. The Edifices at the extremity of the Walk were ſo contrived, that we could not ſee the *Temple of Honor* by reaſon of the *Temple of Virtue* which ſtood before it. At the gates of this Temple we were met by the Goddeſs of it, who conducted us into that of *Honor*, which was joined to the other Edifice by a beautiful triumphal Arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the Deity of the inner ſtructure had received us, ſhe preſented us in a body to a Figure that was placed over the high Altar, and was the Emblem of *Eternity*. She ſat on a Globe in the midſt of a golden Zodiac, holding the figure of a Sun in one hand, and a Moon in the other. Her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us as we ſtood amidſt the Sphere of Light which this Image caſt on every ſide of it.

Having ſeen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that ſtood within view of the *Temple of Honor,* and was raiſed in imitation of it, upon the very ſame model; but at my approach to it, I found, that the ſtones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole Fabric ſtood upon ſo weak a foundation, that it ſhook with every wind that blew. This was called the *Temple of Vanity.* The Goddeſs of it ſat in the midſt of a great many Tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than ſhe would have done in open daylight. Her whole art, was to ſhew herſelf more beautiful and majeſtic than ſhe really was. For which reaſon, ſhe had painted her face, and wore a cluſter of falſe jewels upon her breaſt: But what I more particularly obſerved, was, the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the faſhion of a modern Fardingal. This place was filled with Hypocrites, Pedants, Free-thinkers, and prating Politicians; with a rabble of thoſe who have only Titles to make them Great Men. Female votaries crouded the Temple, choaked up the Avenues of it, and were more in number than the ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. I made it my buſineſs in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I firſt ſet out, to obſerve the Walks which led to this Temple; for I met in it ſeveral who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous perſons, and travelled ſome time in their company: But upon examination I found, that there were ſeveral paths which led out of the great road into the ſides of the wood, and ran into ſo many crooked turns and windings, that thoſe who travelled through them often turned their backs upon the *Temple of Virtue,* then croſſed the ſtraight road, and ſometimes marched in it for a little ſpace, till the crooked path which they were engaged in, again led them into the wood. The ſeveral Alleys of theſe wanderers had their particular ornaments: One of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the miſchievous pretenders to Politics, which had at every turn the figure of a perſon, whom by the Inſcription I found to be *Machiavel,* pointing out the way with an extended finger like a *Mercury.*

I was now returned in the ſame manner as before, with a deſign to obſerve carefully every thing that paſſed in the Region of *Avarice*, and the occurrences in that Aſſembly, which was made up of perſons of my own Age. This Body of travellers had not gone far in the third great Road, before it led them inſenſibly into a deep valley, in which they journied ſeveral days with great toil and uneaſineſs, and without the neceſſary refreſhments of food and ſleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of Golden Sand: They often drank of the ſtream, which had ſuch a particular quality in it, that though it

it refreſhed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirſt. On each ſide of the river was a range of hills full of precious Ore; for where the rains had waſhed off the earth, one might ſee in ſeveral parts of them veins of Gold, and rocks that looked like pure Silver. We were told, that the Deity of the place had forbad any of his Votaries to dig into the bowels of theſe hills, or convert the Treaſures they contained to any uſe, under pain of ſtarving. At the end of the valley ſtood *The Temple of Avarice,* made after the manner of a Fortification, and ſurrounded with a thouſand triple-headed Dogs, that were placed there to keep off Beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman who had called herſelf by the forged name of *Competency* offered herſelf for our guide. She carried under her garment a Golden Bough, which ſhe no ſooner held up in her hand, but the Dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred Iron doors, before we entered the Temple. At the upper end of it ſat the God of *Avarice,* with a long filthy beard, and a meagre ſtarved countenance, incloſed with heaps of Ingots and Pyramids of money, but half naked and ſhivering with cold. On his right hand was a Fiend called *Rapine,* and on his left a particular favorite to whom he had given the title of *Parſimony.* The firſt was his collector, and the other his Caſhier.

There were ſeveral long tables placed on each ſide of the Temple, with reſpective Officers attending behind them. Some of theſe I enquired into. At the firſt table was kept the Office of *Corruption.* Seeing a Solicitor extremely buſy, and whiſpering every body that paſſed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and ſaw him often going up to a perſon that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication Table and an Almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the Learning he was maſter of. The Solicitor would often apply himſelf to his ear, and at the ſame time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, ſigned and ſealed in form. The name of this dextrous and ſucceſsful Solicitor was *Bribery.* At the next table was the Office of *Extortion.* Behind it ſate a perſon in a bob-wig, counting over a great ſum of money. He gave out little purſes to ſeveral, who after a ſhort tour, brought him in return, ſacks full of the ſame kind of Coin. I ſaw at the ſame time a perſon called *Fraud,* who ſat behind a Counter with falſe Scales, light Weights, and ſcanty Meaſures; by the ſkilful application of which Inſtruments, ſhe had got together an immenſe heap of wealth. It would be endleſs to name the ſeveral Officers, or deſcribe the Votaries that attended in this Temple. There were many Old men panting and breathleſs, repoſing their heads on bags of money; nay many of them actually

dying, whoſe very pangs and convulſions (which rendered their purſes uſeleſs to them) only made them graſp them the faſter. There were ſome tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and fleſh of many miſerable perſons who ſtood before them, and with the other hand throwing away what they had ſeized, to Harlots, Flatterers, and Panders, that ſtood behind them.

On a ſudden the whole Aſſembly fell a trembling, and upon enquiry, I found, that the great room we were in was haunted with a Spectre, that many times a day appeared to them and terrified them to diſtraction.

In the midſt of their terror and amazement the Apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be *Poverty*. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this Phantom, which had rendered the ſight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, ſhe did not make ſo indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the God of this loathſome Temple. The miſerable Votaries of this place, were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himſelf threatned by the Apparition as ſhe ſtalked about the room, and began to lock their Coffers, and tie their Bags, with the utmoſt fear and trembling.

I muſt confeſs, I look upon the Paſſion which I ſaw in this unhappy people to be of the ſame nature with thoſe unaccountable Antipathies which ſome perſons are born with, or rather as a kind of Phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the ſight of ſo uſeful and innocent a thing as water. The whole aſſembly was ſurpriſed, when, inſtead of paying my devotions to the Deity whom they all adored, they ſaw me addreſs myſelf to the Phantom.

" Oh *Poverty!* (ſaid I) my firſt Petition to thee is, That thou would'ſt " never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that " thou would'ſt not bear a Form more terrible than that in which thou ap- " peareſt to me at preſent. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to " any thing that is ungrateful or unjuſt. Let me not ſhut my ears to " the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the perſon that has deſerved " well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, deſert my Friend, my Prin- " ciples, or my Honor. If *Wealth* is to viſit me, and to come with her u- " ſual attendants, *Vanity* and *Avarice,* do thou, Oh *Poverty!* haſten to my " reſcue; but bring along with thee the two Siſters, in whoſe company " thou art always chearful, *Liberty* and *Innocence*.

The concluſion of this Viſion muſt be deferred to another opportunity.

Thurſday,

N° 131. *Thurſday, February* 9, 1709.

——*Scelus eſt jugulare falernum,*
Et dare Campano toxica ſæva mero. Mart.

Sheer-Lane, February 8.

THERE is in this City a certain fraternity of Chymical Operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their myſteries from the eyes and obſervation of mankind. Theſe ſubterraneous Philoſophers are daily employed in the Tranſmigration of Liquors, and, by the power of Magical Drugs and Incantations, raiſing under the ſtreets of *London* the choiceſt product of the hills and valleys of *France*. They can ſqueeze *Bourdeaux* out of a *Sloe*, and draw *Champaign* from an *Apple*. *Virgil*, in that remarkable Prophecy,

Incultiſque rubens pendebit Sentibus Uva.

" The ripening Grape ſhall hang on every Thorn,

ſeems to have hinted at this Art, which can turn a Plantation of *Northern* Hedges into a Vineyard. Theſe adepts are known among one another by the name of Wine-brewers, and I am afraid do great injury, not only to Her Majeſty's Cuſtoms, but to the Bodies of many of her good Subjects.

Having received ſundry complaints againſt theſe inviſible workmen, I ordered the proper Officer of my Court to ferret them out of their reſpective Caves, and bring them before me, which was yeſterday executed accordingly.

The perſon who appeared againſt them was a Merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines that he had laid in before the war: but theſe Gentlemen (as he ſaid) had ſo vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be *French*, becauſe it did not taſte like what they ſold for ſuch. As a man never pleads better than where his own perſonal intereſt is concerned, he exhibited to the Court with great eloquence, That this new Corporation of Druggiſts had inflamed the Bills of Mortality, and puzzled

puzzled the College of Phyſicians with diſeaſes, for which they neither knew a name or cure. He accuſed ſome of giving all their cuſtomers Cholics and Megrims; and mentioned one who had boaſted, he had a tun of Claret by him, that in a fortnight's time ſhould give the gout to a dozen of the healthfulleſt men in the city, provided that their Conſtitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleneſs. He then enlarged, with a great ſhew of reaſon, upon the prejudice which theſe mixtures and compoſitions had done to the Brains of the *Engliſh* nation; as is too viſible (ſaid he) from many late Pamphlets, Speeches and Sermons, as well as from the ordinary converſations of the youth of this age. He then quoted an ingenious perſon, who would undertake to know by a man's writings, the wine he moſt delighted in; and on that occaſion named a certain Satyriſt, whom he had diſcovered to be the Author of a Lampoon, by a manifeſt taſte of the Sloe, which ſhewed itſelf in it by much Roughneſs, and little Spirit.

In the laſt place, he aſcribed to the unnatural Tumults and Fermentations, which theſe mixtures raiſe in our blood, the diviſions, heats and animoſities that reign among us; and in particular, aſſerted moſt of the modern Enthuſiaſms and Agitations to be nothing elſe but the effects of adulterated *Port*.

The Council for the Brewers had a face ſo extremely inflamed and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to ſee him an advocate for theſe ſophiſtications. His rhetoric was likewiſe ſuch as I ſhould have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great exceſs. Indeed, I was ſo ſurpriſed at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taſte of his uſual liquor; which I had no ſooner drank, but I found a pimple riſing in my forehead; and felt ſuch a ſenſible decay in my underſtanding, that I would not proceed in the trial till the fume of it was entirely diſſipated.

This notable Advocate had little to ſay in the defence of his Clients, but that they were under a neceſſity of making Claret if they would keep open their doors, it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reaſon, That it might be as profitable to the nation to make *French* wine as *French* hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this had already brought to part of the Kingdom. Upon which he informed the Court, That the lands in *Herefordſhire* were raiſed two years purchaſe ſince the beginning of the war.

When I had ſent out my ſummons to theſe people, I gave at the ſame time orders to each of them to bring the ſeveral ingredients he made uſe of in diſtinct Phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into

into two rows on each ſide of the Court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The Merchant informed me, That in one row of Phials were the ſeveral colors they dealt in, and in the other the taſtes. He then ſhewed me on the right hand one who went by the name of *Tom Tintoret,* who (as he told me) was the greateſt maſter in his Coloring of any Vintner in *London.* To give me a proof of his art, he took a Glaſs of fair water; and by the infuſion of three drops out of one of his Phials, converted it into a moſt beautiful pale *Burgundy.* Two more of the ſame kind heightened it into a perfect *Languedoc:* from thence it paſſed into a florid *Hermitage:* and after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a ſingle drop, ended in a very deep *Pontack.* This ingenious Virtuoſo ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed at his art, told me, That he had not an opportunity of ſhewing it in perfection, having only made uſe of water for the ground-work of his coloring: But that if I were to ſee an operation upon liquors of ſtronger bodies, the art would appear to much greater advantage. He added, That he doubted not but it would pleaſe my curioſity to ſee the Cyder of one Apple take only a Vermilion, when another, with a leſs quantity of the ſame infuſion, would riſe into a dark Purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me alſo, That he could hit the different ſhades and degrees of Red, as they appear in the Pink and the Roſe, the Clove and the Carnation, as he had *Rheniſh* or *Moſelle*, *Perry* or *White Port* to work in.

I was ſo ſatisfied with the ingenuity of this Virtuoſo, that, after having adviſed him to quit ſo diſhoneſt a profeſſion, I promiſed him, in conſideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a Scarlet-Dyer.

The Artiſts on my other hand were ordered in the ſecond place to make ſome experiments of their ſkill before me: Upon which the famous *Harry Sippet* ſtept out, and aſked me, What I would be pleaſed to drink? At the ſame time he filled out three or four White liquors in a glaſs, and told me, That it ſhould be what I pleaſed to call for; adding very learnedly, That the liquor before him was as the naked Subſtance or Firſt Matter of his compound, to which he and his friend, who ſtood over-againſt him, could give what Accidents or Form they pleaſed. Finding him ſo great a Philoſopher, I deſired he would convey into it the qualities and eſſence of right *Bourdeaux.* Coming, Coming, Sir, (ſaid he) with the air of a Drawer; and after having caſt his eye on the ſeveral taſtes and flavors that ſtood before him, he took up a little Cruet that was filled with a kind of Inky juice, and pouring ſome of it out into the glaſs of white-wine, preſented it to me, and told me, This was the wine over which moſt of the buſineſs of the laſt Term had

had been diſpatched. I muſt confeſs, I looked upon that ſooty drug which he held up in his Cruet as the Quinteſſence of *Engliſh Bourdeaux*, and therefore deſired him to give me a glaſs of it by itſelf, which he did with great unwillingneſs. My Cat at that time ſat by me upon the elbow of my chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon myſelf, I reached it to her to ſip of it, which had like to have coſt her her life; for notwithſtanding it flung her at firſt into freakiſh tricks, quite contrary to her uſual gravity, in leſs than a quarter of an hour ſhe fell into convulſions; and had it not been a Creature more tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was ſo incenſed by the tortures of my innocent Domeſtic, and the unworthy dealings of theſe men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured Creature before them, they deſerved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they uſed for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themſelves as no better than a kind of Aſſaſſins and Murderers within the law. However, ſince they had dealt ſo clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I diſmiſſed them for that time; with a particular requeſt, That they would not poiſon any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to ſome honeſt livelihood without loſs of time.

For my own part, I have reſolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors, and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to ſecure me two hogſheads of the beſt Stomach-wine in the cellars of *Verſailles*, for the good of my lucubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

N° 133. *Tueſday, February* 14. 1709.

Dum tacent, clamant. Tull.

Sheer-Lane, February 13.

SILENCE is ſometimes more ſignificant and ſublime than the moſt noble and moſt expreſſive Eloquence, and is on many occaſions the indication of a Great Mind. Several Authors have treated of Silence as a part of duty and diſcretion, but none of them have conſidered it in this light. *Homer* compares the noiſe and clamor of the *Trojans* advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes when they invade an army of pygmies.

pygmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favorites, the *Greeks*, move forward in a regular determined march, and in the depth of ſilence. I find in the accounts which are given us of ſome of the more *Eaſtern* nations, where the inhabitants are diſpoſed by their conſtitutions and climates to higher ſtrains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in the *Northern* regions of the world, that Silence is a religious exerciſe among them. For when their public devotions are in the greateſt fervor, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raiſe them, there are certain ſuſpenſions of ſound and motion for a time, in which the mind is left to itſelf, and ſuppoſed to ſwell with ſuch ſecret conceptions as are too big for utterance. I have myſelf been wonderfully delighted with a maſterpiece of muſic, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices, and inſtruments have ſtopped ſhort on a ſudden, and after a little pauſe recovered themſelves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. Methought this ſhort interval of ſilence has had more muſic in it than any of the ſame ſpace of time before or after it. There are two inſtances of Silence in the two greateſt Poets that ever wrote, which have ſomething in them as ſublime as any of the ſpeeches in their whole works. The firſt is that of *Ajax*, in the eleventh book of the *Odyſſey*. *Ulyſſes*, who had been the Rival of this great man in his life, as well as the occaſion of his death, upon meeting his Shade in the region of departed Heroes, makes his ſubmiſſion to him with an humility next to adoration, which the other paſſes over with dumb ſullen majeſty, and ſuch a ſilence, as (to uſe the words of *Longinus*) had more greatneſs in it than any thing he could have ſpoken.

The next inſtance I ſhall mention is in *Virgil*, where the Poet, doubtleſs, imitates this ſilence of *Ajax* in that of *Dido;* though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. *AEneas* finding among the ſhades of deſpairing Lovers, the Ghoſt of her who had lately died for him, with the wound ſtill freſh upon her, addreſſes himſelf to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the moſt paſſionate profeſſions of his own innocence as to what had happened; all which *Dido* receives with the dignity and diſdain of a reſenting Lover, and an injured Queen; and is ſo far from vouchſafing him an anſwer, that ſhe does not give him a ſingle look. The Poet repreſents her as turning away her face from him while he ſpoke to her; and after having kept her eyes for ſome time upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his proteſtations, flying from him into the grove of Myrtle, and into the arms of Another, whoſe fidelity had deſerved her love.

I have often thought our writers of Tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain ſtops and pauſes in the repreſentation of ſuch paſſions, as it is not in the power of language to expreſs. There is ſomething like this in the laſt act of *Venice preſerved*, where *Pierre* is brought to an infamous execution, and begs of his friend, as a reparation of paſt injuries, and the only favor he could do him, to reſcue him from the ignominy of the Wheel, by ſtabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful requeſt, he is not able to communicate it, but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and burſts into tears. The melancholy ſilence that follows hereupon, and continues till he has recovered himſelf enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raiſes in the ſpectators a grief that is inexpreſſible, and an Idea of ſuch a complicated diſtreſs in the Actor as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many Readers to give rules and directions for proper Silences, as for *Penning a Whiſper:* but it is certain, that in the extremity of moſt Paſſions, particularly Surpriſe, Admiration, Aſtoniſhment, nay, Rage itſelf, there is nothing more graceful than to ſee the Play ſtand for a few moments, and the Audience fixed in an agreeable ſuſpence during the Silence of a ſkilful Actor.

But Silence never ſhews itſelf to ſo great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no juſt occaſion for them. We might produce an example of it in the behavior of one in whom it appeared in all its majeſty, and one whoſe ſilence, as well as his perſon, was altogether Divine. When one conſiders this ſubject only in its Sublimity, this great Inſtance could not but occur to me; and ſince I only make uſe of it to ſhew the higheſt example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjuſt reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or (if poſſible) with an entire neglect of it, is one of the moſt heroic acts of a Great Mind. And I muſt confeſs, when I reflect upon the behavior of ſome of the greateſt men of Antiquity, I do not ſo much admire them that they deſerved the praiſe of the whole age they lived in, as becauſe they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of Worth, who ſuffers under ſo ill a treatment, is to lie by for ſome time in ſilence and obſcurity, till the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read with a great deal of pleaſure a Legacy of the famous Lord *Bacon*, one of the greateſt Genius's that our own or any country has produced; After having bequeathed his Soul, Body, and Eſtate, in the uſual form, he adds, " My Name " and Memory I leave to foreign Nations, and to my Countrymen, after " ſome time be paſſed over.

At the ſame time that I recommend this Philoſophy to others, I muſt confeſs,

feſs, I am ſo poor a Proficient in it myſelf, that if in the courſe of my Lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conſcience it ought to be, I think the time an age till I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I muſt not cloſe my diſcourſe upon Silence, without informing my Reader, that I have by me an elaborate Treatiſe on the *Apoſiopeſis* called an *Et cætera,* it being a Figure much uſed by ſome learned Authors, and particularly by the great *Littleton,* who, as my Lord Chief Juſtice *Coke* obſerves, had a moſt admirable Talent at an *&c.*

N° 146. *Thurſday, March* 16, 1709.

Permittes ipſis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris.
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dii.
Charior eſt illis homo, quam ſibi. Nos animorum
Impulſu et cæca magnaque cupidine ducti
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris; at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualiſque futura ſit uxor. Juv.

From my own Apartment, March 15.

AMONG the various ſets of Correſpondents who apply to me for advice, and ſend up their Caſes from all parts of *Great-Britain*, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to anſwer, than the *Complainers.* One of them dates his Letter to me from the Banks of a purling Stream, where he uſed to ruminate in Solitude upon the divine *Clariſſa*, and where he is now looking about for a convenient Leap, which he tells me he is reſolved to take, unleſs I ſupport him under the loſs of that charming perjured woman. Poor *Lavinia* preſſes as much for conſolation on the other ſide, and is reduced to ſuch an extremity of deſpair by the inconſtancy of *Philander*, that ſhe tells me ſhe writes her Letter with her Pen in one hand, and her Garter in the other. A Gentleman of an ancient family in *Norfolk* is almoſt out of his wits upon account of a Greyhound, that after having been his inſeparable companion for ten years,

is at laſt run mad. Another (who I believe is ſerious) complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loſs of a wife; and another, in terms ſtill more moving, of a purſe of money that was taken from him on *Bagſhot* Heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him if he had given it to the poor. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a Calamity in human life that has not produced me a Letter.

It is indeed wonderful to conſider, how men are able to raiſe affliction to themſelves out of every thing. Lands and Houſes, Sheep and Oxen, can convey happineſs and miſery into the hearts of reaſonable creatures. Nay, I have known a Muff, a Scarf, or a Tippet, become a ſolid bleſſing or misfortune. A Lap-dog has broke the hearts of thouſands. *Flavia*, who has buried five children, and two huſbands, was never able to get over the loſs of her Parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit by a neglect at a Ball or an Aſſembly? *Mopſa* has kept her chamber ever ſince the laſt Maſquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than *Clarinda* from the violent cold which ſhe caught at it. Nor are theſe dear creatures the only ſufferers by ſuch Imaginary calamities: Many an Author has been dejected at the cenſure of one whom he ever looked upon as an Ideot; and many an Hero caſt into a fit of Melancholy, becauſe the Rabble have not hooted at him as he paſſed through the ſtreets. *Theron* places all his happineſs in a running Horſe, *Suffenus* in a gilded Chariot, *Fulvius* in a Blue ſtring, and *Florio* in a Tulip-root. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many fantaſtical afflictions that diſturb mankind; but as a miſery is not to be meaſured from the Nature of the Evil, but from the Temper of the Sufferer, I ſhall preſent my Readers, who are unhappy either in Reality or Imagination, with an Allegory, for which I am indebted to the great Father and Prince of Poets.

As I was ſitting after dinner in my Elbow-chair, I took up *Homer*, and dipped into that famous Speech of *Achilles* to *Priam*, in which he tells him, that *Jupiter* has by him two great veſſels, the one filled with Bleſſings, and the other with Misfortunes; out of which he mingles a compoſition for every man that comes into the world. This paſſage ſo exceedingly pleaſed me, that as I fell inſenſibly into my afternoon's ſlumber, it wrought my Imagination into the following Dream.

When *Jupiter* took into his hands the government of the world, the ſeveral parts of Nature, with the preſiding Deities, did homage to him. One preſented him with a mountain of Winds, another with a magazine of Hail, and a third with a pile of Thunder-bolts. The Stars offered up their Influences, the Ocean gave in his Trident, the Earth her Fruits, and the Sun his Seaſons. Among the ſeveral Deities who came to make their Court on this occaſion,

occaſion, the Deſtinies advanced with two great Tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the Right hand of *Jupiter* as he ſat upon his Throne, and the other on his Left. The firſt was filled with all the Bleſſings, and the other with all the Calamities of human life. *Jupiter*, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this Iron age, poured very plentifully out of the Tun that ſtood at his Right hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his Bleſſings, he ſet abroach the other veſſel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and diſtempers, Jealouſy and falſehood, intoxicating pleaſures and untimely deaths.

He was at length ſo very much incenſed at the great depravation of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having reſolved to deſtroy the whole Species, except *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, he commanded the Deſtinies to gather up the Bleſſings which he had thrown away upon the ſons of men, and lay them up till the world ſhould be inhabited by a more virtuous and deſerving race of mortals.

The three ſiſters immediately repaired to the earth, in ſearch of the ſeveral Bleſſings that had been ſcattered on it; but found the taſk which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they had imagined. The firſt places they reſorted to, as the moſt likely to ſucceed in, were Cities, Palaces, and Courts; but inſtead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but Envy, Repining, Uneaſineſs, and the like bitter ingredients of the Left-hand veſſel. Whereas, to their great ſurpriſe, they diſcovered Content, Chearfulneſs, Health, Innocence, and other the moſt ſubſtantial Bleſſings of life, in Cottages, Shades, and Solitudes.

There was another circumſtance no leſs unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the diſcharge of the Truſt which *Jupiter* had committed to them. They obſerved, that ſeveral Bleſſings had degenerated into Calamities, and that ſeveral Calamities had improved into Bleſſings, according as they fell into the poſſeſſion of wiſe or fooliſh men. They often found Power with ſo much Inſolence and Impatience cleaving to it, that it became a Misfortune to the perſon on whom it was conferred. Youth had often diſtempers growing about it, worſe than the infirmities of Old age: Wealth was often united to ſuch a ſordid Avarice, as made it the moſt uncomfortable and painful kind of Poverty. On the contrary, they often found Pain made glorious by Fortitude, Poverty loſt in Content, Deformity beautified with Virtue. In a word, the Bleſſings were often like good fruits planted in a bad ſoil, that by degrees fall off from their natural reliſh, into taſtes altogether inſipid or unwholeſome; and the Calamities like

like harſh fruits, cultivated in a good ſoil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, till they ſwell with generous and delightful juices.

There was ſtill a third circumſtance that occaſioned as great a ſurpriſe to the three ſiſters as either of the foregoing, when they diſcovered ſeveral Bleſſings and Calamities which had never been in either of the Tuns that ſtood by the Throne of *Jupiter*, and were nevertheleſs as great occaſions of happineſs or miſery as any there. Theſe were that ſpurious crop of Bleſſings and Calamities which were never ſown by the hand of the Deity, but grow of themſelves out of the fancies and diſpoſitions of human creatures. Such are Dreſs, Titles, Place, Equipage, falſe Shame, and groundleſs Fear, with the like vain Imaginations that ſhoot up in trifling, weak, and irreſolute minds.

The Deſtinies finding themſelves in ſo great a perplexity, concluded, that it would be impoſſible for them to execute the commands that had been given them according to their firſt intention; for which reaſon they agreed to throw all the Bleſſings and Calamities together into one large veſſel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of *Jupiter*.

This was performed accordingly, the eldeſt ſiſter preſenting herſelf before the veſſel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done.

O Jupiter! (*ſays ſhe*) *we have gathered together all the Good and Evil, the Comforts and Diſtreſſes of human life, which we thus preſent before thee in one promiſcuous heap. We beſeech thee that thou thyſelf wilt ſort them out for the future, as in thy wiſdom thou ſhalt think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is none beſide thee that can judge what will occaſion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a Bleſſing or a Calamity to the perſon on whom it is beſtowed.*

N° 147. *Saturday, March* 18. 1709.

——*Ut ameris amabilis eſto.*

From my own Apartment, March 17.

READING is to the mind, what Exerciſe is to the body: As by the one, health is preſerved, ſtrengthened and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cheriſhed and confirmed. But as exerciſe becomes tedious and painful when we make uſe of it only as the means of health, ſo reading is apt to grow uneaſy and burdenſome, when we apply ourſelves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reaſon, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable purſuit that draws us on with pleaſure, and makes us inſenſible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this Preface, I ſhall ſet down a very beautiful allegorical Fable of the great Poet whom I mentioned in my laſt paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aſide when one is engaged in the reading of him: And this I particularly deſign for the uſe of ſeveral of my fair correſpondents, who in their letters have complained to me that they have loſt the affections of their huſbands, and deſire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, ſays *Homer*, ſeeing her *Jupiter* ſeated on the top of mount *Ida*, and knowing that he conceived an averſion to her, began to ſtudy how ſhe ſhould regain his affections, and make herſelf amiable to him. With this thought ſhe immediately retired into her chamber, where ſhe bathed herſelf in *Ambroſia*, which gave her perſon all its beauty, and diffuſed ſo divine an odor, as refreſhed all nature, and ſweetned both Heaven and Earth. She let her immortal Treſſes flow in the moſt graceful manner, and took a particular care to dreſs herſelf in ſeveral ornaments, which the Poet deſcribes at length, and which the Goddeſs choſe out as the moſt proper to ſet off her perſon to the beſt advantage. In the next place, ſhe made a viſit to *Venus*, the Deity who preſides over Love, and begged of her, as a particular favor, that ſhe would lend her for a while thoſe charms with which ſhe ſubdued the hearts both of gods and men. For, ſays the Goddeſs, I would make uſe of them

to

to reconcile the two Deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who, at preſent, are at ſo great a variance, that they are eſtranged from each other's bed. *Venus* was proud of an opportunity of obliging ſo great a Goddeſs, and therefore made her a preſent of the *Ceſtus* which ſhe uſed to wear about her own waiſt, with advice to hide it in her boſom, till ſhe accompliſhed her intention. This *Ceſtus* was a fine party-colored girdle, which, as *Homer* tells us, had all the attractions of the Sex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were Love, Deſire, Fondneſs of ſpeech, and Converſation, filled with that Sweetneſs and Complacency which, ſays the Poet, inſenſibly ſteal away the hearts of the Wiſeſt men.

Juno, after having made theſe neceſſary preparations, came as by accident into the preſence of *Jupiter*, who is ſaid to have been as much inflamed with her beauty as when he firſt ſtole to her embraces without the conſent of their parents. *Juno,* to cover her real thoughts, told him, as ſhe had told *Venus*, that ſhe was going to make a viſit to *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. He prevailed upon her to ſtay with him, proteſting to her, that ſhe appeared more amiable in his eye, than ever any Mortal, Goddeſs, or even herſelf, had appeared to him till that day. The Poet then repreſents him in ſo great an ardor, that (without going up to the Houſe which had been built by the hands of *Vulcan*, according to *Juno*'s direction) he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they ſat upon the top of mount *Ida,* while the earth beneath them ſprung up in Lotus's, Saffrons, Hyacinths, and a bed of the ſofteſt flowers for their repoſe.

This cloſe tranſlation of one of the fineſt paſſages in *Homer*, may ſuggeſt abundance of inſtruction to a woman who has a mind to preſerve or recal the Affection of her huſband. The care of the perſon, and the dreſs, with the particular blandiſhments woven in the *Ceſtus*, are ſo plainly recommended by this fable, and ſo indiſpenſibly neceſſary in every female who deſires to pleaſe, that they need no further explanation. The diſcretion likewiſe in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others is taught in the pretended viſit to *Tethys*, in the ſpeech where *Juno* addreſſes herſelf to *Venus*; as the chaſte and prudent management of a Wife's charms is intimated by the ſame pretence for her appearing before *Jupiter*, and by the concealment of the *Ceſtus* in her boſom.

I ſhall leave this Tale to the conſideration of ſuch good Houſewives who are never well dreſſed but when they are abroad, and think it neceſſary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their huſbands: as alſo to thoſe prudent Ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their huſbands with indifference, averſion, ſullen ſilence, or exaſperating language.

Sheer-

Sheer-Lane, March 17.

Upon my coming home laſt night, I found a very handſome preſent of wine left for me, as a taſte of 216 *Hogſheads which are to be put to ſale at* 20l. *a Hogſhead, at* Garraway's *Coffee-houſe in* Exchange-alley, *on the* 22*d inſtant, at three in the afternoon, and to be taſted in Major* Long's *Vaults from the* 20*th inſtant till the time of ſale.* This having been ſent to me with a deſire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately impannelled a Jury of men of nice palates and ſtrong heads, who being all of them very ſcrupulous, and unwilling to proceed raſhly in a matter of ſo great importance, refuſed to bring in their verdict till three in the morning; at which time the Fore-man pronounced, as well as he was able, Extra—a—ordinary *French* Claret. For my own part, as I love to conſult my Pillow in all points of moment, I ſlept upon it before I would give my Sentence, and this morning confirmed the Verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I muſt give notice to my Correſpondents for the future, who ſhall apply to me on this occaſion, that as I ſhall decide nothing unadviſedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give Judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at leaſt three dozen bottles of it. I muſt at the ſame time do myſelf the juſtice to let the world know, that I have reſiſted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a Butcher in *Clare-Market,* who endeavored to corrupt me with a dozen and a half of Marrow-bones. I had likewiſe a bribe ſent me by a Fiſhmonger, conſiſting of a Collar of Brawn, and a Joll of Salmon; but not finding them excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them both up without ſpeaking one word of them. However, for the future, I ſhall have an eye to the Diet of this great City, and will recommend the beſt and moſt wholeſome food to them, if I receive theſe proper and reſpectful notices from the ſellers, that it may not be ſaid hereafter, my Readers were better taught than fed.

N° 148. *Tueſday, March* 21, 1709.

——— *Guſtus elementa per omnia quærunt,*
Nunquam animo pretiis obſtantibus ——— Juv.

From my own Apartment, March 20.

HAVING intimated in my laſt paper, that I deſign to take under my inſpection the Diet of this great City, I ſhall begin with a very earneſt and ſerious exhortation to all my well-diſpoſed Readers, that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themſelves to Beef and Mutton. This was that Diet which bred that hardy race of mortals who won the fields of *Creſſy* and *Agincourt*. I need not go up ſo high as the hiſtory of *Guy* Earl of *Warwick*, who is well known to have eaten up a Dun Cow of his own killing. The renowned King *Arthur* is generally looked upon as the firſt who ever ſat down to a whole roaſted Ox, (which was certainly the beſt way to preſerve the gravy;) and it is further added, that he and his Knights ſat about it at his round table, and uſually conſumed it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The *Black* Prince was a profeſſed Lover of the Briſket; not to mention the Hiſtory of the Surloin, or the inſtitution of the Order of Beef-eaters, which are all ſo many evident and undeniable marks of the great reſpect which our warlike Predeceſſors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient Gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot Roaſt-beef; and I am credibly informed by an Antiquary who has ſearched the Regiſters in which the Bills of fare of the Court are recorded, that inſtead of Tea and Bread and Butter, which have prevailed of late years, the Maids of Honor in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time were allowed three Rumps of Beef for their breakfaſt. Mutton has likewiſe been in great repute among our valiant Countrymen, but was formerly obſerved to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than thoſe of ſtrong and robuſt Conſtitutions. For which reaſon, even to this day, we uſe the word Sheep-biter as a term of reproach, as we do a Beef-eater in a reſpectful and honorable ſenſe. As for the fleſh of Lamb, Veal, Chicken and other Animals under Age, they were the invention of ſickly and

and degenerate palates, according to that wholeſome remark of *Daniel* the Hiſtorian, who takes notice, That in all taxes upon Proviſions, during the reigns of ſeveral of our Kings, there is nothing mentioned beſides the fleſh of ſuch Fowl and Cattle as were arrived at their full growth, and were mature for ſlaughter. The common people of this kingdom do ſtill keep up the taſte of their Anceſtors; and it is to this that we in a great meaſure owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would deſire my reader to conſider, what work our Countrymen would have made at *Blenheim* and *Ramillies,* if they had been fed with Fricacies and Ragouts.

For this reaſon we at preſent ſee the florid Complexion, the ſtrong Limb, and the hale Conſtitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner ſort of people, or in the wild Gentry, who have been educated among the woods and mountains. Whereas many great families are inſenſibly fallen off from the Athletic Conſtitution of their Progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, ſickly, ſpindle-legged generation of Valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I muſt confeſs, I am apt to impute the diſhonors that ſometimes happen in great families to the inflaming kind of diet which is ſo much in faſhion. Many diſhes can excite deſire without giving ſtrength, and heat the body without nouriſhing it: as Phyſicians obſerve, that the pooreſt and moſt diſpirited blood is moſt ſubject to Fevers. I look upon a *French* Ragout to be as pernicious to the ſtomach as a glaſs of ſpirits; and when I have ſeen a young Lady ſwallow all the inſtigations of high Soups, ſeaſoned Sauces, and forced Meats, I have wondered at the deſpair or tedious ſighing of her lovers.

The rules among theſe falſe delicates, are, to be as contradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for an appetite, and prepare diſhes not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without ſome diſguiſe.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in ſeaſon, and to leave it off as ſoon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their Senſes, but what would offend thoſe of their Inferiors.

I remember I was laſt ſummer invited to a friend's houſe, who is a great admirer of the *French* cookery, and (as the Phraſe is) *eats well.* At our ſitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown diſhes. I was mightily at a loſs to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myſelf. That which ſtood before me I took to

be a roaſted Porcupine, however did not care for aſking queſtions; and have ſince been informed, that it was only a larded Turkey. I afterwards paſſed my eye over ſeveral Haſhes, which I do not know the names of to this day; and hearing that they were Delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other Dainties, I ſaw ſomething like a Pheaſant, and therefore deſired to be helped to a wing of it; but to my great ſurpriſe, my friend told me it was a Rabbit, which is a ſort of meat I never cared for. At laſt I diſcovered, with ſome joy, a Pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a Gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the Gentleman of the houſe ſaid, with great civility, I am ſure you will like the Pig, for it was whipped to death. I muſt confeſs I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an Animal that died ſuch a tragical death: I was now in great hunger and confuſion, when, methought, I ſmelled the agreeable ſavor of Roaſt-beef, but could not tell from which diſh it aroſe, though I did not queſtion but it lay diſguiſed in one of them. Upon turning my head, I ſaw a noble Surloin on the Side-table, ſmoking in the moſt delicious manner. I had recourſe to it more than once, and could not ſee, without ſome indignation, that ſubſtantial *Engliſh* diſh baniſhed in ſo ignominious a manner, to make way for *French* kickſhaws.

The Deſert was brought up at laſt, which in truth was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were ſeveral Pyramids of candy'd ſweetmeats, that hung like Icicles, with fruits ſcattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of froſt. At the ſame time, there were great quantities of Cream beaten up into a ſnow, and near them little plates of Sugar-plumbs, diſpoſed like ſo many heaps of hail-ſtones, with a multitude of Congelations in Jellies of various colors. I was indeed ſo pleaſed with the ſeveral objects which lay before me, that I did not care for diſplacing any of them, and was half angry with the reſt of the company, that for the ſake of a piece of Lemon-peel, or a Sugar plumb, would ſpoil ſo pleaſing a picture. Indeed, I could not but ſmile to ſee ſeveral of them cooling their mouths with lumps of Ice, which they had juſt before been burning with Salts and Peppers.

As ſoon as this ſhow was over I took my leave, that I might finiſh my dinner at my own houſe: For as I in every thing love what is ſimple and natural, ſo particularly in my food; two plain diſhes, with two or three good-natured, chearful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleaſed and vain, than all that pomp and luxury can beſtow. For it is my Maxim, That *he keeps the greateſt table, who has the moſt valuable company at it.*

Thurſday,

N° 152. *Thurſday, March* 30, 1710.

Dii, quibus Imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes,
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res alta terra & caligine merſas. Virg.

From my own Apartment, March 29.

A MAN who confines his ſpeculations to the time preſent, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reaſon, perſons of ſtudious and contemplative natures often entertain themſelves with the hiſtory of paſt Ages, or raiſe ſchemes and conjectures upon Futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of Eternity which is ſtill to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; becauſe I know I have a real ſhare and intereſt in the one, whereas all that was tranſacted in the other can be only matter of curioſity to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the Soul's Immortality, and in reading the ſeveral notions which the wiſeſt of men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that ſubject. What the opinions of the greateſt Philoſophers have been, I have ſeveral times hinted at, and ſhall give an account of them from time to time as occaſion requires. It may likewiſe be worth while to conſider, what men of the moſt exalted genius, and elevated imagination, have thought of this matter. Among theſe, *Homer* ſtands up as a Prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon the reſt of human creatures as a ſpecies beneath him. Since he is the moſt ancient heathen Author, we may gueſs from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the ſtate of the Soul after death.

Ulyſſes, he tells us, made a voyage to the Regions of the dead, in order to conſult *Tireſias* how he ſhould return to his own Country, and recommend himſelf to the favor of the Gods. The Poet ſcarce introduces a ſingle Perſon, who doth not ſuggeſt ſome uſeful Precept to his Reader, and deſigns his deſcription of the Dead for the amendment of the Living.

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, after having made a very plenteous ſacrifice, ſat him down by the pool of Holy Blood, which attracted a prodigious aſſembly of Ghoſts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the Hero, and feaſted upon the ſteams of his oblation. The firſt he knew, was the ſhade of *Elpenor,* who, to ſhew the activity of a ſpirit above that of body, is repreſented as arrived there long before *Ulyſſes,* notwithſtanding the winds and ſeas had contributed all their force to haſten his voyage thither. This *Elpenor,* to inſpire the Reader with a deteſtation of Drunkenneſs, and at the ſame time with a religious care of doing proper honors to the Dead, deſcribes himſelf as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine; and begs *Ulyſſes,* that for the repoſe of his Soul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. *Ulyſſes* with great ſorrow of heart promiſes to fulfil his requeſt, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The Ghoſt of his own Mother *Anticlea,* whom he ſtill thought living, appears to him among the multitudes of Shades that ſurrounded him, and ſits down at a ſmall diſtance from him by the Lake of Blood, without ſpeaking to him, or knowing who he was. *Ulyſſes* was exceedingly troubled at the ſight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: but being all along ſet forth as a pattern of conſummate wiſdom, he makes his affection give way to prudence; and therefore, upon his ſeeing *Tireſias,* does not reveal himſelf to his Mother, till he had conſulted that great Prophet, who was the occaſion of this his deſcent into the Empire of the dead. *Tireſias* having cautioned him to keep himſelf and his Companions free from the guilt of Sacrilege, and to pay his devotions to all the Gods, promiſes him a ſafe return to his Kingdom and Family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

The Poet having thus with great art kept the curioſity of his Reader in ſuſpence, repreſents his Wiſe man, after the diſpatch of his buſineſs with *Tireſias,* as yielding himſelf up to the calls of natural affection, and making himſelf known to his Mother. Her eyes were no ſooner opened, but ſhe cries out in tears, *Oh my Son!* and enquires into the occaſions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulyſſes on the other hand deſires to know, what the ſickneſs was that had ſent her into thoſe Regions, and the condition in which ſhe had left his Father, his Son, and more particularly his Wife. She tells him, they were all Three inconſolable for his abſence; *and as for myſelf,* ſays ſhe, *That was the ſickneſs of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my fondneſs for my dear* Ulyſſes, *were the only diſtempers that preyed upon my life, and ſeparated my Soul from my Body. Ulyſſes* was melted with theſe expreſſions of tenderneſs, and thrice endeavored to catch the apparition in

in his arms, that he might hold his Mother to his boſom and weep over her.

This gives the Poet occaſion to deſcribe the notion the Heathens at that time had of an unbodied Soul, in the excuſe which the Mother makes for ſeeming to withdraw herſelf from her Son's embraces. *The Soul*, ſays ſhe, *is compoſed neither of Bones, Fleſh, nor Sinews, but leaves behind her all thoſe incumbrances of mortality to be conſumed on the funeral Pile. As ſoon as ſhe has thus caſt her burden, ſhe makes her eſcape, and flies away from it like a dream.*

When this melancholy converſation is at an end, the Poet draws up to view as charming a Viſion as could enter into man's imagination. He deſcribes the next who appeared to *Ulyſſes*, to have been the Shades of the fineſt women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the Daughters of Kings, the Miſtreſſes of Gods, or Mothers of Heroes; ſuch as *Antiope*, *Alcmena*, *Leda*, *Ariadne*, *Iphimedia*, *Eriphyle*, and ſeveral others of whom he gives a Catalogue, with a ſhort hiſtory of their adventures. The beautiful Aſſembly of Apparitions were all gathered together about the Blood: each of them, ſays *Ulyſſes*, (as a gentle Satire upon female vanity) *giving me an account of her Birth and Family.* This Scene of extraordinary women ſeems to have been deſigned by the Poet as a lecture of morality to the whole Sex, and to put them in mind of what they muſt expect, notwithſtanding the greateſt perfections, and higheſt honors, they can arrive at.

The Circle of Beauties at length diſappeared, and was ſucceeded by the ſhades of ſeveral *Grecian* Heroes who had been engaged with *Ulyſſes* in the ſiege of *Troy*. The firſt that approached was *Agamemnon*, the Generaliſſimo of that great expedition, who at the appearance of his old friend wept very bitterly, and without ſaying any thing to him, endeavored to graſp him by the hand. *Ulyſſes*, who was much moved at the ſight, poured out a flood of tears, and aſked him the occaſion of his death, which *Agamemnon* related to him in all its tragical circumſtances; how he was murdered at a Banquet by the contrivance of his own Wife, in confederacy with her Adulterer: From whence he takes occaſion to reproach the whole Sex, after a manner which would be inexcuſable in a man who had not been ſo great a ſufferer by them. *My Wife* (ſays he) *has diſgraced all the women that ſhall ever be born into the world, even thoſe who hereafter ſhall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your Wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal ſome things to her be ſure you keep others concealed from her. You indeed have nothing to fear from your* Penelope, *ſhe will not uſe you as my Wife has treated me; however, take care how you truſt a woman.* The Poet, in this and other inſtances, according to the Syſtem of many heathen as well as chriſtian Philoſophers, ſhews, how anger,

anger, revenge, and other habits which the Soul had contracted in the body, ſubſiſt and grow in it under its ſtate of ſeparation.

I am extremely pleaſed with the companions which the Poet in the next deſcription aſſigns to *Achilles*. *Achilles* (ſays the Hero) *came up to me with* Patroclus *and* Antilochus. By which we may ſee that it was *Homer*'s opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendſhips which are made among the living, will likewiſe continue among the dead. *Achilles* enquires after the welfare of his Son, and of his Father, with a fierceneſs of the ſame character that *Homer* has every where expreſſed in the actions of his life. The paſſage relating to his Son is ſo extremely beautiful, that I muſt not omit it. *Ulyſſes*, after having deſcribed him as wiſe in council, and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had ſlain in battle, adds an obſervation that he himſelf had made of his Behavior whilſt he lay in the wooden horſe. *Moſt of the Generals* (ſays he) *that were with us, either wept or trembled: As for your Son, I neither ſaw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his Sword, or graſp his Spear, as impatient to employ them againſt the* Trojans. He then informs his Father of the great honor and rewards which he had purchaſed before *Troy*, and of his return from it without a wound. The ſhade of *Achilles*, ſays the Poet, was ſo pleaſed with the account he received of his Son, that he enquired no further, but ſtalked away with more than ordinary majeſty over the green meadow that lay before them.

This laſt circumſtance of a deceaſed Father's rejoicing in the behavior of his Son, is very finely contrived by *Homer*, as an incentive to virtue, and made uſe of by none that I know beſides himſelf.

The deſcription of *Ajax*, which follows, and his refuſing to ſpeak to *Ulyſſes*, who had won the Armor of *Achilles* from him, and by that means occaſioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When *Ulyſſes* relates the ſullenneſs of his deportment, and conſiders the greatneſs of the Hero, he expreſſes himſelf with generous and noble ſentiments. *Oh that I had never gained a prize which coſt the life of ſo brave a man as* Ajax! *who, for the beauty of his perſon, and greatneſs of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine* Achilles. The ſame noble condeſcenſion, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and ſuch as *Homer* would repreſent that of *Ulyſſes* to have been, diſcovers itſelf likewiſe in the ſpeech which he made to the Ghoſt of *Ajax* on that occaſion. *Oh* Ajax! ſays he, *Will you keep your reſentments even after death? what deſtructions hath this fatal armor brought upon the* Greeks *by robbing them of you, who were their bulwark and defence?* Achilles *is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your death to any one but* Jupiter, *who out of his anger*

ger to the Greeks, *took you away from among them: let me entreat you to approach me; reſtrain the fierceneſs of your wrath, and the greatneſs of your ſoul, and hear what I have to ſay to you. Ajax,* without making any reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of Ghoſts.

Ulyſſes, after all theſe Viſions, took a view of thoſe impious Wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he deſcribes under all the varieties of pain, as ſo many marks of Divine Vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithſtanding he had a great curioſity to ſee the Heroes that lived in the ages before him, the Ghoſts began to gather about him in ſuch prodigious multitudes, and with ſuch confuſion of voices, that his heart trembled as he ſaw himſelf amidſt ſo great a ſcene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid leſt ſome hideous Spectre ſhould appear to him, that might terrify him to diſtraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I queſtion not but my Reader will be pleaſed with this deſcription of a Future State, repreſented by ſuch a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it beſides the Light of Nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.

N° 153. *Saturday, April* 1, 1710.

Bombalio, Clangor, Stridor, Taratantara, Murmur. Farn. Rhet.

From my own Apartment, March 31.

I Have heard of a very valuable Picture, wherein all the Painters of the Age in which it was drawn, are repreſented ſitting together in a Circle, and joining in a Concert of Muſic. Each of them plays upon ſuch a particular Inſtrument as is the moſt ſuitable to his character, and expreſſes that ſtyle and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The famous Cupola-painter of thoſe times, to ſhew the grandeur and boldneſs of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth, which he ſeems to wind with great ſtrength and force. On the contrary, an eminent Artiſt, who wrought up his pictures with the greateſt accuracy, and gave them all thoſe delicate touches which are apt to pleaſe the niceſt eyes, is repreſented as tuning a Theorbo. The ſame kind of humor runs through the whole piece.

I have often from this hint imagined to myſelf, that different talents in diſcourſe might be ſhadowed out after the ſame manner by different kinds of muſic; and that the ſeveral converſable parts of mankind in this great City might be caſt into proper characters and diviſions, as they reſemble ſeveral Inſtruments that are in uſe among the Maſters of Harmony. Of theſe therefore in their order, and firſt of the Drum.

Your Drums are the Bluſterers in converſation, that with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noiſe, domineer in public aſſemblies, overbear men of ſenſe, ſtun their companions, and fill the place they are in with a ratling ſound, that hath ſeldom any wit, humor, or good breeding in it. The Drum notwithſtanding, by this boiſterous vivacity, is very proper to impoſe upon the ignorant; and in converſation with Ladies, who are not of the fineſt taſte, often paſſes for a man of mirth and wit, and for wonderful pleaſant company. I need not obſerve, that the emptineſs of the Drum very much contributes to its noiſe.

The Lute is a character directly oppoſite to the Drum, that ſounds very finely by itſelf, or in a very ſmall concert. Its notes are exquiſitely ſweet, and very low, eaſily drowned in a multitude of Inſtruments, and even loſt among a few, unleſs you give a particular attention to it. A lute is ſeldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a drum will ſhew itſelf to advantage in an Aſſembly of five hundred. The Lutaniſts therefore are men of a fine Genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and eſteemed chiefly by perſons of a good taſte, who are the only proper judges of ſo delightful and ſoft a melody.

The Trumpet is an Inſtrument that has in it no compaſs of muſic, or variety of ſound, but is notwithſtanding very agreeable, ſo long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five Notes, which are however very pleaſing, and capable of exquiſite turns and modulations. The Gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the moſt faſhionable education and refined breeding, who have learned a certain ſmoothneſs of diſcourſe, and ſprightlineſs of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the ſame time have ſhallow parts, weak Judgements, and a ſhort reach of Underſtanding; a Play-houſe, a Drawing-room, a Ball, a Viſiting-day, or a Ring at *Hyde-park*, are the few notes they are maſters of, which they touch upon in all converſations. The Trumpet however is a neceſſary Inſtrument about a Court, and a proper enlivener of a Concert, though of no great harmony by itſelf,

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate Wits, that diſtinguiſh themſelves by the floriſhes of Imagination, ſharpneſs of Repartee, glances of Satire, and bear away the upper part in every Concert. I cannot however but obſerve,

obſerve, that when a man is not diſpoſed to hear muſic, there is not a more diſagreeable ſound in harmony than that of a Violin.

There is another muſical inſtrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your Baſs-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the Concert, and with a ſurly maſculine ſound ſtrengthens the harmony, and tempers the ſweetneſs of the ſeveral inſtruments that play along with it. The Baſs-viol is an inſtrument of a quite different nature to the Trumpet, and may ſignify men of rough ſenſe, and unpoliſhed parts, who do not love to hear themſelves talk, but ſometimes break out with an agreeable bluntneſs, unexpected wit, and ſurly pleaſantries, to the no ſmall diverſion of their friends and companions. In ſhort, I look upon every ſenſible true-born *Britain* to be naturally a Baſs-viol.

As for your Rural Wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of Foxes, Hounds, Horſes, Quickſet-Hedges, and Six-bar gates, Double ditches, and Broken necks, I am in doubt, whether I ſhould give them a place in the converſable world. However, if they will content themſelves with being raiſed to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I ſhall deſire for the future that they may be known by that name.

I muſt not here omit the Bagpipe Species, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few Notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a Drone running underneath them. Theſe are your dull, heavy, tedious Story tellers, the load and burthen of converſations, that ſet up for men of importance, by knowing ſecret hiſtory, and giving an account of tranſactions, that whether they ever paſſed in the world or not, doth not ſignify an half-penny to its inſtruction, or its welfare. Some have obſerved, that the *Northern* Parts of this Iſland are more particularly fruitful in Bagpipes.

There are ſo very few perſons who are maſters in every kind of converſation, and can talk on all ſubjects, that I do not know whether we ſhould make a diſtinct ſpecies of them: nevertheleſs, that my ſcheme may not be defective, for the ſake of thoſe few who are endowed with ſuch extraordinary talents, I ſhall allow them to be Harpſicords, a kind of Muſic which every one knows is a Concert by itſelf.

As for your Paſſing-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itſelf, and mortifying to human nature, I ſhall not mention them.

I ſhall likewiſe paſs over in ſilence all the rabble of mankind, that crowd our ſtreets, coffee-houſes, feaſts, and public tables. I cannot call their diſcourſe converſation, but rather ſomething that is practiſed in imitation of it. For which reaſon, if I would deſcribe them by any muſical inſtrument, it

ſhould be by thoſe modern inventions of the Bladder and String, Tongs and Key, Marrow-bone and Cleaver.

My reader will doubtleſs obſerve, that I have only touched here upon Male Inſtruments, having reſerved my Female Concert to another occaſion. If he has a mind to know where theſe ſeveral characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of Drums; not to mention another of Bagpipes, which I have before given ſome account of in my deſcription of our nightly meetings in *Sheer-Lane*. The Lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a chryſtal ſtream, or in the retreats of ſhady woods and flowry meadows; which for different reaſons are likewiſe the great reſort of your Hunting-horns. Baſs-viols are frequently to be found over a glaſs of Stale-beer, and a pipe of Tobacco; whereas thoſe who ſet up for Violins, ſeldom fail to make their appearace at *Will*'s once every evening. You may meet with a Trumpet any where on the other ſide of *Charing-Croſs*.

That we may draw ſomething for our advantage in life out of the foregoing diſcourſe, I muſt intreat my Reader to make a narrow ſearch into his life and converſation, and upon his leaving any company, to examine himſelf ſeriouſly, whether he has behaved himſelf in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Baſs-viol; and accordingly endeavor to mend his muſic for the future. For my own part, I muſt confeſs, I was a Drum for many years; nay, and a very noiſy one, till having poliſhed myſelf a little in good company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my converſation as was poſſible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different muſics, I look upon myſelf, during the courſe of many years, to have reſembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have ſince very much endeavored at the ſweetneſs of the Lute; but in ſpight of all my reſolutions, I muſt confeſs with great confuſion that I find myſelf daily degenerating into a Bagpipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my converſation, and to ſilence the Drone as ſoon as I find it begin to hum in my diſcourſe, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the concert by the noiſe of ſo tireſome an Inſtrument.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a Letter which I received laſt night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this ſubject, and invites me to paſs the evening at his houſe, with a ſelect company of Friends, in the following words:

Dear

Dear Iſaac,

" I Intend to have a Concert at my houſe this evening, having by great " chance got a Harpſicord, which I am ſure will entertain you very a- " greeably. There will be likewiſe two Lutes and a Trumpet: let me beg " you to put yourſelf in tune, and believe me

Your very faithful Servant,

Nicholas Humdrum.

N° 154. *Tueſday, April* 4. 1710.

Obſcuris vera involvens. Virg. AEn. L. 6.

From my own Apartment, April 3.

WE have already examined *Homer*'s deſcription of a future State, and the condition in which he hath placed the Souls of the deceaſed. I ſhall in this paper make ſome obſervations on the account which *Virgil* hath given us of the ſame ſubject, who, beſides a greatneſs of Genius, had all the lights of Philoſophy and humane Learning to aſſiſt and guide him in his diſcoveries.

AEneas is repreſented as deſcending into the Empire of Death, with a Prophetess by his ſide, who inſtructs him in the ſecrets of thoſe lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, *Virgil* deſcribes ſeveral inhabitants, whoſe natures are wonderfully ſuited to the ſituation of the place, as being either the occaſions or reſemblances of Death. Of the firſt kind are the Shadows of *Sickneſs*, *Old age*, *Fear*, *Famine*, and *Poverty* (Apparitions very terrible to behold;) with ſeveral others, as *Toil*, *War*, *Contention*, and *Diſcord*, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of humane Souls. As this was likewiſe a very proper reſidence for every thing that reſembles *Death*, the Poet tells us, that *Sleep*, whom he repreſents as a near relation to *Death*, has likewiſe his habitation in theſe quarters, and deſcribes in them a huge gloomy Elm-tree, which ſeems a very proper ornament for the place, and is poſſeſſed by an innumerable ſwarm of *Dreams*, that hang in cluſters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a liſt of imaginary perſons, who very naturally lie within the

the ſhadow of the *Dream-tree,* as being of the ſame kind of make in themſelves; and the materials, or (to uſe *Shakeſpear*'s phraſe) the ſtuff of which dreams are made. Such are the ſhades of the Giant with a hundred hands, and of his brother with three bodies; of the double-ſhaped *Centaur*, and *Scylla;* the *Gorgon* with ſnaky hair; the *Harpy* with a Woman's face and Lion's talons; the ſeven-headed *Hydra;* and the *Chimæra*, which breathes forth a flame, and is a compound of three Animals. Theſe ſeveral mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the Dreams; but as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of thoſe regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagancies of Fancy, which the Soul uſually falls into when ſhe is juſt upon the Verge of Death.

Thus far *AEneas* travels in an Allegory. The reſt of the deſcription is drawn with great exactneſs, according to the religion of the Heathens, and the opinions of the Platonic Philoſophy. I ſhall not trouble my Reader with a common dull ſtory, that gives an account why the Heathens firſt of all ſuppoſed a Ferryman in Hell, and his name to be *Charon*; but muſt not paſs over in ſilence the point of doctrine which *Virgil* hath very much inſiſted upon in this book, that the Souls of thoſe who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their reſpective places of reſt, till they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of *Styx*. This was probably an invention of the Heathen Prieſthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper Rites and Ceremonies to the memory of the dead. I ſhall not however, with the infamous Scribblers, of the age, take an occaſion from ſuch a circumſtance, to run into declamations againſt Prieſtcraft, but rather look upon it even in this light as a religious artifice, to raiſe in the minds of men an eſteem for the memory of their Forefathers, and a deſire to recommend themſelves to that of Poſterity; as alſo to excite in them an ambition of imitating the Virtues of the deceaſed, and to keep alive in their thoughts the ſenſe of the Soul's Immortality. In a word, we may ſay in defence of the ſevere opinions relating to the ſhades of unburied perſons, what hath been ſaid by ſome of our Divines in regard to the rigid Doctrines concerning the Souls of ſuch who die without being initiated into our religion, that ſuppoſing they ſhould be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will have a good effect upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting ſuch neceſſary ſolemnities.

Charon is no ſooner appeaſed, and the triple-headed Dog laid aſleep, but *AEneas* makes his entrance into the dominions of *Pluto*. There are three kinds of perſons deſcribed, as being ſituated on the Borders; and I can give no reaſon for their being ſtationed there in ſo particular a manner, but becauſe

cauſe none of them ſeem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finiſhed the term of life that had been allotted them upon earth. The firſt of theſe are the Souls of Infants, who are ſnatched away by untimely ends: The ſecond, are of thoſe who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjuſt ſentence; and the third, of thoſe who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themſelves. As for the ſecond of theſe, *Virgil* adds with great beauty, that *Minos*, the Judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a rehearing, and aſſigning them their ſeveral quarters ſuitable to the parts they acted in life. The Poet, after having mentioned the Souls of thoſe unhappy men who deſtroyed themſelves, breaks out into a fine exclamation; *Oh! how gladly*, ſays he, *would they now endure life with all its miſeries! But the Deſtinies forbid their return to earth, and the waters of* Styx *ſurround them with nine ſtreams that are unpaſſable.* It is very remarkable, that *Virgil*, notwithſtanding Self-murder was ſo frequent among the Heathens, and had been practis'd by ſome of the greateſt Men in every age before him, hath here repreſented it as ſo heinous a Crime. But in this particular he was guided by the Doctrines of his Great Maſter *Plato*, who ſays on this ſubject, that a Man is placed in his ſtation of life like a Soldier in his proper Poſt, which he is not to quit whatever may happen, until he is called off by his Commander who planted him in it.

There is another point in the Platonic Philoſophy, which *Virgil* has made the ground-work of the greateſt part in the piece we are now examining, having with wonderful art and beauty Materialized (if I may ſo call it) a ſcheme of abſtracted Notions, and clothed the moſt nice refined conceptions of Philoſophy in ſenſible Images, and Poetical Repreſentations. The Platoniſts tell us, that the Soul, during her reſidence in the Body, contracts many virtuous and vicious Habits, ſo as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable, or an angry, malicious, revengeful Being; a ſubſtance inflamed with Luſt, Avarice, and Pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble diſpoſitions: That theſe and the like Habits of virtue and vice growing into the very eſſence of the Soul, ſurvive and gather ſtrength in her after her diſſolution: that the torments of a vicious Soul in a future State, ariſe principally from thoſe importunate Paſſions which are not capable of being gratified without a Body; and that on the contrary, the happineſs of virtuous minds very much conſiſts in their being employed in ſublime Speculations, innocent Diverſions, ſociable Affections, and all the ecſtacies of Paſſion and Rapture which are agreeable to reaſonable Natures, and of which they gained a reliſh in this life.

Upon

Upon this foundation, the Poet raiſes that beautiful deſcription of the ſecret Haunts and Walks, which he tells us are inhabited by deceaſed Lovers.

Not far from hence, ſays he, lies a great waſte of plains, that are called the *Fields of Melancholy*. In theſe there grows a Foreſt of Myrtle, divided into many ſhady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the Souls of thoſe who pined away with love. The Paſſion, ſays he, continues with them after death. He then gives a liſt of this languiſhing tribe, in which his own *Dido* makes the principal figure, and is deſcribed as living in this ſoft romantic Scene, with the Shade of her firſt Huſband *Sichæus*.

The Poet in the next place mentions another plain that was peopled with the Ghoſts of Warriors, as ſtill delighting in each other's company, and pleaſed with the exerciſe of arms. He there repreſents the *Grecian* Generals and common ſoldiers who periſhed in the Siege of *Troy*, as drawn up in Squadrons, and terrified at the approach of *AEneas*, which renewed in them thoſe impreſſions of fear they had before received in battle with the *Trojans*. He afterwards likewiſe, upon the ſame notion, gives a view of the *Trojan* Heroes who lived in former ages, amidſt a viſionary Scene of Chariots and Arms, flowry Meadows, ſhining Spears, and generous Steeds, which he tells us were their pleaſures upon Earth, and now make up their happineſs in *Elyſium*. For the ſame reaſon alſo, he mentions others as ſinging Pæans, and Songs of Triumph, amidſt a beautiful Grove of Laurel. The chief of the Concert was the Poet *Muſæus*, who ſtood incloſed with a circle of admirers, and roſe by the head and ſhoulders above the throng of Shades that ſurrounded him. The habitations of unhappy Spirits, to ſhew the duration of their torments, and the deſperate condition they are in, are repreſented as guarded by a Fury, moated round with a Lake of fire, ſtrengthened with towers of Iron, encompaſſed with a triple Wall, and fortified with Pillars of Adamant, which all the Gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noiſe of Stripes, the clank of Chains, and the Groans of the Tortured, ſtrike the pious *AEneas* with a kind of horror. The Poet afterwards divides the Criminals into two Claſſes: the firſt and blackeſt Catalogue conſiſts of ſuch as were guilty of outrages againſt the Gods; and the next, of ſuch who were convicted of Injuſtice between man and man: the greateſt number of whom, ſays the Poet, are thoſe who followed the dictates of Avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platoniſts, that the Souls of men having contracted in the body great ſtains and pollutions of Vice and Ignorance, there were ſeveral purgations and cleanſings neceſſary to be paſſed through both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil,

Virgil, to give this thought likewiſe a clothing of Poetry, deſcribes ſome Spirits as bleaching in the winds, others as cleanſing under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their Natures.

It was likewiſe an opinion of the ſame ſect of Philoſophers, that the Souls of all men exiſt in a ſeparate ſtate long before their Union with their bodies; and that upon their immerſion into fleſh, they forget every thing which paſſed in the ſtate of Pre-exiſtence; ſo that what we here call knowledge, is nothing elſe but Memory, or the recovery of thoſe things which we knew before.

In purſuance of this ſcheme, *Virgil* gives us a view of ſeveral Souls, who, to prepare themſelves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river *Lethe*, and ſwill themſelves with the waters of Oblivion.

The ſame ſcheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where *Anchiſes* is repreſented taking a ſurvey of the long train of Heroes that are to deſcend from him, and giving his Son *AEneas* an account of all the Glories of his race.

I need not mention the Revolution of the Platonic year, which is but juſt touched upon in this book; and as I have conſulted no Author's thoughts in this explication, ſhall be very well pleaſed, if it can make the nobleſt piece of the moſt accompliſhed Poet more agreeable to my Female Readers, when they think fit to look into *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of it.

N° 155. *Thurſday, April* 6, 1710.

——*Aliena negotia curat*
Excuſſus propriis.—— Hor.

From my own Apartment, April 5.

THERE lived ſome years ſince within my neighbourhood a very grave perſon, an *Upholſterer*, who ſeemed a man of more than ordinary application to buſineſs. He was a very early riſer, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulneſs in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly diſcovered he was always intent on matter of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and converſation, I found him to be the

greateſt News-monger in our quarter; that he roſe before day to read the *Poſtman;* and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to ſee if there were any *Dutch* Mails come in. He had a wife and ſeveral children; but was much more inquiſitive to know what paſſed in *Poland* than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King *Auguſtus*'s welfare than that of his neareſt relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himſelf in a Weſterly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his ſhop; for about the time that his favorite Prince left the Crown of *Poland*, he broke and diſappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. *James*'s Park, I heard ſomebody at a diſtance hemming after me: and who ſhould it be but my old neighbour the Upholſterer? I ſaw he was reduced to extreme Poverty, by certain ſhabby ſuperfluities in his dreſs: for notwithſtanding that it was a very ſultry day for the time of the year, he wore a looſe great Coat and a Muff, with a long Campaign-wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black Garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his preſent circumſtances; but was prevented by his aſking me, with a whiſper, Whether the laſt Letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from *Bender*? I told him, None that I heard of; and aſked him, Whether he had yet married his eldeſt Daughter? He told me, No. But pray, ſays he, tell me ſincerely, What are your thoughts of the King of *Sweden*? (for though his wife and children were ſtarving, I found his chief concern at preſent was for this great Monarch.) I told him that I looked upon him as one of the firſt Heroes of the Age. But pray, ſays he, do you think there is any thing in the ſtory of his wound? and finding me ſurpriſed at the queſtion, Nay, ſays he, I only propoſe it to you. I anſwered, that I thought there was no reaſon to doubt of it. But why in the Heel, ſays he, more than any other part of the body? Becauſe, ſays I, the bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary dialogue was no ſooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long diſſertation upon the affairs of the *North;* and after having ſpent ſome time on them, he told me, he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *Engliſh-poſt*, and had been juſt now examining what the other papers ſay upon the ſame ſubject. The *Daily-Courant*, ſays he, has theſe words, *We have advices from very good hands, that a certain Prince has ſome matters of great importance under conſideration.* This is very myſterious; but the *Poſt-boy* leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, *That there are private intimations of meaſures taken by a certain Prince, which Time will bring*

bring to light. Now the *Poſt-man*, ſays he, who uſes to be very clear, refers to the ſame news in theſe words; *The late conduct of a certain Prince affords great matter of Speculation.* This certain Prince, ſays the Upholſterer, whom they are all ſo cautious of naming, I take to be——upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whiſpered ſomething in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the *Mall*, where were three or four very odd fellows ſitting together upon the Bench. Theſe I found were all of them Politicians, who uſed to ſun themſelves in that place every day about dinner-time. Obſerving them to be curioſities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I ſat down among them.

The chief Politician of the bench was a great aſſerter of Paradoxes. He told us, with a ſeeming concern, that by ſome news he had lately read from *Muſcovy*, it appeared to him that there was a ſtorm gathering in the Black ſea, which might in time do hurt to the Naval Forces of this Nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wiſh to ſee the Turk driven out of *Europe*, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our Woollen Manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon thoſe extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in thoſe parts of the world, to have riſen chiefly from two perſons who were not much talked of; and thoſe, ſays he, are Prince *Menzikoff*, and the Dutcheſs of *Mirandola*. He backed his aſſertions with ſo many broken hints, and ſuch a ſhew of depth and wiſdom, that we gave ourſelves up to his opinions.

The diſcourſe at length fell upon a point which ſeldom eſcapes a knot of true-born *Engliſhmen*, whether in caſe of a religious war, the Proteſtants would not be too ſtrong for the Papiſts? This we unanimouſly determined on the Proteſtant ſide. One who ſat on my right hand, and, as I found by his diſcourſe, had been in the *Weſt-Indies*, aſſured us, that it would be a very eaſy matter for the Proteſtants to beat the Pope at Sea; and added, that whenever ſuch a war does break out, it muſt turn to the good of the *Leeward* Iſlands. Upon this, one who ſat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the Geographer of the Company, ſaid, that in caſe the Papiſts ſhould drive the Proteſtants from theſe parts of *Europe*, when the worſt came to the worſt, it would be impoſſible to beat them out of *Norway* and *Greenland*, provided the Northern Crowns hold together, and the Czar of *Muſcovy* ſtand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vaſt tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Proteſtants nor Papiſts, and of greater extent than all the *Roman* Catholic dominions in *Europe*.

When we had fully diſcuſſed this point, my friend the Upholſterer began to exert himſelf upon the preſent Negotiations of peace, in which he depoſed Princes, ſettled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of *Europe* with great juſtice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the Upholſterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a Whiſper, I expected to hear ſome ſecret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the Bench; but inſtead of that, he deſired me in my ear to lend him Half-a-Crown. In compaſſion to ſo needy a Stateſman, and to diſſipate the confuſion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleaſed, I would give him five Shillings, to receive five Pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of *Conſtantinople;* which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impoſſibility of ſuch an event, as the affairs of *Europe* now ſtand.

This paper I deſign for the particular Benefit of thoſe worthy Citizens who live more in a Coffee-houſe than in their ſhops, and whoſe thoughts are ſo taken up with the Affairs of the Allies, that they forget their Cuſtomers.

N° 156. *Saturday, April* 8. 1710

——*Sequiturque Patrem non paſſibus æquis.* Virg.

From my own Apartment, April 7.

WE have already deſcribed out of *Homer* the voyage of *Ulyſſes* to the Infernal ſhades, with the ſeveral adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful Romance publiſhed not many years ſince by the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, we may ſee the Son of *Ulyſſes* bound on the ſame expedition, and after the ſame manner making his diſcoveries among the Regions of the Dead. The ſtory of *Telemachus* is formed altogether in the Spirit of *Homer*, and will give an unlearned Reader a notion of that great Poet's manner of writing, more than any Tranſlation of him can poſſibly do. As it was written for the inſtruction of a young Prince, who may one day ſit upon the Throne of *France*, the Author took care to ſuit the ſeveral

ſeveral parts of his ſtory, and particularly the deſcription we are now entring upon, to the character and quality of his pupil. For which reaſon, he inſiſts very much on the Miſery of Bad, and the Happineſs of Good Kings in the account he hath given of puniſhments and rewards in the other world.

We may however obſerve, notwithſtanding the endeavors of this great and learned Author, to copy after the Style and Sentiments of *Homer*, that there is a certain tincture of Chriſtianity running through the whole relation. The Prelate in ſeveral places mixes himſelf with the Poet; ſo that his Future State puts me in mind of *Michael Angelo*'s laſt Judgment, where *Charon* and his Boat are repreſented as bearing a part in the dreadful Solemnities of that great day.

Telemachus, after having paſſed through the dark avenues of Death in the retinue of *Mercury*, who every day delivers up a certain tale of Ghoſts to the Ferryman of *Styx*, is admitted into the infernal Bark. Among the companions of his voyage, is the Shade of *Nabopharzon*, a King of *Babylon*, and Tyrant of all the *Eaſt*. Among the ceremonies and pomps of his funeral, there were four Slaves ſacrificed, according to the cuſtom of the country, in order to attend him among the Shades. The Author having deſcribed this Tyrant in the moſt odious colors of Pride, Inſolence, and Cruelty, tells us, that his four Slaves, inſtead of ſerving him after death, were perpetually inſulting him with reproaches and affronts for his paſt uſage; that they ſpurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to ſhew his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confuſions of guilt and infamy; and in ſhort, that they kept him bound in a Chain, in order to drag him before the Tribunal of the dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the Bark, ſees all the ſtrand covered with an innumerable multitude of Shades, who, upon his jumping aſhore, immediately vaniſhed. He then purſues his courſe to the Palace of *Pluto*, who is deſcribed as ſeated on his Throne in terrible Majeſty, with *Proſerpine* by his ſide. At the foot of his throne was the pale hideous Spectre, who, by the Ghaſtlineſs of his viſage, and the nature of the apparitions that ſurrounded him, diſcovers himſelf to be *Death*. His attendants are *Melancholy, Diſtruſt, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Deſpair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety*, with frightful *Dreams*, and waking *Cares*, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and poſtures. The Author, with great beauty, places near his frightful Dreams an aſſembly of *Phantoms*, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the ſhape and likeneſs of the dead.

The

The young Hero, in the next place, takes a ſurvey of the different kinds of Criminals, that lay in torture among Clouds of Sulphur, and Torrents of Fire. The firſt of theſe were ſuch as had been guilty of impieties, which every one hath an horror for: to which is added, a catalogue of ſuch offenders that ſcarce appear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. Among theſe ſays the Author, are malicious Critics, that have endeavored to caſt a blemiſh upon the perfections of others; with whom he likewiſe places ſuch as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by paſſing a raſh judgment on their actions, without knowing the occaſion of them. Theſe Crimes, ſays he, are more ſeverely puniſhed after death, becauſe they generally meet with impunity upon earth.

Telemachus, after having taken a ſurvey of ſeveral other wretches in the ſame circumſtances, arrives at that Region of Torments in which wicked Kings are puniſhed. There are very fine ſtrokes of imagination in the deſcription which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one ſide of them there ſtood a revengeful Fury, thundering in their ears inceſſant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of Ambition, Vanity, Hardneſs of Heart, and all thoſe ſecret Affections of mind that enter into the compoſition of a Tyrant. At the ſame time, ſhe holds up to them a large Mirror, in which every one ſees himſelf repreſented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other ſide of them ſtands another Fury, that, with an inſulting deriſion, repeats to them all the praiſes that their flatterers had beſtowed upon them while they ſat on their reſpective Thrones. She too, ſays the Author, preſents a Mirror before their eyes, in which every one ſees himſelf adorned with all thoſe beauties and perfections in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To puniſh them for the wantonneſs of the cruelty which they formerly exerciſed, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of ſeveral Slaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The Author having given us a deſcription of theſe ghaſtly Spectres, who, ſays he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the diſtillation of that burning Vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhauſted, leads us into a pleaſing Scene of Groves, filled with the Melody of Birds, and the Odors of a thouſand different Plants. Theſe Groves are repreſented as riſing among a great many flowery meadows, and watered with ſtreams that diffuſe a perpetual freſhneſs in the midſt of an eternal day, and a never-fading ſpring. This, ſays the Author, was the habitation of thoſe good Princes who were friends of the Gods, and parents of the people. Among theſe, *Telemachus* converſes with the Shade of one of his anceſ-

tors,

tors, who makes a moſt agreeable relation of the Joys of *Elyſium,* and the nature of its inhabitants. The Reſidence of *Seſoſtris* among theſe happy Shades, with his character and preſent employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The deſcription of that pure and gentle Light which overflows theſe happy Regions, and clothes the ſpirits of theſe virtuous perſons, hath ſomething in it of that Enthuſiaſm which this Author was accuſed of by his enemies in the Church of *Rome;* but however it may look in Religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in Poetry.

The rays of the Sun, ſays he, are darkneſs in compariſon with this light, which rather deſerves the name of Glory, than that of Light. It pierce sthe thickeſt bodies, in the ſame manner as the Sun-beams paſs through chryſtal; it ſtrengthens the ſight inſtead of dazzling it; and nouriſhes in the moſt inward receſſes of the mind, a perpetual ſerenity that is not to be expreſſed. It enters and incorporates itſelf with the very ſubſtance of the Soul: The ſpirits of the bleſſed feel it in all their ſenſes, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain ſource of peace and joy that ariſes in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreſhing all the deſires of the Soul. External pleaſures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmoſt indifference and neglect by theſe happy ſpirits who have this great principle of pleaſure within them, drawing the whole mind to its ſelf, calling off their attention from the moſt delightful objects, and giving them all the tranſports of Inebriation, without the confuſion and the folly of it.

I have here only mentioned ſome maſter-touches of this admirable piece, becauſe the original itſelf is underſtood by the greater part of my Readers. I muſt confeſs, I take a particular delight in theſe Proſpects of Futurity, whether grounded upon the probable Suggeſtions of a fine Imagination, or the more ſevere Concluſions of Philoſophy, as a man loves to hear all the Diſcoveries or Conjectures relating to a foreign Country which he is, at ſome time to inhabit. Proſpects of this nature lighten the burden of any preſent evil, and refreſh us under the worſt and loweſt circumſtances of Mortality. They extinguiſh in us both the fear and envy of human Grandeur. Inſolence ſhrinks its head, Power diſappears; Pain, Poverty and Death, fly before them. In ſhort, the mind that is habituated to the lively ſenſe of an hereafter, can hope for what is the moſt terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the moſt afflicting.

N° 158. *Thurſday, April* 13. 1710.

Faciunt næ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant. Ter.

From my own Apartment, April 12.

TOM *Folio* is a broker in learning, employed to get together good Editions, and ſtock the Libraries of great men. There is not a Sale of books begins till *Tom Folio* is ſeen at the door. There is not an Auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the laſt deciſive ſtroke of the hammer. There is not a Subſcription goes forward, in which *Tom* is not privy to the firſt rough draught of the Propoſals; nor a Catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the preſs. He is an univerſal Scholar, ſo far as the Title-page of all Authors, knows the Manuſcripts in which they were diſcovered, the Editions through which they have paſſed, with the praiſes or cenſures which they have received from the ſeveral members of the learned world. He has a greater eſteem for *Aldus* and *Elzevir*, than for *Virgil* and *Horace*. If you talk of *Herodotus*, he breaks out into a panegyric upon *Harry Stephens*. He thinks he gives you an account of the Author, when he tells the Subject he treats of, the name of the Editor, and the Year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodneſs of the Paper, extols the diligence of the Corrector, and is tranſported with the beauty of the Letter. This he looks upon to be ſound Learning, and ſubſtantial Criticiſm. As for thoſe who talk of the Fineneſs of ſtyle, and the juſtneſs of thought, or deſcribe the brightneſs of any particular paſſages; nay, though they write themſelves in the Genius and Spirit of the Author they admire, *Tom* looks upon them as men of ſuperficial learning, and flaſhy parts.

I had yeſterday morning a viſit from this learned Idiot, (for that is the light in which I conſider every Pedant) when I diſcovered in him ſome little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before obſerved. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the Republic of Letters, and wonderfully ſatisfied with his great ſtock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not *believe* in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain Author upon a paſſage of *Virgil*'s account

account of the dead, which I made the ſubject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of *Tom*'s pitch and underſtanding, though univerſally exploded by all that know how to conſtrue *Virgil*, or have any reliſh of Antiquity. Not to trouble my Reader with it, I found upon the whole, that *Tom* did not believe a future ſtate of Rewards and Puniſhments, becauſe *AEneas*, at his leaving the Empire of the dead, paſſed through the gate of Ivory, and not through that of Horn. Knowing that *Tom* had not ſenſe enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him, that *Virgil* poſſibly had his overſights as well as another Author. Ah! Mr. *Bickerſtaffe*, ſays he, you would have another opinion of him, if you would read him in *Daniel Heinſius*'s Edition. I have peruſed him myſelf ſeveral times in that Edition, continued he; and after the ſtricteſt and moſt malicious examination, could find but two faults in him: one of them is in the *AEneid*, where there are two comma's inſtead of a Parentheſis; and another in the third *Georgick*, where you may find a Semicolon turned upſide down. Perhaps, ſaid I, theſe were not *Virgil*'s faults, but thoſe of the tranſcriber. I do not deſign it, ſays *Tom*, as a reflection on *Virgil:* on the contrary, I know that all the Manuſcripts *reclaim* againſt ſuch a Punctuation. Oh! Mr. *Bickerſtaffe*, ſays he, what would a man give to ſee one Smile of *Virgil* writ in his own hand? I aſked him which was the Smile he meant; but was anſwered, Any Smile in *Virgil*. He then told me all the ſecret hiſtory in the Common-wealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient Authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the ſeveral parts of *Europe;* of many Amendments which are made, and not yet publiſhed; and a thouſand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burthened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully perſuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know ſeveral of *Tom*'s Claſs who are profeſſed admirers of *Taſſo* without underſtanding a word of *Italian;* and one in particular, that carries a *Paſtor-fido* in his pocket, in which I am ſure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the Clearneſs of the character.

There is another kind of Pedant, who, with all *Tom Folio*'s impertinencies, hath greater ſuperſtructures and embelliſhments of *Greek* and *Latin*, and is ſtill more inſupportable than the other, in the ſame degree as he his more learned. Of this kind very often are Editors, Commentators, Interpreters, Scholiaſts, and Critics; and in ſhort, all men of deep learning without common ſenſe. Theſe perſons ſet a greater value on themſelves for having found out the meaning of a paſſage in *Greek*, than upon the Author for

having written it; nay, will allow the paſſage itſelf not to have any beauty in it, at the ſame time that they would be conſidered as the greateſt men of the age for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt upon the moſt beautiful Poems that have been compoſed by any of their Contemporaries; but will lock themſelves up in their ſtudies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publiſh, and expound, ſuch trifles of Antiquity, as a modern Author would be contemned for. Men of the ſtricteſt morals, ſevereſt lives, and the graveſt profeſſions, will write Volumes upon an idle Sonnet that is originally in *Greek* or *Latin;* give Editions of the moſt immoral Authors, and ſpin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expreſſion. All that can be ſaid in excuſe for them, is, that their works ſufficiently ſhew they have no taſte of their Authors; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviouſneſs of temper.

A Pedant of this nature is wonderfully well deſcribed in ſix lines of *Boileau,* with which I ſhall conclude his character:

Un Pédant enyvré de ſa vaine ſcience,
Tout heriſſé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
Et qui de mille Auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
Dans ſa tête entaſſez n'a ſouvent fait qu'un Sot,
Croit qu'un Livre fait tout, et que ſans Ariſtote
La Raiſon ne voit goute, & le bon Sens radote.

N° 160. *Tueſday, April* 18. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 17.

A Common civility to an impertinent fellow, often draws upon one a great many unforeſeen troubles; and if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendſhip and intimacy. This I was very ſenſible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued ſome time, till my Maid could get herſelf ready to go down and ſee what was the occaſion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a Gentleman who ſeemed very much in haſte, and ſaid he muſt needs ſpeak with me. By the deſcription ſhe gave of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed

bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the *Upholſterer*, whom I met the other day in St *James*'s *Park*. For which reaſon, I bid her tell the Gentleman, whoever he was, that I was indiſpoſed, that I could ſee nobody, and that, if he had any thing to ſay to me, I deſired he would leave it in writing. My Maid, after having delivered her meſſage, told me, that the Gentleman ſaid he would ſtay at the next Coffee-houſe till I was ſtirring, and bid her be ſure to tell me, that the *French* were driven from the *Scarp*, and that *Douay* was inveſted. He gave her the name of another town, which I found ſhe had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the ſucceſs of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day, and was therefore very much out of humor at this unſeaſonable viſit. I had no ſooner recovered my temper, and was falling aſleep, but I was immediately ſtartled by a ſecond rap; and upon my Maid's opening the door, heard the ſame voice aſk her, If her maſter was yet up? and at the ſame time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpoſe to talk with me about a piece of Home-news that every body in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my Maid as ſoon as ſhe came into the room, without hearing her meſſage, to tell the Gentleman, that whatever his News was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I perſiſted in my reſolution not to ſpeak with any body that morning. The Wench delivered my anſwer preſently, and ſhut the door. It was impoſſible for me to compoſe myſelf to Sleep after two ſuch unexpected alarms; for which reaſon I put on my Clothes in a very peeviſh humor. I took ſeveral turns about my Chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on theſe Volunteers in Politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulneſs, and diſquiet of a firſt Miniſter, without turning it to the advantage either of themſelves or their country; and yet it is ſurpriſing to conſider how numerous this Species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a Taylor breaking his reſt on the affairs of *Europe*, and to ſee a cluſter of Porters ſitting upon the Miniſtry. Our ſtreets ſwarm with Politicians, and there is ſcarce a ſhop which is not held by a Stateſman. As I was muſing after this manner, I heard the Upholſterer at the door delivering a Letter to my Maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her Maſter as ſoon as ever he was awake, which I opened, and found as follows:

Mr. Bickerſtaffe,

I *Was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know, that the honeſt Gentlemen whom you converſed with upon the Bench at the end of the* Mall, *having heard that I had received five Shillings of you, to give you a hundred Pounds upon the great*

Turk's *being driven out of* Europe, *desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that Company would be willing to receive five Shilligs, to pay a hundred Pounds on the same Condition. Our last advices from* Muscovy *making this a fairer Bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.*

But this is not my present business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear as we were walking up the Mall, *and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your Indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour I did this; my private Circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.*

I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, *and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other Transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights.*

I have reason to believe that Picardy *will soon follow the example of* Artois, *in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you last time we were together my opinion about the* Deulle.

The honest Gentlemen upon the Bench bid me tell you, they would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

This happy opening of the Campain will, I hope, give us a very joyful Summer; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewell till three-o' Clock to-morrow morning. I am

Your most Humble Servant, *&c.*

P. S. *The King of* Sweden *is still at* Bender.

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second Visit, if I had not found in his Letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have however ordered my Maid to tie up the Knocker of my door in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.

Thursday,

N° 161. *Thurſday, April* 20, 1710.

——*Nunquam libertas gratior exſtat*
Quam ſub rege pio.——

From my own Apartment, April 19.

I WAS walking two or three days ago in a very pleaſing retirement, and amuſing myſelf with the reading of that ancient and beautiful Allegory, called *The Table of Cebes.* I was at laſt ſo tired with my walk, that I ſate down to reſt myſelf upon a Bench, that ſtood in the midſt of an agreeable Shade. The muſic of the Birds, that filled all the Trees about me, lulled me aſleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a Dream, that I impute in ſome meaſure to the foregoing Author, who had made an impreſſion upon my Imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myſelf among the *Alps,* and, as it is natural in a Dream, ſeemed every moment to bound from one Summit to another, 'till at laſt, after having made this airy progreſs over the tops of ſeveral Mountains, I arrived at the very Centre of thoſe broken Rocks and Precipices. I here, methought, ſaw a prodigious circuit of Hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompaſſed a large ſpace of ground, which I had a great curioſity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter ſcenes, 'till I had gained the top of theſe white mountains, which ſeemed another *Alps* of Snow. I looked down from hence into a ſpacious Plain, which was ſurrounded on all ſides by this Mound of hills, and which preſented me with the moſt agreeable proſpect I had ever ſeen. There was a greater variety of colors in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and graſs, a brighter chryſtal in the ſtreams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itſelf had ſomething more ſhining and glorious in it than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully aſtoniſhed at the diſcovery of ſuch a Paradiſe amidſt the wildneſs of thoſe cold hoary Landſcapes which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the *Goddeſs of Liberty;* whoſe preſence ſoftened the rigors of the Climate, enriched the barrenneſs of the Soil, and more than ſupplied the abſence of the Sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profuſion of Flowers, that

that without being diſpoſed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiſcuouſly, and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriancy and diſorder, than they could have received from the checks and reſtraints of art. There was a river that aroſe out of the ſouth-ſide of the mountain, that by an infinite number of turns and windings, ſeemed to viſit every plant, and cheriſh the ſeveral beauties of the Spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of Meanders, it at laſt throws itſelf into the hollow of a mountain, from whence it paſſes under a long range of Rocks, and at length riſes in that part of the *Alps* where the inhabitants think it the firſt ſource of the *Rhone*. This river, after having made its progreſs through thoſe free Nations, ſtagnates in a huge Lake at the leaving of them, and no ſooner enters into the regions of Slavery, but runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its ſhorteſt way to the Sea.

I deſcended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midſt of them, beheld the Goddeſs ſitting upon a Throne. She had nothing to encloſe her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the Heavens. Every glance of her eye caſt a tract of light where it fell, that revived the ſpring, and made all things ſmile about her. My heart grew chearful at the ſight of her, and as ſhe looked upon me, I found a certain Confidence growing in me, and ſuch an inward Reſolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left hand of the Goddeſs ſat the Genius of a Commonwealth, with the Cap of Liberty on her head, and in her hand a Wand, like that with which a *Roman* Citizen uſed to give his Slaves their freedom. There was ſomething mean and vulgar, but at the ſame time exceeding bold and daring in her air; her eyes were full of fire, but had in them ſuch caſts of fierceneſs and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her ſhoulders ſhe wore a Mantle, on which there was wrought a great confuſion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not diſcern the particular deſign of them, but ſaw wounds in the bodies of ſome, and agonies in the faces of others. and over one part of it could read in letters of Blood, *The Ides of* March.

On the right hand of the Goddeſs was the Genius of Monarchy. She was clothed in the whiteſt Ermin, and wore a Crown of the pureſt Gold upon her head. In her hand ſhe held a Sceptre like that which is borne by the *Britiſh* Monarchs. A couple of tame Lions lay crouching at her feet: Her countenance had in it a very great majeſty without any mixture of terror: her voice was like the voice of an Angel, filled with ſo much ſweetneſs, accompanied with ſuch an air of condeſcenſion, as tempered the awfulneſs of her appearance, and equally inſpired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In

In the train of the Goddeſs of Liberty were the ſeveral *Arts* and *Sciences*, who all of them floriſhed underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the reſt, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking every thing that ſtood in its way. The name of this Goddeſs was *Eloquence*.

There were two other dependent Goddeſſes, who made a very conſpicuous figure in this bliſsful region. The firſt of them was ſeated upon a hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the ſoil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was ſeated in a little Iſland, that was covered with groves of Spices, Olives, and Orange-trees; and in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the firſt was *Plenty*, of the ſecond, *Commerce*. The firſt leaned her right arm upon a Plough, and under her left held a huge Horn, out of which ſhe poured a whole Autumn of Fruits. The other wore a Roſtral Crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a Compaſs.

I was wonderfully pleaſed in ranging through this delightful place, and the more ſo, becauſe it was not encumbered with fences and encloſures; till at length, methought, I ſprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of an hill, that preſented ſeveral objects to my ſight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that paſſed over this flowry Plain, and through the tops of trees which were full of bloſſoms, blew upon me in ſuch a continued breeze of ſweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my ſituation. I here ſaw all the inner Declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whoſe out-ſide was covered with Snow, overgrown with huge foreſts of Fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the *Alps*. Theſe trees were inhabited by Storks, that came thither in great flights from very diſtant quarters of the world. Methought I was pleaſed in my Dream to ſee what became of theſe birds, when upon leaving the places to which they make an annual viſit, they riſe in great flocks ſo high till they are out of ſight; and for that reaſon have been thought by ſome modern Philoſophers to take a flight to the Moon. But my eyes were ſoon diverted from this proſpect, when I obſerved two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were poſted day and night. Upon examination I found, that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of theſe avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of theſe armies, dreſſed in an Eaſtern habit, and graſping in her hand an Iron Sceptre. Behind her was *Barbarity*, with the garb and complexion of an *AEthiopian; Ignorance* with a Turbant upon her head; and *Perſecution* holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with Flower-

er-de-luces. Theſe were followed by *Oppreſſion*, *Poverty*, *Famine*, *Torture*, and a dreadful train of appearances, that made me tremble to behold them. Among the Baggage of this army, I could diſcover Racks, Wheels, Chains, and Gibbets, with all the inſtruments Art could invent to make human nature miſerable.

Before the other avenue I ſaw *Licentiouſneſs*, dreſſed in a garment not unlike the *Poliſh* Caſſock, and leading up a whole army of Monſters, ſuch as *Clamor*, with a hoarſe voice and an hundred tongues; *Confuſion*, with a miſſhapen body and a thouſand heads; *Impudence*, with a Forehead of Braſs; and *Rapine*, with hands of Iron. The Tumult, noiſe, and uproar in this quarter were ſo very great, that they diſturbed my imagination more than is conſiſtent with ſleep, and by that means awaked me.

N° 162. *Saturday, April* 22. 1710.

Tertius è Cœlo cecidit Cato. Juv. Sat. 2

From my own Apartment, April 21.

IN my younger years I uſed many endeavors to get a place at Court, and indeed continued my purſuits till I arrived at my *Grand Climacteric:* but at length altogether deſpairing of ſucceſs, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at laſt reſolved to erect a new Office, and for my encouragement, to place myſelf in it. For this reaſon I took upon me the title and dignity of *Cenſor* of *Great Britain*, reſerving to myſelf all ſuch Perquiſites, Profits, and Emoluments as ſhould ariſe out of the diſcharge of the ſaid Office. Theſe in truth have not been inconſiderable; for beſides thoſe weekly contributions which I receive from *John Morphew*, and thoſe annual ſubſcriptions which I propoſe to myſelf from the moſt elegant part of this great Iſland, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of Wine, Stale beer, *Hungary* water, Beef, Books, and Marrow-bones, which I receive from many well-diſpoſed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures which accrue to me from the ſeveral offenders that appear before me on Court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the ſpace of a twelvemonth, I ſhall do what all good officers ought to do, take a ſurvey of my behavior, and conſider carefully whether I have diſcharged my duty, and acted up to the Character with which I am inveſted. For my direction in this particular, I have

made a narrow ſearch into the nature of the old *Roman Cenſors*, whom I muſt always regard, not only as my Predeceſſors, but as my Patterns in this great employment; and have ſeveral times aſked my own heart with great impartiality, Whether *Cato* will not bear a more venerable figure among Poſterity than *Bickerſtaffe?*

I find the Duty of the *Roman Cenſor* was twofold. The firſt part of it conſiſted in making frequent reviews of the people, in caſting up their numbers, ranging them under their ſeveral tribes, diſpoſing them into proper claſſes, and ſubdividing them into their reſpective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the Office, I have taken many curious ſurveys of this great City. I have collected into particular bodies the *Dappers* and the *Smarts*, the *Natural* and *Affected Rakes*, the *Pretty fellows* and the *Very pretty fellows*. I have likewiſe drawn out in ſeveral diſtinct parties your *Pedants* and *Men of fire*, your *Gameſters* and *Politicians*. I have ſeparated *Cits* from *Citizens*, *Free-thinkers* from *Philoſophers*, *Witts* from *Snuff-takers*, and *Duelliſts* from *Men of honor*. I have likewiſe made a calculation of *Eſquires*, not only conſidering the ſeveral diſtinct ſwarms of them that are ſettled in the different parts of this town, but alſo that more rugged ſpecies that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot-houſes, and upon hay-cocks.

I ſhall paſs the ſoft Sex over in ſilence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewiſe the ſofter tribe of Lovers, which will coſt me a great deal of time, before I ſhall be able to caſt them into their ſeveral Centuries and Sub-diviſions.

The ſecond part of the *Roman Cenſor*'s Office was to look into the Manners of the people, and to check any growing Luxury, whether in Diet, Dreſs, or Building. This Duty likewiſe I have endeavored to diſcharge, by thoſe wholeſome Precepts which I have given my countrymen in regard to Beef and Mutton, and the ſevere cenſures which I have paſſed upon Ragouts and Fricacies. There is not, as I am informed, a pair of red heels to be ſeen within ten miles of *London*, which I may likewiſe aſcribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expreſſed in that particular. I muſt own, my ſucceſs with the Petticoat is not ſo great; but as I have not yet done with it, I hope I ſhall in a little time put an effectual ſtop to that growing evil. As for the article of Building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it, having lately obſerved ſeveral Warehouſes, nay, private Shops, that ſtand upon *Corinthian* pillars, and whole rows of Tin pots ſhewing themſelves, in order to their ſale, through a Saſh-window.

I have likewiſe followed the example of the *Roman Cenſors*, in puniſhing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was uſual for them to

expel a Senator who had been guilty of great Immoralities out of the Senate-houſe, by omitting his name when they called over the liſt of his Brethren. In the ſame manner, to remove effectually ſeveral Worthleſs men who ſtand poſſeſſed of great honors, I have made frequent draughts of dead men out of the vicious part of the Nobility, and given them up to the new Society of Upholders, with the neceſſary orders for their interment. As the *Roman Cenſors* uſed to puniſh the Knights or Gentlemen of *Rome*, by taking away their Horſes from them, I have ſeized the Canes of many Criminals of figure, whom I had juſt reaſon to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the Common people of *Rome,* they were generally chaſtiſed, by being thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in one which was not ſo honorable. My Reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this Puniſhment, when I have degraded one ſpecies of men into Bombs, Squibs, and Crackers, and another into Drums, Baſs-viols, and Bag-pipes; not to mention whole packs of Delinquents whom I have ſhut up in Kennels, and the new Hoſpital which I am at preſent erecting, for the reception of thoſe of my countrymen who give me but little hopes of their amendment, on the borders of *Moor-fields.* I ſhall only obſerve upon this particular, that ſince ſome late ſurveys I have taken of this Iſland, I ſhall think it neceſſary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I deſign in this quarter.

When my great predeceſſor *Cato* the Elder ſtood for the Cenſorſhip of *Rome,* there were ſeveral other Competitors who offered themſelves; and to get an intereſt among the people, gave them great promiſes of the mild and gentle treatment which they would uſe towards them in that Office. *Cato* on the contrary told them, he preſented himſelf as a Candidate, becauſe he knew the Age was ſunk in Immorality and Corruption; and that if they would give him their Votes, he would promiſe them to make uſe of ſuch a ſtrictneſs and ſeverity of diſcipline as ſhould recover them out of it. The *Roman* Hiſtorians, upon this occaſion, very much celebrated the Public-ſpiritedneſs of that people, who choſe *Cato* for their *Cenſor,* notwithſtanding his method of recommending himſelf. I may in ſome meaſure extol my own countrymen upon the ſame account, who without any reſpect to party, or any application from myſelf, have made ſuch generous Subſcriptions for the *Cenſor* of *Great Britain*, as will give a magnificence to my old age, and which I eſteem more than I would any Poſt in *Europe* of an hundred times the value. I ſhall only add, that upon looking into my Catalogue of Subſcribers, which I intend to print Alphabetically in the front of my Lucubrations, I find the names of the greateſt Beauties and Wits in the whole Iſland of *Great Britain,* which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet ſubſcribed, it being my deſign to cloſe the Subſcription in a very ſhort time.

Thurſday,

N° 163. *Thurſday, April* 25. 1710.

Idem inficeto eſt inficetior rure
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
AEque eſt beatus, ac poema cum ſcribit:
Tam gaudet in ſe, tamque ſe ipſe miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque eſt quiſquam
Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
Poſſis. —— Catul. de Suffeno.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 24.

I Yeſterday came hither about two hours before the Company generally make their appearance, with a deſign to read over all the News-papers; but upon my ſitting down, I was accoſted by *Ned Softly,* who ſaw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing ſomething. Mr. *Bickerſtaffe,* ſays he, I obſerve by a late paper of yours, that you and I are juſt of a humor; for you muſt know, of all impertinencies, there is nothing which I ſo much hate as News. I never read a *Gazette* in my life; and never trouble my head about our Armies, whether they win or loſe, or in what part of the world they lie encamped. Without giving me time to reply, he drew a Paper of Verſes out of his pocket, telling me, that he had ſomething which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he would deſire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us till the Company came in.

Ned ſoftly is a very pretty Poet, and a great admirer of eaſy lines. *Waller* is his favorite: and as that admirable writer has the beſt and worſt verſes of any among our *Engliſh* Poets, *Ned Softly* has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occaſion to ſhew his reading, and garniſh his converſation. *Ned* is indeed a true *Engliſh* Reader, incapable of reliſhing the great and maſterly ſtrokes of this art; but wonderfully pleaſed with the little *Gothic* ornaments of epigrammatical Conceits, Turns, Points, and Quibbles, which are ſo frequent in the moſt admired of our *Engliſh* Poets, and practiſed by thoſe who want genius and ſtrength to repreſent, after the manner of the ancients, ſimplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myſelf unavoidably engaged in ſuch a converſation, I was reſolved to turn my pain into a pleaſure, and to divert myſelf as well as I could with ſo very odd a fellow. You muſt underſtand, ſays *Ned*, that the Sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a Lady, who ſhewed me ſome verſes of her own making, and is perhaps the beſt Poet of our age. But you ſhall hear it. Upon which he begun to read as follows.

To Mira, *on her incomparable Poems.*

I.

When dreſs'd in Laurel wreaths you ſhine,
And tune your ſoft melodious notes,
You ſeem a Siſter of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' *ſelf in Petticoats.*

II.

I fancy when your Song you ſing,
(Your Song you ſing with ſo much art)
Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's *wing;*
For ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

Why, ſays I, this is a little Noſegay of conceits, a very lump of Salt: every verſe hath ſomething in it that piques; and then the Dart in the laſt line is certainly as pretty a ſting in the tail of an Epigram (for ſo I think your Critics call it) as ever entered into the thought of a Poet. Dear Mr. *Bickerſtaffe,* ſays he, ſhaking me by the hand, every body knows you to be a judge of theſe things; and to tell you truly I read over *Roſcommon*'s tranſlation of *Horace's Art of Poetry* three ſeveral times, before I ſat down to write the Sonnet which I have ſhewn you. But you ſhall hear it again, and pray obſerve every line of it, for not one of them ſhall paſs without your approbation.

When dreſs'd in Laurel wreaths you ſhine.

That is, ſays he, when you have your Garland on; when you are writing verſes. To which I replied, I know your meaning: a Metaphor! the ſame, ſaid he, and went on:

And tune your ſoft melodious notes.

Pray obſerve the gliding of that verſe; there is ſcarce a conſonant in it: I took care to make it run upon Liquids. Give me your opinion of it. Truly, ſaid

ſaid I, I think it as good as the former. I am very glad to hear you ſay ſo, ſays he; but mind the next:

You ſeem a Siſter of the Nine.

That is, ſays he, you ſeem a Siſter of the Muſes; for if you look into ancient Authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them. I remember it very well, ſaid I; but pray proceed.

Or Phœbus' *ſelf in Petticoats.*

Phœbus, ſays he, was the God of Poetry. Theſe little inſtances, Mr. *Bickerſtaffe*, ſhew a Gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of Learning, which *Phœbus* and the Muſes have given to this firſt Stanza, you may obſerve, how it falls all of a ſudden into the familiar; *in Petticoats!*

Or Phœbus' *ſelf in Petticoats.*

Let us now, ſays I, enter upon the ſecond Stanza. I find the firſt line is ſtill a continuation of the Metaphor.

I fancy when your Song you ſing.

It is very right, ſays he; but pray obſerve the turn of words in thoſe two Lines. I was a whole hour in adjuſting of them, and have ſtill a doubt upon me, whether in the ſecond line it ſhould be, *Your Song you ſing;* or, *You ſing your Song.* You ſhall hear them both:

I fancy, when your ſong you ſing,
(Your Song you ſing with ſo much art.)

O R,

I fancy, when your Song you ſing,
(You ſing your Song with ſo much art.)

Truly, ſaid I, the turn is ſo natural either way, that you have made me almoſt giddy with it. Dear Sir, ſaid he, graſping me by the hand, you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verſe?

Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's *Wing.*

Think! ſays I; I think you have made *Cupid* look like a little Gooſe. That was my meaning, ſays he; I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the laſt, which ſums up the whole matter.

For

For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

Pray how do you like that *Ah!* Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!* It looks as if I felt the Dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

My friend *Dick Eaſy,* continued he, aſſured me, he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been the Author of the *AEneid.* He indeed objected, that I made *Mira's* Pen like a Quill in one of the lines, and like a Dart in the other. But as to that——Oh! as to that, ſays I, it is but ſuppoſing *Cupid* to be like a Porcupine, and his Quills and Darts will be the ſame thing. He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen Critics coming into the room, whoſe faces he did not like, he conveyed the Sonnet into his pocket, and whiſpered me in the ear, he would ſhew it me again as ſoon as his man had written it over fair.

N° 165. *Saturday, April* 29. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 28.

IT has always been my endeavor to diſtinguiſh between Realities and Appearances, and to ſeparate true Merit from the Pretence to it. As it ſhall ever be my ſtudy to make diſcoveries of this nature in human life, and to ſettle the proper diſtinctions between the Virtues and Perfections of mankind, and thoſe falſe Colors and Reſemblances of them that ſhine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; ſo I ſhall be more particularly careful to ſearch into the various merits and pretences of the Learned world. This is the more neceſſary, becauſe there ſeems to be a general combination among the Pedants to extol one another's labors, and cry up one another's parts; while men of Senſe, either through that modeſty which is natural to them, or the ſcorn they have for ſuch trifling commendations, enjoy their ſtock of knowledge like a hidden treaſure with ſatisfaction and ſilence. Pedantry indeed in learning is like Hypocriſy in religion, a Form of knowledge without the Power of it, that attracts the eyes of the common people, breaks out in

in noiſe and ſhew, and finds its reward not from any inward pleaſure that attends it, but from the praiſes and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this ſhallow Species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a Critic. This in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the Senſe and Soul of an Author, has a few general rules, which, like Mechanical inſtruments, he applies to the works of every Writer, and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the Author perfect or defective. He is maſter of a certain ſet of words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Phlegm, Eaſy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides and throws together, in every part of his diſcourſe, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated Eye, and dogmatical Brow, a poſitive Voice, and a Contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praiſes or diſpraiſes in the lump. He ſhakes his head very frequently at the Pedantry of Univerſities, and burſts into laughter when you mention an Author that is known at *Will's*. He hath formed his judgment upon *Homer, Horace,* and *Virgil,* not from their own works, but from thoſe of *Rapin* and *Boſſu*. He knows his own ſtrength ſo well, that he never dares praiſe any thing in which he has not a *French* Author for his voucher.

With theſe extraordinary Talents and Accompliſhments Sir *Timothy Title* puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obſcurity, and ſits as Judge of Life and Death upon every Author that appears in public. It is impoſſible to repreſent the Pangs, Agonies, and Convulſions, which Sir *Timothy* expreſſes in every feature of his face, and muſcle of his body, upon the reading of a bad Poet.

About a week ago I was engaged at a friend's houſe of mine in an agreeable converſation with his wife and daughters, when in the height of our mirth, Sir *Timothy*, who makes love to my friend's eldeſt daughter, came in amongſt us puffing and blowing, as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a Chair, and deſired leave to ſit down, without any further ceremony. I aſked him, Where he had been? Whether he was out of order? He only replied, That he was quite ſpent, and fell a curſing in Soliloquy. I could hear him cry, *A wicked rogue—An execrable wretch—Was there ever ſuch a Monſter*—The young Ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and aſked, Whether any one had hurt him? he anſwered nothing, but ſtill talked to himſelf. *To lay the firſt Scene,* ſays he, *in St.* James's Park, *and the laſt in* Northamptonſhire! Is that all? ſays I: Then I ſuppoſe you have been at the rehearſal of a Play this morning. *Been!* ſays he; I have been

at

at *Northampton*, in the *Park*, in a Lady's Bed-chamber, in a Dining-Room, every where; the Rogue has led me ſuch a dance — Though I could ſcarce forbear laughing at his diſcourſe, I told him I was glad it was no worſe, and that he was only Metaphorically weary. In ſhort, Sir, ſays he, the Author has not obſerved a ſingle Unity in his whole Play; the Scene ſhifts in every Dialogue; the Villain has hurried me up and down at ſuch a rate, that I am tired off my legs. I could not but obſerve with ſome pleaſure, that the young Lady whom he made love to, conceived a very juſt averſion towards him, upon ſeeing him ſo very paſſionate in trifles. And as ſhe had that natural Senſe which makes her a better Judge than a thouſand Critics, ſhe began to rally him upon this fooliſh humor. For my part, ſays ſhe, I never knew a Play take that was written up to your Rules, as you call them. How Madam! ſays he, Is that your opinion? I am ſure you have a better taſte. It is a pretty kind of Magic, ſays ſhe, the Poets have to tranſport an Audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horſes. I could travel round the world at ſuch a rate. 'Tis ſuch an entertainment as an Enchantreſs finds when ſhe fancies herſelf in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feaſt, or a ſolemnity; though at the ſame time ſhe has never ſtirred out of her Cottage. Your Simile, Madam, ſays Sir *Timothy*, is by no means juſt. Pray, ſays ſhe, let my Similes paſs without a Criticiſm. I muſt confeſs continued ſhe, (for I found ſhe was reſolved to exaſperate him) I laughed very heartily at the laſt New Comedy which you found ſo much fault with. But Madam, ſays he, you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to ſhew me a ſingle Rule that you could laugh by. Ought not to laugh! ſays ſhe: Pray who ſhould hinder me. Madam, ſays he, there are ſuch people in the world as *Rapin*, *Dacier*, and ſeveral others, that ought to have ſpoiled your mirth. I have heard, ſays the young Lady, That your great Critics are always very bad Poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a Dancing-maſter and a Gentleman. I muſt confeſs, continued ſhe, I would not be troubled with ſo fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad Comedy, than I do in a deep Tragedy. Madam, ſays Sir *Timothy*, That is not my fault, they ſhould learn the art of writing. For my part, ſays the young Lady, I ſhould think the greateſt art in your writers of Comedies is to pleaſe. To pleaſe! ſays Sir *Timothy;* and immediately fell a laughing. Truly, ſays ſhe, that is my opinion. Upon this, he compoſed his countenance, looked upon his Watch, and took his leave.

I hear that Sir *Timothy* has not been at my friend's houſe ſince this notable conference, to the ſatisfaction of the young Lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent Fop.

I muſt confeſs, I could not but obſerve, with a great deal of ſurpriſe, how this Gentleman, by his ill-nature, folly and affectation, hath made himſelf capable of ſuffering ſo many imaginary pains, and looking with ſuch a ſenſeleſs ſeverity upon the common diverſions of life.

N° 192. *Saturday, July* 1. 1710.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens. Hor.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

SOME years ſince I was engaged with a Coach full of Friends to take a journey as far as the *Land's-end*. We were very well pleaſed with one another the firſt day, every one endeavoring to recommend himſelf by his good humor and complaiſance to the reſt of the company. This good correſpondence did not laſt long; one of our party was ſoured the very firſt evening by a plate of Butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which ſpoiled his temper to ſuch a degree that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A ſecond fell off from his good humor the next morning, for no other reaſon that I could imagine, but becauſe I chanced to ſtep into the coach before him, and place myſelf on the ſhady ſide. This however was but my own private gueſs, for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing elſe, for three days following. The reſt of our company held out very near half the way, when of a ſudden Mr. *Sprightly* fell aſleep; and inſtead of endeavoring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himſelf with an unconcerned, careleſs, drowzy behaviour, till we came to our laſt ſtage. There were three of us who ſtill held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, about three miles on this ſide *Exeter* I was taken with an unaccountable fit of Sullenneſs, that hung upon me for above threeſcore miles; whether it were for want of reſpect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a fooliſh Maid's calling me *The old Gentleman*, I cannot tell. In ſhort, there was but one who kept his good humor to the *Land's-end*.

There was another Coach that went along with us, in which I likewiſe obſerved, that there were many ſecret Jealouſies, Heart-burnings, and Animoſities, For when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice, that the paſſengers neglected their own company, and ſtudied how to make themſelves eſteemed by us, who were altogether ſtrangers to them; till at length they grew ſo well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this Journey, I often fancy it to be a Picture of humane Life, in reſpect to the ſeveral Friendſhips, Contracts, and Alliances, that are made and diſſolved in the ſeveral periods of it. The moſt delightful and moſt laſting engagements are generally thoſe which paſs between Man and Woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken? Sometimes the parties fly aſunder even in the midſt of courtſhip, and ſometimes grow cool in the very honey-month. Some ſeparate before the firſt Child, and ſome after the fifth; others continue good till thirty, others till forty; while ſome few whoſe ſouls are of an happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey, in a continual intercourſe of kind offices and mutual endearments.

When we therefore chuſe our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourſelves in good humor to the laſt ſtage of it, we muſt be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our own part. When the perſons to whom we join ourſelves can ſtand an examination, and bear the ſcrutiny, when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and diſcover new Beauties the more we ſearch into their characters, our love will naturally riſe in proportion to their perfections.

But becauſe there are very few poſſeſſed of ſuch accompliſhments of body and mind, we ought to look after thoſe qualifications both in ourſelves and others, which are indiſpenſibly neceſſary towards this happy Union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at leaſt to cultivate and improve. Theſe, in my opinion, are Chearfulneſs and Conſtancy. A Chearful temper joined with Innocence, will make Beauty attractive, Knowledge delightful, and Wit good-natured. It will lighten Sickneſs, Poverty, and Affliction; convert Ignorance into an amiable Simplicity, and render Deformity itſelf agreeable.

Conſtancy is natural to perſons of even tempers and uniform diſpoſitions, and may be acquired by thoſe of the greateſt Fickleneſs, Violence and Paſſion, who conſider ſeriouſly the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual intereſt in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderneſs and compaſſion towards thoſe who have their dependence upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the

ſame

ſame ſtate of Happineſs or Miſery. Conſtancy, when it grows in the mind upon conſiderations of this nature, becomes a moral Virtue, and a kind of good-nature, that is not ſubject to any change of Health, Age, Fortune, or any of thoſe Accidents which are apt to unſettle the beſt Diſpoſitions that are found rather in conſtitution than in reaſon. Where ſuch a Conſtancy as this is wanting, the moſt enflamed Paſſion may fall away into coldneſs and indifference, and the moſt melting Tenderneſs degenerate into hatred and averſion. I ſhall conclude this paper with a ſtory that is very well known in the North of *England*.

About thirty years ago, a Packet-boat that had ſeveral paſſengers on board was caſt away upon a Rock, and in ſo great danger of ſinking, that all who were in it endeavored to ſave themſelves as well as they could, though only thoſe who could ſwim well had a bare poſſibility of doing it. Among the paſſengers there were two women of faſhion, who ſeeing themſelves in ſuch a diſconſolate condition, begged of their Huſbands not to leave them. One of them choſe rather to die with his Wife, than to forſake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmoſt compaſſion for his Wife, told her, that for the good of their Children, it was better one of them ſhould live, than both periſh. By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the laſt and long farewel in order to ſave himſelf, and the other held in his arms the perſon that was dearer to him than life, the Ship was preſerved. It is with a ſecret ſorrow and vexation of mind that I muſt tell the ſequel of the ſtory, and let my reader know, that this faithful Pair who were ready to have died in each others arms, about three years after their eſcape, upon ſome trifling diſguſt, grew to a coldneſs at firſt, and at length fell out to ſuch a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other Couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendſhip and felicity; and what was remarkable, the Huſband whom the ſhipwreck had like to have ſeparated from his Wife, died a few months after her, not being able to ſurvive the loſs of her.

I muſt confeſs, there is ſomething in the changeableneſs and inconſtancy of humane Nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at preſent, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I aſſure myſelf, that I ſhall be always true to my God, my friend, or myſelf? in ſhort, without conſtancy there is neither love, friendſhip, or virtue in the world.

N° 216. *Saturday, Auguſt* 26. 1710.

——*Nugis addere pondus.*

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 25.

NATURE is full of wonders; every Atom is a ſtanding miracle, and endowed with ſuch qualities, as could not be impreſſed on it by a power and wiſdom leſs than infinite. For this reaſon, I would not diſcourage any Searches that are made into the moſt minute and trivial parts of the Creation. However, ſince the world abounds in the nobleſt fields of ſpeculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little Genius to be wholly converſant among Inſects, Reptiles, Animalcules, and thoſe trifling rarities that furniſh out the apartment of a Virtuoſo

There are ſome men whoſe heads are ſo oddly turned this way, that though they are utter ſtrangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to diſcover the Sex of a Cockle, or deſcribe the Generation of a Mite, in all its circumſtances. They are ſo little verſed in the world, that they ſcarce know an Horſe from an Ox; but at the ſame time will tell you, with a great deal of gravity, that a Flea is a Rhinoceros, and a Snail an Hermaphrodite. I have known one of theſe whimſical Philoſophers who has ſet a greater value upon a collection of Spiders than he would upon a flock of Sheep, and has ſold his Coat off his back to purchaſe a Tarantula.

I would not have a Scholar wholly unacquainted with theſe Secrets and Curioſities of Nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of ſo much higher contemplations, ſhould not be altogether fixed upon ſuch mean and diſproportioned objects. Obſervations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the World, and to make us ſerious upon trifles, by which means they expoſe Philoſophy to the ridicule of the Witty, and the contempt of the Ignorant. In ſhort, ſtudies of this nature ſhould be the Diverſions, Relaxations, and Amuſements, not the Care, Buſineſs, and Concern of Life.

It is indeed wonderful to conſider, that there ſhould be a ſort of Learned Men who are wholly employed in gathering together the Refuſe of Nature, if I may call it ſo, and hoarding up in their Cheſts and Cabinets ſuch Creatures as others induſtriouſly avoid the ſight of. One does not know how to mention

mention ſome of the moſt precious parts of their Treaſure, without a kind of an Apology for it. I have been ſhown a Beetle valued at twenty Crowns, and a Toad at an hundred: but we muſt take this for a general rule, that whatever appears trivial or obſcene in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philoſophical in the eye of a Virtuoſo.

To ſhew this humor in its perfection, I ſhall preſent my reader with the Legacy of a certain Virtuoſo, who laid out a conſiderable eſtate in Natural Rarities and Curioſities, which upon his Death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends in the following words:

The Will of a Virtuoſo.

I *Nicholas Gimcrack* being in ſound health of Mind, but in great weakneſs of Body, do by this my laſt Will and Teſtament beſtow my worldly Goods and Chattels in manner following:

Imprimis, To my dear Wife,
One Box of Butterflies,
One Drawer of Shells,
A Female Skeleton,
A dried Cockatrice.

Item, To my Daughter *Elizabeth,*
My receipt for preſerving dead Caterpillars.
As alſo my preparations of Winter *May-dew,* and Embrio Pickle.

Item, To my little Daughter *Fanny,*
Three Crocodile's Eggs.

And upon the Birth of her firſt Child, if ſhe marries with her Mother's conſent,
The neſt of an Humming-Bird.

Item, To my eldeſt Brother, as an acknowledgment for the Lands he has inveſted in my Son *Charles,* I bequeath
My laſt years collection of Graſhoppers.

Item, To his Daughter *Suſannah*, being his only Child, I bequeath my *Engliſh* Weeds paſted on Royal Paper,
With my large Folio of *Indian* Cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Dr. *Johannes Elſcrickius*, Profeſſor in Anatomy, and my aſſociate in the ſtudies of Nature, as an eternal Monument of my affection and friendſhip for him, I bequeath
My Rat's Teſticles, and
Whale's Pizzle,

To

To him and his iſſue male; and in default of ſuch iſſue in the ſaid Dr. *Elſcrickius*, then to return to my Executor and his Heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my Nephew *Iſaac*, by making over to him ſome years ſince

A horned *Scarabæus*,
The Skin of a Rattle-ſnake, and
The Mummy of an *Egyptian* King,

I make no further proviſion for him in this my Will.

My eldeſt Son *John* having ſpoken diſreſpectfully of his little Siſter whom I keep by me in Spirits of Wine, and in many other inſtances behaved himſelf undutifully towards me, I do diſinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my perſonal eſtate, by giving him a ſingle Cockle Shell.

To my ſecond Son *Charles* I give and bequeath all my Flowers, Plants, Minerals, Moſſes, Shells, Pebbles, Foſſils, Beetles, Butterflies, Caterpillars, Graſhoppers, and Vermin, not above ſpecified: As alſo all my Monſters, both wet and dry, making the ſaid *Charles* whole and ſole Executor of this my laſt Will and Teſtament; he paying, or cauſing to be paid, the aforeſaid legacies within the ſpace of ſix months after my deceaſe. And I do hereby revoke all other Wills whatſoever by me formerly made.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas an ignorant Upſtart in Aſtrology has publickly endeavored to perſuade the world, that he is the late John Partridge, *who died the 28th of* March, 1708; *Theſe are to certify all whom it may concern, That the true* John Partridge *was not only dead at that time, but continues ſo to this preſent day.*

Beware of Counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.

Thurſday,

N° 218. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 30. 1710.

Scriptorum Chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes. Hor.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 29.

I Chanced to riſe very early one particular morning this Summer, and took a walk into the country to divert myſelf among the fields and meadows, while the Green was new, and the Flowers in their bloom. As at this ſeaſon of the year every Lane is a beautiful walk, and every Hedge full of Noſegays, I loſt myſelf with a great deal of pleaſure among ſeveral Thickets and Buſhes that were filled with a great variety of Birds, and an agreeable confuſion of Notes, which formed the pleaſanteſt Scene in the world to one who had paſſed a whole winter in noiſe and ſmoke. The freſhneſs of the Dews that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inſpired the Birds with ſo many delightful Inſtincts, created in me the ſame kind of animal pleaſure, and made my heart overflow with ſuch ſecret emotions of joy and ſatisfaction as are not to be deſcribed or accounted for. On this occaſion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful Simile in *Milton:*

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick, and ſewers, annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a Summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleaſant Villages, and Farms
Adjoin'd from each thing met conceives delight:
The ſmell of Grain, or tedded Graſs, or Kine,
Or Dairy, each rural ſight, each rural ſound.

Thoſe who are converſant in the writings of polite Authors, receive an additional entertainment from the Country, as it revives in their memories thoſe charming deſcriptions which with ſuch Authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful Simile in *Milton,* and applying it to myſelf, when I obſerved to the windward of me a black Cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myſelf for ſhelter to

to a houſe which I ſaw at a little diſtance from the place where I was walking. As I ſat in the Porch, I heard the voices of two or three perſons, who ſeemed very earneſt in diſcourſe. My curioſity was raiſed when I heard the names of *Alexander the Great* and *Artaxerxes?* and as their talk ſeemed to run on ancient Heroes, I concluded there could not be any ſecret in it; for which reaſon I thought I might very fairly liſten to what they ſaid.

After ſeveral Parallels between great Men, which appeared to me altogether groundleſs and chimerical, I was ſurpriſed to hear one ſay, That he valued the *Black Prince* more than the Duke of *Vendoſme*. How the Duke of *Vendoſme* ſhould become a Rival of the *Black Prince*'s I could not conceive: and was more ſtartled when I heard a ſecond affirm with great vehemence, That if the Emperor of *Germany* was not going off, he ſhould like him better than either of them. He added, that though the ſeaſon was ſo changeable the Duke of *Marlborough* was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myſelf from whence they had received this odd intelligence, eſpecially when I heard them mention the names of ſeveral other great Generals, as the Prince of *Heſſe*, and the King of *Sweden*, who, they ſaid, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, That the Crown of *France* was very weak but that Marſhal *Villars* ſtill kept his Colors. At laſt one of them told the company, If they would go along with him, he would ſhew them a Chimney-ſweeper and a Painted Lady in the ſame bed, which he was ſure would very much pleaſe them. The ſhower which had driven them, as well as myſelf, into the houſe was now over; and as they were paſſing by me into the Garden, I aſked them to let me be one of their company.

The Gentleman of the houſe told me, if I delighted in Flowers, it would be worth my while, for that he believed he could ſhow me ſuch a blow of Tulips as was not to be matched in the whole country.

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of Gardening, and that the kings and Generals they had mentioned were only ſo many Tulips, to which the Gardeners, according to their uſual cuſtom, had given ſuch high titles and appellations of honor.

I was very much pleaſed and aſtoniſhed at the glorious Show of theſe gay Vegetables, that aroſe in great profuſion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I conſidered them with the eye of an ordinary Spectator as ſo many beautiful Objects, varniſhed over with a natural gloſs, and ſtained with ſuch a variety of Colors, as are not to be equalled in any artificial Dyes or Tinctures. Sometimes I conſidered every Leaf as an elaborate piece of Tiſſue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different Configu-

Configurations, which gave a different coloring to the Light as it glanced on the ſeveral parts of the ſurface. Sometimes I conſidered the whole bed of Tulips, according to the notion of the greateſt Mathematician and Philoſopher that ever lived, as a multitude of Optic Inſtruments, deſigned for the ſeparating Light into all thoſe various colors of which it is compoſed.

I was awakened out of theſe my Philoſophical Speculations, by obſerving the company often ſeemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praiſed a Tulip as one of the fineſt that I ever ſaw; upon which they told me, it was a common Fool's-coat. Upon that I praiſed a ſecond, which it ſeems was but another kind of Fool's-coat. I had the ſame fate with two or three more; for which reaſon I deſired the owner of the Garden to let me know which were the fineſt of the flowers, for that I was ſo unſkilful in the Art, that I thought the moſt beautiful were the moſt valuable, and that thoſe which had the gayeſt colors were the moſt beautiful. The Gentleman ſmiled at my ignorance: He ſeemed a very plain honeſt man, and a perſon of good ſenſe, had not his head been touched with that diſtemper which *Hippocrates* calls the *Tulippo-Mania*, *Τυλιππομανία;* infomuch that he would talk very rationally on any Subject in the world but a Tulip.

He told me, That he valued the bed of Flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length, and two in breadth, more than he would the beſt hundred Acres of land in *England;* and added, That it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a fooliſh Cook-maid of his had not almoſt ruined him the laſt winter, by miſtaking a handful of Tulip-roots for an heap of Onions, and by that means (ſays he) made me a diſh of Pottage, that coſt me above 1000 *l.* Sterling. He then ſhewed me what he thought the fineſt of his Tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddneſs, and put me in mind of your great Fortunes, which are not always the greateſt Beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happineſs, that I have never fallen into any of theſe fantaſtical Taſtes, nor eſteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reaſon, I look upon the whole country in Spring-time as a ſpacious Garden, and make as many viſits to a ſpot of Daiſies, or a bank of Violets, as a Floriſt does to his borders and Parterres. There is not a Buſh in bloſſom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor ſcarce a Daffodil or Cowſlip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my miſſing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through ſeveral fields and meadows with an unſpeakable pleaſure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the moſt pleaſing and moſt beautiful objects the moſt ordinary and moſt common.

N° 220 *Tuesday, September* 5. 1710.

Insani sanus nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam. Hor.

From my own Apartment, September 4.

HAVING received many Letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the Political Barometer, I shall here communicate to the public an account of my Ecclesiastical Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest Prognostications of the changes and revolutions in Church, as the former does of those in State, and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The Church Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth, about the time when that religious Prince put some to death for owning the Pope's Supremacy, and others for denying Transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this Instrument till it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant Priest or Minister, (for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other) who was some time Vicar of *Bray*. This Gentleman lived in his Vicarage to a good old Age; and after having seen several Successions of his neighbouring Clergy either burnt or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died Vicar of *Bray*. As this Glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in Popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the Reformation, it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary Thermometer is to this day, *viz. Extreme hot, Sultry hot, Very hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just freezing, Frost, Hard Frost, Great Frost, Extreme cold.*

It is well known that *Torricellius*, the inventor of the common Weather-glass, made the experiment in a long Tube which held thirty two foot of water; and that a more modern Virtuoso finding such a Machine altogether unweildy

unweildy and uſeleſs, and conſidering that thirty two inches of Quickſilver weighed as much as ſo many foot of water in a Tube of the ſame circumference, invented that ſizeable inſtrument which is now in uſe. After this manner, that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now ſpeaking of to the preſent conſtitution of our church, as divided into *High* and *Low*, I have made ſome neceſſary variations both in the Tube and the Fluid it contains. In the firſt place, I ordered a Tube to be caſt in a planetary hour, and took care to ſeal it hermetically, when the Sun was in conjunction with *Saturn*. I then took the proper precautions about the Fluid, which is a compound of two very different Liquors; one of them a Spirit drawn out of a ſtrong heady wine; the other a particular ſort of Rock water, colder than ice, and clearer than chryſtal. The Spirit is of a red fiery color, and ſo very apt to ferment, that unleſs it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very cloſe, it will burſt the veſſel that holds it, and fly up in Fume and Smoke. The Water on the contrary is of ſuch a ſubtile piercing cold, that unleſs it be mingled with a proportion of the ſpirits, it will ſink through almoſt every thing that it is put into, and ſeems to be of the ſame nature as the water mentioned by *Quintus Curtius*, which, ſays the Hiſtorian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or (as the *Oxford* Manuſcript has it) in the ſkull of an Aſs. The Thermometer is marked according to the following figure, which I ſet down at length, not only to give my Reader a clear Idea of it, but alſo to fill up my paper.

Ignorance.
Perſecution.
Wrath.
Zeal.
CHURCH.
Moderation.
Lukewarmneſs.
Infidelity.
Ignorance.

The Reader will obſerve, that the Church is placed in the middle point of the Glaſs, between *Zeal* and *Moderation*, the ſituation in which ſhe always floriſhes, and in which every good *Engliſhman* wiſhes her who is a friend to the conſtitution of his country. However, when it mounts to *Zeal*, it is not amiſs; and when it ſinks to *Moderation*, is ſtill in a moſt admirable temper. The worſt of it is, that when once it begins to riſe, it has ſtill an inclination to aſcend, inſomuch that it is apt to climb from *Zeal* to

Wrath, and from *Wrath* to *Perſecution,* which always ends in *Ignorance,* and very often proceeds from it. In the ſame manner it frequently takes its progreſs through the lower half of the Glaſs; and when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually deſcend from *Moderation* to *Lukewarmneſs,* and from *Lukewarmneſs* to *Infidelity,* which very often terminates in *Ignorance,* and always proceeds from it.

It is a common obſervation, that the ordinary Thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it ſtands; and indeed, it is almoſt incredible to conceive how the Glaſs I am now deſcribing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying *Popery;* or on the contrary, how it will riſe when the ſame multitude (as it ſometimes happens) cry out in the ſame breath, *The Church is in danger.*

As ſoon as I had finiſhed this my Glaſs, and adjuſted it to the above-mentioned ſcale of religion, that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to ſeveral Coffee-houſes, and other places of reſort about this great city. At St. *James*'s Coffee-houſe, the Liquor ſtood at *Moderation;* but at *Will*'s, to my great ſurpriſe, it ſubſided to the very loweſt mark on the Glaſs. At the *Grecian,* it mounted but juſt one point higher; at the *Rainbow,* it ſtill aſcended two degrees: *Child*'s fetch'd it up to *Zeal*, and other adjacent Coffee-houſes to *Wrath.*

It fell into the lower half of the Glaſs as I went further into the City, till at length it ſettled at *Moderation*, where it continued all the time I ſtayed about the *Change*, as alſo whilſt I paſſed by the *Bank.* And here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole courſe of my remarks, I never obſerved my Glaſs to riſe at the ſame time that the Stocks did.

To compleat the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences, to make a progreſs with my Glaſs through the whole Iſland of *Great Britain;* and after his return, to preſent me with a regiſter of his obſervations. I gueſſed beforehand at the temper of ſeveral places he paſſed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that facetious Divine, Dr. *Fuller*, ſpeaking of the town of *Banbury* near a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for Cakes and *Zeal*, which I find by my Glaſs is true to this day as to the latter part of this deſcription; though I muſt confeſs, it is not in the ſame reputation for Cakes that it was in the time of that learned Author; and thus of other places. In ſhort, I have now by me, digeſted in an alphabetical order, all the Counties, Corporations and Boroughs, in *Great Britain*, with their reſpective tempers, as they ſtand related to my Thermometer. But this I ſhall keep to myſelf, becauſe I would by no means do any thing that may ſeem to influence any enſuing Elections.

The

The point of Doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the ſame which was long ago advanced by that able Teacher *Horace*, out of whom I have taken my text for this diſcourſe: we ſhould be careful not to overſhoot ourſelves in the purſuits even of Virtue. Whether *Zeal* or *Moderation* be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and froſt out of the other. But alas! the world is too wiſe to want ſuch a precaution. The terms *High-Church* and *Low-Church*, as commonly uſed, do not ſo much denote a Principle, as they diſtinguiſh a Party. They are like words of battle, that have nothing to do with their original ſignification, but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I muſt confeſs, I have conſidered with ſome little attention the influence which the opinions of theſe great National Sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honeſt Gentlemen, who entirely agree in their Lives, ſhould take it in their heads to differ in their Religion.

N° 224. *Thurſday, September* 14. 1710.

Materiam ſuperabat opus. ——— Ovid.

From my own Apartment, September 13.

IT is my cuſtom in a dearth of News, to entertain myſelf with thoſe collections of Advertiſements that appear at the end of all our public Prints. Theſe I conſider as accounts of News from the Little World, in the ſame manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the Great. If in one we hear that a Sovereign Prince is fled from his Capital city, in the other we hear of a Tradeſman who hath ſhut up his Shop, and run away. If in one we find the Victory of a General, in the other we ſee the Deſertion of a private Soldier. I muſt confeſs, I have a certain weakneſs in my temper, that is often very much affected by theſe little domeſtic Occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in my eyes over a melancholy Advertiſement.

But to conſider this ſubject in its moſt ridiculous Lights. Advertiſements are of great uſe to the Vulgar: Firſt of all, as they are inſtruments of Ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the *Gazette*, may eaſily creep

creep into the Advertiſements; by which means we often ſee an Apothecary in the ſame paper of news with a Plenipotentiary, or a Running-footman with an Ambaſſador. An Advertiſement from *Piccadilly* goes down to Poſterity, with an Article from *Madrid*; and *John Bartlett* of *Goodman's-Fields* is celebrated in the ſame paper with the Emperor of *Germany*. Thus the Fable tells us, That the Wren mounted as high as the Eagle, by getting upon his back.

A ſecond uſe which this ſort of writings have been turned to of late years, has been the management of Controverſy, inſomuch that above half the Advertiſements one meets with now-a-days are purely Polemical. The inventors of *Strops for Razors* have written againſt one another this way for ſeveral years, and that with great bitterneſs; as the whole argument *pro* and *con* in the caſe of the *Morning Gowns* is ſtill carried on after the ſame manner. I need not mention the ſeveral Proprietors of Dr. *Anderſon*'s Pills; nor take notice of the many Satyrical works of this nature ſo frequently publiſhed by Dr. *Clark*, who has had the confidence to advertiſe upon that learned Knight, my very worthy Friend, Sir *William Read:* but I ſhall not interpoſe in their quarrel; Sir *William* can give him his own in Advertiſements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the Doctor's.

The third and laſt uſe of theſe writings is, to inform the world where they may be furniſhed with almoſt every thing that is neceſſary for life. If a man has Pains in his Head, Cholics in his Bowels, or Spots in his Clothes, he may here meet with proper Cures and Remedies. If a man would recover a Wife or a Horſe that is ſtolen or ſtrayed; if he wants new Sermons, Electuaries, Aſſes Milk, or any thing elſe, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them in.

The great Art in writing Advertiſements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the Reader's eye; without which a good thing may paſs over unobſerved, or be loſt among Commiſſions of Bankrupts. Aſteriſks and Hands were formerly of great uſe for this purpoſe. Of late years, the *N. B.* has been much in faſhion; as alſo little Cuts and Figures, the invention of which we muſt aſcribe to the Author of Spring-truſſes. I muſt not here omit the blind *Italian* Character, which being ſcarce legible, always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious Reader ſomething like the ſatisfaction of prying into a ſecret.

But the great ſkill in an Advertiſer, is chiefly ſeen in the Style which he makes uſe of. He is to mention *the univerſal Eſteem*, or *general Reputation*, of things that were never heard of. If he is a Phyſician or Aſtrologer, he muſt change his Lodgings frequently, and (though he never ſaw any body in them beſides his own family) give public notice of it, *For the Information*

of

of the Nobility and Gentry. Since I am thus uſefully employed in writing Criticiſms on the works of theſe diminutive Authors, I muſt not paſs over in ſilence an Advertiſement which has lately made its appearance, and is written altogether in a *Ciceronian* manner. It was ſent to me, with five ſhillings, to be inſerted among my Advertiſements; but as it is a Pattern of good writing in this way, I ſhall give it a place in the body of my paper.

THE higheſt compound Spirit of Lavender, the moſt glorious (if the expreſſion may be uſed) enlivening Scent and Flavor that can poſſibly be, which ſo raptures the Spirits, delights the Guſt, and gives ſuch airs to the Countenance, as are not to be imagined but by thoſe that have tried it. The meaneſt ſort of the thing is admired by moſt Gentlemen and Ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common eſteem. It is ſold (in neat Flint bottles fit for the Pocket) only at the *Golden-key* in *Wharton's*-court near *Holborn*-bars, for 3*s.* 6*d.* with Directions.

At the ſame time that I recommend the ſeveral Flowers in which this Spirit of Lavender is wrapped up, (if the expreſſion may be uſed) I cannot excuſe my Fellow-laborers for admitting into their papers ſeveral uncleanly Advertiſements, not at all proper to appear in the works of polite Writers. Among theſe I muſt reckon the *Carminative Wind-expelling* Pills. If the Doctor had called them his Carminative Pills, he had done as cleanly as any one could have wiſhed; but the ſecond word entirely deſtroys the decency of the firſt. There are other abſurdities of this nature ſo very groſs, that I dare not mention them; and ſhall therefore diſmiſs this ſubject, with a public admonition to *Michael Parrot*, That he do not preſume any more to mention a certain Worm he knows of, which, by the way, has grown ſeven foot in my memory; for, if I am not much miſtaken, it is the ſame that was but nine foot long about ſix months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a collection of Advertiſements is a kind of Miſcellany; the writers of which, contrary to all Authors, except men of Quality, give money to the Bookſellers who publiſh their Copies. The Genius of the Bookſeller is chiefly ſhewn in his method of ranging and digeſting theſe little Tracts. The laſt paper I took up in my hands, places them in the following order:

The true Spaniſh Blacking for ſhoes, *&c.*
The Beautifying Cream for the face, *&c.*
Peaſe and Plaiſters, *&c.*
Nectar and Ambroſia, *&c.*

Four

Four Freehold Tenements of 15*l. per Annum*, *&c.*
*** The preſent State of *England*, *&c.*
‡‡‡ Annotations upon the Tatler, *&c.*

A Commiſſion of Bankruptcy being awarded againſt B. L. Bookſeller, *&c.*

N° 226. *Tueſday, September* 19. 1710.

——— *Juvenis quondam, nunc Fœmina Cæneus,*
Et fato in veterem rurſus revoluta figuram. Virg.

From my own Apartment, September 18.

IT is one of the deſigns of this paper to tranſmit to Poſterity an account of every thing that is monſtrous in my own times. For this reaſon I ſhall here publiſh to the world the life of a perſon who was neither man nor woman, as written by one of my ingenious Correſpondents, who ſeems to have imitated *Plutarch* in that multifarious Erudition, and thoſe occaſional diſſertations, which he has wrought into the body of his hiſtory. The Life I am putting out, is that of *Margery, alias John Young*, commonly known by the name of Dr. *Young*, who (as the town very well knows) was a woman that practiſed Phyſic in man's clothes, and after having had two wives and ſeveral children, died about a month ſince.

SIR,

" I Here make bold to trouble you with a ſhort account of the famous " Doctor *Young's* life, which you may call (if you pleaſe) a ſecond part of " the Farce of the *Sham Doctor*. This perhaps will not ſeem ſo ſtrange to " you, who (if I am not miſtaken) have ſomewhere mentioned with Honor " your Siſter *Kirleus* as a Practitioner both in Phyſic and Aſtrology: but in " the common opinion of mankind, a She-quack is altogether as ſtrange " and aſtoniſhing a creature as a Centaur that practiſed Phyſic in the days " of *Achilles*, or as King *Phys* in the *Rehearſal*. *AEſculapius*, the great Founder " of your Art, was particularly famous for his Beard, as we may conclude " from the behaviour of a Tyrant, who is branded by Heathen hiſtorians as " guilty both of Sacrilege and Blaſphemy, having robbed the Statue of

" *AEſculapius*

" *AEſculapius* of a thick buſhy golden beard, and then alledged for his ex-
" cuſe, *That it was a ſhame the Son ſhould have a Beard when his Father* Apollo
" *had none*. This latter inſtance indeed ſeems ſomething to favor a Female
" Profeſſor, ſince (as I have been told) the ancient ſtatues of *Apollo* are ge-
" nerally made with the head and face of a Woman: nay, I have been cre-
" dibly informed by thoſe who have ſeen them both, that the famous *Apollo*
" in the *Belvidera* did very much reſemble Dr. *Young*. Let that be as it
" will, the Doctor was a kind of *Amazon* in Phyſic, that made as great de-
" vaſtations and ſlaughters as any of our chief Heroes in the art, and was
" as fatal to the *Engliſh* in theſe our days, as the famous *Joan d'Arc* was in
" thoſe of our Forefathers.

" I do not find any thing remarkable in the life I am about to write till
" the year 1695, at which time the Doctor, being about twenty three years
" old, was brought to bed of a Baſtard Child. The ſcandal of ſuch a Miſ-
" fortune gave ſo great uneaſineſs to pretty Mrs. *Peggy*, (for that was the
" name by which the Doctor was then called) that ſhe left her Family, and
" followed her Lover to *London*, with a fixed reſolution ſome way or other
" to recover her loſt reputation: but inſtead of changing her life, which one
" would have expected from ſo good a diſpoſition of mind, ſhe took it in
" her head to change her Sex. This was ſoon done by the help of a Sword,
" and a pair of Breeches. I have reaſon to believe, that her firſt deſign
" was to turn Man-midwife, having herſelf had ſome experience in thoſe
" affairs: but thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune,
" ſhe at length bought her a Gold Button Coat, and ſet up for a Phyſician.
" Thus we ſee the ſame fatal miſcarriage in her youth made Mrs. *Young*
" a Doctor, that formerly made one of the ſame Sex a Pope.

" The Doctor ſucceeded very well in his buſineſs at firſt, but very often
" met with accidents that diſquieted him. As he wanted that deep magi-
" ſterial Voice which gives authority to a preſcription, that is abſolutely
" neceſſary for the right pronouncing of thoſe words, *Take theſe Pills*, he un-
" fortunately got the nick-name of the *Squeaking Doctor*. If this circum-
" ſtance alarmed the Doctor, there was another that gave him no ſmall diſ-
" quiet, and very much diminiſhed his gains. In ſhort, he found himſelf
" run down as a ſuperficial prating Quack, in all families that had at the
" head of them a cautious Father, or a jealous Huſband. Theſe would often
" complain among one another, that they did not like ſuch a ſmock-faced
" Phyſician; though in truth had they known how juſtly he deſerved that
" name, they would rather have favored his practice, than have apprehend-
" ed any thing from it.

" Such were the motives that determined Mrs. *Young* to change her con-
" dition, and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her
" in good reputation, and made her the Father of a very pretty Girl. But
" this part of her happineſs was ſoon after deſtroyed by a diſtemper which
" was too hard for our Phyſician, and carried off his Wife. The Doctor had
" not been a Widow long, before he married his ſecond Lady, with whom
" alſo he lived in very good underſtanding. It ſo happened, that the Doctor
" was with Child at the ſame time that his Lady was; but the little ones
" coming both together, they paſſed for Twins. The Doctor having entirely
" eſtabliſhed the reputation of his manhood, eſpecially by the birth of the
" Boy of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much reſem-
" bles him, grew into good buſineſs, and was particularly famous for the
" cure of Venereal Diſtempers; but would have had much more practice
" among his own Sex, had not ſome of them been ſo unreaſonable as to
" demand certain proofs of their cure, which the Doctor was not able to
" give them. The florid blooming look, which gave the Doctor ſome un-
" eaſineſs at firſt, inſtead of betraying his Perſon only recommended
" his Phyſic. Upon this occaſion I cannot forbear mentioning what I
" thought a very agreeable ſurpriſe in one of *Moliere*'s Plays, where a young
" woman applies herſelf to a ſick Perſon in the habit of a Quack, and ſpeaks
" to her Patient, who was ſomething ſcandilized at the youth of his Phyſi-
" cian, to the following purpoſe — *I begun to practiſe in the Reign of* Francis
" I. *and am now in the hundred and fiftieth year of my age; but, by the virtue of my*
" *Medicaments have maintained myſelf in the ſame beauty and freſhneſs I had at fifteen.*
" For this reaſon *Hippocrates* lays it down as a rule, that a Student in Phy-
" ſic ſhould have a ſound Conſtitution, and a healthy Look; which indeed
" ſeem as neceſſary Qualifications for a Phyſician, as a good Life, and vir-
" tuous Behavior, for a Divine. But to return to our ſubject. About two
" years ago the Doctor was very much afflicted with the Vapors, which
" grew upon him to ſuch a degree, that about ſix weeks ſince they made an
" end of him. His death diſcovered the diſguiſe he had acted under, and
" brought him back again to his former Sex. 'Tis ſaid, that at his burial
" the Pall was held up by ſix Women of ſome faſhion. The Doctor left
" behind him a Widow, and two Fatherleſs Children, if they may be called
" ſo, beſides the little Boy before-mentioned. In relation to whom we may
" ſay of the Doctor, as the good old Ballad about *The Children in the Wood*
" ſays of the unnatural Uncle, that he was Father and Mother both in one.
" Theſe are all the circumſtances that I could learn of Doctor *Young*'s Life,
" which might have given occaſion to many obſcene fictions: but as I
" know thoſe would never have gained a place in your paper, I have not

" troubled

" troubled you with any impertinence of that nature; having ſtuck to the " truth very ſcrupulouſly, as I always do when I ſubſcribe myſelf,

SIR, Your, &c.

I ſhall add, as a Poſtſcript to this Letter, that I am informed, the famous *Saltero,* who ſells Coffee in his Muſæum at *Chelſea,* has by him a curioſity which helped the Doctor to carry on his impoſture, and will give great ſatisfaction to the curious Inquirer.

N° 229. *Tueſday, September* 26, 1710.

Quæſitam meritis ſume ſuperbiam. Hor.

From my own Apartment, September 25.

THE whole Creation preys upon itſelf: every living Creature is inhabited. A Flea has a thouſand inviſible Inſects that teaze him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary Microſcope ſhews us, that a Louſe is itſelf a very louſy creature. A Whale, beſides thoſe Seas and Oceans in the ſeveral veſſels of his body, which are filled with innumerable ſhoals of little Animals, carries about it a whole world of inhabitants; inſomuch that, if we believe the calculations ſome have made, there are more living Creatures which are too ſmall for the naked eye to behold about the Leviathan, than there are of viſible creatures upon the face of the whole Earth. Thus every nobler Creature is as it were the baſis and ſupport of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This conſideration very much comforts me, when I think on thoſe numberleſs Vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their ſuſtenance out of it; I mean the ſmall Wits and Scribblers that every day turn a Penny by nibbling at my Lucubrations. This has been ſo advantageous to this little ſpecies of writers, that, if they do me juſtice, I may expect to have my Statue erected in *Grub-ſtreet,* as being a common Benefactor to that quarter.

They ſay, when a Fox is very much troubled with Fleas, he goes into the next pool with a lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water till the Vermin get into it, after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to ſhift for themſelves, and get their livelihood where they

can. I would have theſe Gentlemen take care that I do not ſerve them after the ſame manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impoſſible but I may ſome time or other diſappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the Hawkers, Printers, Bookſellers and Authors? it would be like Dr. *B—s*'s dropping his Cloak, with the whole congregation hanging upon the Skirts of it. To enumerate ſome of theſe my doughty Antagoniſts, I was threatened to be anſwered weekly *Tit for Tat:* I was undermined by the *Whiſperer*, haunted by *Tom Brown's Ghoſt,* ſcolded at by a *Female Tatler,* and ſlandered by another of the ſame character, under the title of *Atalantis.* I have been *annotated*, *retattled, examined*, and *condoled:* but it being my ſtanding maxim, never to ſpeak ill of the dead; I ſhall let theſe Authors reſt in peace, and take great pleaſure in thinking that I have ſometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I ſee myſelf thus ſurrounded by ſuch formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the *Red Croſs* in *Spencer's Den of Error,* who after he has cut off the Dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of Ink, ſees a thouſand monſtrous Reptiles making their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

The ſame ſo ſore annoyed has the Knight,
That well nigh choked with the deadly ſtink,
His forces fail, he can no longer fight;
Whoſe courage when the Fiend perceived to ſhrink,
She poured forth out of her helliſh Sink
Her fruitful curſed ſpawn of Serpents ſmall,
Deformed Monſters, foul, and black as Ink;
Which ſwarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encombred ſore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle Shepherd in ſweet even-tide,
When ruddy Phœbus *gins to welk in Weſt,*
High on an hill, his Flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their haſty ſupper beſt;
A cloud of combrous Gnats do him moleſt,
All ſtriving to infix their feeble ſtings,
That from their noyance he no where can reſt;
But with his clowniſh hands their tender wings
He bruſheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

If

If ever I ſhould want ſuch a fry of little Authors to attend me, I ſhall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like Ivy about an Oak, which adorns the tree at the ſame time that it eats into it; or like a great man's Equipage, that do honor to the perſon on whom they feed. For my part, when I ſee myſelf thus attacked, I do not conſider my Antagoniſts as malicious, but hungry, and therefore am reſolved never to take any notice of them.

As for thoſe who detract from my labors without being prompted to it by an empty ſtomach, in return to their cenſures I ſhall take pains to excel, and never fail to perſuade myſelf, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance,

Give me leave to conclude like an Old man and a Moraliſt, with a Fable.

The Owls, Bats, and ſeveral other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick ſhade, where they abuſed their Neighbours in a very ſociable manner. Their Satire at laſt fell upon the Sun, whom they all agreed to be very troubleſome, impertinent, and inquiſitive. Upon which the Sun, who overheard them, ſpoke to them after this manner: Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuſe one that you know could in an inſtant ſcorch you up, and burn every Mother's ſon of you: But the only anſwer I ſhall give you, or the revenge I ſhall take of you is to *ſhine on.*

N° 239. *Thurſday, October* 19, 1710.

——*Mecum certaſſe feretur.* Ovid.

From my own Apartment, October 18.

IT is ridiculous for any man to criticiſe on the works of another, who was not diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his own Performances. A Judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the Bar. *Cicero* was reputed the greateſt Orator of his age and country before he wrote a book *De Oratore*; and *Horace* the greateſt Poet before he publiſhed his *Art of Poetry*. The obſervation ariſes naturally in any one who caſts his eye upon this laſt mentioned Author, where he will find the Criticiſms placed in the latter end of his book, that is, after the fineſt Odes and Satires in the *Latin* Tongue.

A Modern, whoſe name I ſhall not mention, becauſe I would not make a ſilly paper ſell, was born a Critic and an Examiner, and, like one of the race of the Serpent's teeth, came into the world with a Sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of the ſtory that is told of a *German* Monk, who was taking a Catalogue of a friend's Library, and meeting with a *Hebrew* book in it, entered it under the title of, *A Book that has the Beginning where the End ſhould be.* This Author, in the laſt of his Crudities, has amaſſed together a heap of Quotations, to prove that *Horace* and *Virgil* were both of them modeſter men than myſelf, and if his works were to live as long as mine, they might poſſibly give poſterity a notion, that *Iſaac Bickerſtaffe* was a very conceited old Fellow, and as vain a man as either *Tully* or Sir *Francis Bacon.* Had this ſerious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to ſee *Cicero* abuſed, is, I muſt confeſs, what I cannot bear. The cenſure he paſſes on this great Man runs thus: *The Itch of being very abuſive, is almoſt inſeparable from vain-glory.* Tully *has theſe two faults in ſo high a degree, that nothing but his being the beſt writer in the world can make amends for them.* The ſcurrilous wretch goes on to ſay I am as bad as *Tully.* His words are theſe; *and yet the* Tatler, *in his paper of* September 26, *has outdone him in both. He ſpeaks of himſelf with more arrogance, and with more inſolence of others.* I am afraid, by his diſcourſe, this Gentleman has no more read *Plutarch* than he has *Tully.* If he had, he would have obſerved a paſſage in that Hiſtorian, wherein he has with great delicacy diſtinguiſhed between two Paſſions which are uſually complicated in human nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of ſeparating. Not having my *Greek* Spectacles by me, I ſhall quote the paſſage word for word as I find it tranſlated to my hand. *Nevertheleſs, though he was intemperately fond of his own praiſe, yet he was very free from envying others, and moſt liberally profuſe in commending both the Antients and his Contemporaries, as is to be underſtood by his writings; and many of thoſe ſayings are ſtill recorded, as that concerning* Ariſtotle, *That he was a river of flowing Gold: Of* Plato's *Dialogue, That if* Jupiter *were to ſpeak, he would diſcourſe as he did.* Theophraſtus *he was wont to call his peculiar delight; and being aſked, Which of* Demoſthenes *his Orations he liked beſt? He anſwered, The longeſt.*

And as for Eminent men of his own time, either for Eloquence or Philoſophy, there was not one of them whom he did not, by writing or ſpeaking favorably of, render more illuſtrious.

Thus the Critic tells us, That *Cicero* was exceſſively vain-glorious and abuſive; *Plutarch*, that he was vain, but not abuſive. Let the Reader believe which of them he pleaſes.

After

After this he complains to the world, that I call him names; and that in my paſſion I ſaid, He was *a Flea, a Louſe, an Owl, a Bat, a ſmall Wit, a Scribler, and a Nibler.* When he had thus beſpoken his Reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I ſhall ſet down at length, it being an exquiſite piece of Rallery, and written in great gaiety of heart. *After this Liſt of names, (viz.* Flea, Louſe, Owl, Bat, *&c.) I was ſurpriſed to hear him ſay, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has loſt his temper? I ſuppoſe, as he now is very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good-humored.* If I can outlive this Rallery, I ſhall be able to bear any thing.

There is a method of Criticiſm made uſe of by this Author, (for I ſhall take care how I call him a Scribler again) which may turn into Ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts: this the Reader will obſerve in the following words; *He* (meaning me) *is ſo intent upon being ſomething extraordinary, that he ſcarce knows what he would be; and is as fruitful in his Similes, as a Brother of his whom I lately took notice of. In the compaſs of a few lines he compares himſelf to a Fox, to* Daniel Burgeſs, *to the Knight of the Red Croſs, to an Oak with Ivy about it, and to a Great man with an Equipage.* I think myſelf as much honored by being joined in this part of his paper with the Gentleman whom he here calls my brother, as I am in the beginning of it, by being mentioned with *Horace* and *Virgil.*

It is very hard that a man cannot publiſh ten papers without ſtealing from himſelf; but to ſhew you that this is only a knack of writing, and that the Author is got into a certain road of Criticiſm, I ſhall ſet down his remarks on the works of the Gentleman whom he here glances upon, as they ſtand in his 6th paper, and deſire the Reader to compare them with the foregoing paſſage upon mine.

In thirty lines his Patron is a River, the Primum Mobile, *a Pilot, a Victim, the Sun, any Thing, and Nothing. He beſtows increaſe, conceals his ſource, makes the Machine move, teaches to ſteer, expiates our offences, raiſes vapors, and looks larger as he ſets.*

What Poem can be ſafe from this ſort of Criticiſm? I think I was never in my life ſo much offended as at a Wag whom I once met with in a Coffee-houſe; He had in his hand one of the Miſcellanies, and was reading the following ſhort copy of verſes, which, without flattery to the Author, is (I think) as beautiful in its kind as any one in the *Engliſh* Tongue.

Flavia *the leaſt and ſlighteſt toy*
Can with reſiſtleſs Art employ.

This

This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An Engine of ſmall force in love;
But ſhe with ſuch an Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or ſafely ſeen,
Directs its wanton motions ſo,
That it wounds more than Cupid's *Bow;*
Gives coolneſs to the matchleſs Dame,
To ev'ry other breaſt a flame.

When this Coxcomb had done reading them, Heyday! ſays he, What Inſtrument is this that *Flavia* employs in ſuch a manner as is not to be told, or ſafely ſeen? In ten lines it is a Toy, a *Cupid's* Bow, a Fan, and an Engine in love. It has wanton motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.

Such Criticiſms make a man of ſenſe ſick, and a Fool merry.

The next Paragraph of the paper we are talking of, falls upon ſome body whom I am at a loſs to gueſs at: but I find the whole invective turns upon a man who (it ſeems) has been impriſoned for debt. Whoever he was, I moſt heartily pity him; but at the ſame time muſt put the *Examiner* in mind, that notwithſtanding he is a Critic, he ſtill ought to remember he is a Chriſtian. Poverty was never thought a proper ſubject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a Satire upon a Beggar.

As for thoſe little retortings of my own expreſſions, of *being dull by deſign, witty in* October, *ſhining, excelling,* and ſo forth; they are the common Cavils of every Witlin, who has no other method of ſhowing his Parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only in this particular, but in its very eſſence, is like *Ovid*'s Echo:

——*Quæ nec reticere loquenti,*
Nec prior ipſa loqui didicit.——

I ſhould not have deſerved the character of a *Cenſor,* had I not animadverted upon the abovementioned Author by a gentle chaſtiſement: but I know my Reader will not pardon me, unleſs I declare, that nothing of this nature for the future (unleſs it be written with ſome Wit) ſhall divert me from my care of the public.

Saturday,

N° 240. *Saturday, October* 21. 1710.

Ad populum phaleras—— Perſ.

From my own Apartment, October 20,

I DO not remember that in any of my Lucubrations I have touched upon the uſeful ſcience of Phyſic, notwithſtanding I have declared myſelf more than once a Profeſſor of it. I have indeed joined the ſtudy of Aſtrology with it, becauſe I never knew a Phyſician recommend himſelf to the Public, who had not a Siſter-art to embelliſh his knowledge in Medicine. It has been commonly obſerved in compliment to the Ingenious of our profeſſion, that *Apollo* was God of Verſe as well as Phyſic; and in all ages the moſt celebrated Practitioners of our country were the particular favorites of the Muſes. Poetry to Phyſic is indeed like the gilding to a Pill; it makes the art ſhine, and covers the ſeverity of the Doctor with the agreeableneſs of the Companion.

The very foundation of Poetry is good ſenſe, if we may allow *Horace* to be a judge of the art.

Scribendi recte ſapere eſt, et principium, et fons.

And if ſo, we have reaſon to believe, that the ſame man who writes well, can preſcribe well, if he has applied himſelf to the ſtudy of both. Beſides, when we ſee a Man making profeſſion of two different Sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no Pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him ſkilful in that which we underſtand.

Ordinary Quacks and Charlatans are throughly ſenſibly how neceſſary it is to ſupport themſelves by theſe collateral aſſiſtances, and therefore always lay their claim to ſome ſupernumerary Accompliſhments which are wholly foreign to their profeſſion.

About twenty years ago, it was impoſſible to walk the ſtreets without having an Advertiſement thruſt into your hand, of a Doctor *who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red Dragon, and had diſcovered the Female Fern Seed.* No body ever knew what this meant; but the green and red Dragon ſo amuſed the people, that the Doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About

the ſame time there was paſted a very hard word upon every corner of the ſtreets. This, to the beſt of my remembrance, was

TETRACHYMAGOGON,

Which drew great ſhoals of Spectators about it; who read the bill that it introduced with unſpeakable curioſity; and when they were ſick, would have nobody but this learned man for their Phyſician.

I once received an Advertiſement of one *who had ſtudied thirty years by Candle-light for the good of his country-men.* He might have ſtudied twice as long by Day-light, and never have been taken notice of: but lucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are ſome who have gained themſelves great reputation for Phyſic by their birth; as the *Seventh Son of a Seventh Son*: and others by not being born at all, as the *Unborn Doctor*; who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his Patients, having died worth five hundred Pounds *per Annum*, though he was not born to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend Doctor *Saffold* ſucceeded my old contemporary Doctor *Lilly* in the ſtudies both of Phyſic and Aſtrology, to which he added that of Poetry, as was to be ſeen both upon the ſign where he lived, and in the Bills which he diſtributed. He was ſucceeded by Dr. *Caſe,* who eraſed the Verſes of his Predeceſſor out of the Sign-poſt, and ſubſtituted in their ſtead two of his own, which were as follow:

Within this Place
Lives Doctor Caſe.

He is ſaid to have got more by this Diſtich, than Mr. *Dryden* did by all his Works. There would be no end of enumerating the ſeveral imaginary Perfections and unaccountable Artifices by which this tribe of men enſnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have ſeen the whole front of a Mountebank's Stage from one end to the other faced with Patents, Certificates, Medals, and Great Seals, by which the ſeveral Princes of *Europe* have teſtified their particular reſpect and eſteem for the Doctor. Every Great man with a ſounding title has been his Patient. I believe I have ſeen twenty Mountebanks that have given Phyſic to the Czar of *Muſcovy*. The Great Duke of *Tuſcany* eſcapes no better. The Elector of *Brandenburg* was likewiſe a very good Patient.

This great condeſcenſion of the Doctor draws upon him much good-will from his Audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching Tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a perſon who has had ſo many Princes, Kings, and Emperors, under his hands.

I muſt not leave this ſubject without obſerving, that as Phyſicians are apt to deal in Poetry, Apothecaries endeavour to recommend themſelves by Oratory, and are therefore without controverſy the moſt Eloquent perſons in the whole *Britiſh* Nation. I would not willingly diſcourage any of the Arts, eſpecially that of which I am an humble Profeſſor; but I muſt confeſs, for the good of my native Country, I could wiſh there might be a ſuſpenſion of Phyſic for ſome years, that our Kingdom, which has been ſo much exhauſted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itſelf.

As for myſelf, the only Phyſic which has brought me ſafe to almoſt the age of man, and which I preſcribe to all my friends, is Abſtinence. This is certainly the beſt Phyſic for prevention, and very often the moſt effectual againſt the preſent diſtemper. In ſhort, my *Recipe* is, *Take nothing*.

Were the Body Politic to be phyſicked like particular perſons, I ſhould venture to preſcribe to it after the ſame manner. I remember when our whole Iſland was ſhaken with an Earthquake ſome years ago, there was an impudent Mountebank who ſold Pills which (as he told the country people) were very good againſt an Earthquake. It may perhaps be thought as abſurd to preſcribe a Diet for the allaying popular commotions,and national ferments. But I am verily perſuaded, that if in ſuch a caſe a whole people were to enter into a courſe of Abſtinence, and eat nothing but Water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animoſity of Parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a diſtracted Nation. Such a Faſt would have a natural tendency to the procuring of thoſe ends for which a faſt is uſually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on ſuch a voluntary abſtinence, it might not be improper to give him the caution of *Pythagoras* in particular,

Abſtine a Fabis.
" Abſtain from Beans.

That is, ſay the Interpreters, meddle not with elections, Beans having been made uſe of by the Voters among the *Athenians* in the choice of Magiſtrates.

N° 243. *Saturday, October* 28. 1710.

Infert ſe ſeptus nebula, mirabile dictu
Per medios, miſcetque viris, neque cernitur ulli. Virg.

From my own Apartment, October 27.

I Have ſomewhere made mention of *Gyges*'s Ring, and intimated to my Reader, that it was at preſent in my poſſeſſion, though I have not ſince made any uſe of it, The Tradition concerning this Ring is very romantic, and taken notice of both by *Plato* and *Tully*, who each of them make an admirable uſe of it for the advancement of Morality. This *Gyges* was the Maſter Shepherd to King *Candaules*. As he was wandering over the Plains of *Lydia*, he ſaw a great Chaſm in the earth, and had the Curioſity to enter it. After having deſcended pretty far into it, he found the Statue of an Horſe in braſs, with doors in the ſides of it. Upon opening of them, he found the body of a dead man bigger than ordinary, with a Ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The Virtues of it were much greater than he at firſt imagined; for upon his going into the aſſembly of Shepherds, he obſerved, that he was inviſible when he turned the ſtone of the Ring within the palm of his hand, and viſible when he turned it towards his company. Had *Plato* and *Cicero* been as well verſed in the occult Sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of myſtic learning in this Tradition; but it is impoſſible for an Adept to be underſtood by one who is not an Adept.

As for myſelf, I have with much ſtudy and application arrived at this great ſecret of making myſelf inviſible, and by that means conveying myſelf where I pleaſe; or to ſpeak in Roſycrucian Lore, I have entered into the Clefts of the earth, diſcovered the brazen Horſe, and robbed the dead Giant of his Ring. The Tradition ſays further of *Gyges*, that by the means of this Ring he gained admiſſion into the moſt retired parts of the Court, and made ſuch uſe of thoſe opportunities, that he at length became King of *Lydia*. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this Ring to no other advantage than to get a thorough inſight into the ways of men, and to make ſuch obſervations upon

on the errors of others as may be uſeful to the Public, whatever effect they may have upon myſelf.

About a week ago, not being able to ſleep, I got up and put on my magical Ring, and with a thought tranſported myſelf into a chamber where I ſaw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated Beauty, though ſhe is of that ſpecies of women which we call a Slattern. Her Head-dreſs and one of her Shoes lay upon a chair, her Petticoat in one corner of the room, and her Girdle, that had a copy of verſes made upon it but the day before, with her thread Stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was ſo fooliſhly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her clothes together to lay them upon the chair that ſtood by her bed-ſide, when, to my great ſurpriſe, after a little muttering, ſhe cried out, *What do you do? Let my Petticoat alone.* I was ſtartled at firſt, but ſoon found that ſhe was in a dream; being one of thoſe who (to uſe *Shakeſpear*'s expreſſion) are *ſo looſe of thought*, that they utter in their ſleep every thing that paſſes in their imagination. I left the apartment of this Female Rake, and went into her neighbour's, where there lay a Male-coquet. He had a bottle of Salts hanging over his head, and upon the table, by his bed-ſide *Sucklings* Poems, with a little heap of black Patches on it. His Snuff-box was within reach on a chair: But while I was admiring the diſpoſition which he made of the ſeveral parts of his dreſs, his ſlumber ſeemed interrupted by a pang, that was accompanied by a ſudden Oath, as he turned himſelf over-haſtily in his bed. I did not care for ſeeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the Room.

I was no ſooner got into another bed-chamber, but I heard very harſh words uttered in a ſmooth uniform tone. I was amazed to hear ſo great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be ſpoken by one aſleep; but upon looking nearer, I ſaw the Head-dreſs of the perſon who ſpoke, which ſhewed her to be a Female with a man lying by her ſide broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and diſcovered by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the diſcipline of a Curtain-lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal Eloquence, but obſerved, that moſt of thoſe whom I found awake, were kept ſo either by Envy or by Love. Some of theſe were ſighing, and others curſing, in Soliloquy; ſome hugged their pillows, and others gnaſhed their teeth.

The Covetous I likewiſe found to be a very wakeful People. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay ſick. His Phyſician and his Wife were in cloſe whiſper near his bedſide. I over-heard the Doctor ſay

to

to the Gentlewoman, He cannot poſſibly live till five in the morning. She received it like the Miſtreſs of a family prepared for all events. At the ſame inſtant came in a Servant-maid, who ſaid, *Madam the Undertaker is below according to your order.* The words were ſcarce out of her mouth, when the ſick man cried out with a feeble voice, Pray, Doctor, how went Bank-ſtock to day at *'Change?* This melancholy object made me too ſerious for diverting myſelf further this way; but as I was going home, I ſaw a light in a Garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying, *And, Hand, Stand, Band, Fann'd, Tann'd.* I concluded him by this and the furniture of his room to be a Lunatic; but upon liſtening a little longer, perceived it was a Poet, writing an Heroic upon the enſuing Peace.

It was now towards morning, an hour when Spirits, Witches, and Conjurers are obliged to retire to their own apartments; and feeling the influence of it, I was haſtening home, when I ſaw a man had got half way into a neighbour's houſe. I immediately called to him, and turning my Ring, appeared in my proper perſon. There is ſomething Magiſterial in the Aſpect of the *Bickerſtaffes*, which made him run away in confuſion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking, that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the fineſt Lady in this Kingdom, if I would wed her with this Ring. For what a figure would ſhe that ſhould have it make at a viſit, with ſo perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the ſcandal in the town? But inſtead of endeavouring to diſpoſe of myſelf and it in Matrimony, I reſolved to lend it to my loving friend the Author of the *Atalantis*, to furniſh a new *Secret Hiſtory of Secret Memoirs.*

Saturday,

N° 249. *Saturday, November* 11. 1710.

Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum,
Tendimus——. Virg.

From my own Apartment, November 10.

I Was laſt night viſited by a friend of mine who has an inexhauſtible fund of diſcourſe, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaiſance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following Paradox, That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a Retired life, than a life of Buſineſs. Upon this occaſion he rallied very agreeably the buſy men of the age, who only valued themſelves for being in motion, and paſſing through a ſeries of trifling and inſignificant Actions. In the heat of his diſcourſe, ſeeing a piece of money lying on my table, I defy (ſays he) any of theſe active perſons to produce half the Adventures that this Twelve-penny piece has been engaged in, were it poſſible for him to give us an account of his Life.

My friend's talk made ſo odd an impreſſion upon my mind, that ſoon after I was a-bed I fell inſenſibly into a moſt unaccountable *Reſverie*, that had neither Moral nor Deſign in it, and cannot be ſo properly called a Dream as a Delirium.

Methought the Shilling that lay upon the table reared itſelf upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a ſoft ſilver ſound gave me the following account of his Life and Adventures:

I was born, ſays he, on the ſide of a mountain, near a little village of *Peru*, and made a voyage to *England* in an Ingot, under the Convoy of Sir *Francis Drake*. I was, ſoon after my arrival, taken out of my *Indian* habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the *Britiſh* Mode, with the face of Queen *Elizabeth* on one ſide, and the Arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and viſit all the parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favored my natural diſpoſition, and ſhifted me ſo faſt from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almoſt every corner of the

the nation. But in the beginning of my ſixth year, to my unſpeakable grief I fell into the hands of a miſerable old fellow, who clapped me into an Iron Cheſt, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the ſame confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out, and counted over in the freſh air every morning and evening. After an impriſonment of ſeveral years, we heard ſomebody knocking at our Cheſt, and breaking it open with an Hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his Father lay a dying, was ſo good as to come to our releaſe: He ſeparated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not: As for myſelf, I was ſent to the Apothecary's ſhop for a pint of Sack. The Apothecary gave me to an Herb-woman, the Herb-woman to a Butcher, the Butcher to a Brewer, and the Brewer to his Wife, who made a preſent of me to a Nonconformiſt Preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we Shillings love nothing ſo much as travelling. I ſometimes fetched in a Shoulder of Mutton, ſometimes a Play-book, and often had the ſatisfaction to treat a Templer at a twelve-penny Ordinary, or to carry him with three Friends to *Weſtminſter-Hall.*

In the midſt of this pleaſant progreſs which I made from place to place, I was arreſted by a ſuperſtitious old woman, who ſhut me up in a greazy purſe, in purſuance of a fooliſh ſaying, That while ſhe kept a Queen *Elizabeth*'s Shilling about her, ſhe ſhould never be without Money. I continued here a cloſe Priſoner for many months, till at laſt I was exchanged for eight and forty Farthings.

I thus rambled from Pocket to Pocket till the beginning of the Civil Wars, when, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I was employed in Raiſing Soldiers againſt the King: for being of a very tempting breadth, a Serjeant made uſe of me to inveigle country fellows, and liſt them in the ſervice of the Parliament.

As ſoon as he had made one man ſure, his way was to oblige him to take a Shilling of a more homely figure, and then practiſe the ſame trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great miſchief to the Crown, till my Officer chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, ſacrificed me to his pleaſures, and made uſe of me to ſeduce a Milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her Sweetheart, applying more properly than ſhe intended the uſual form of, *To my Love and from my Love.* This ungenerous Gallant marrying her within few days after, pawned me for a dram of Brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with an hammer, and again ſet a running.

After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was ſent to a young Spendthrift, in company with the Will of his deceaſed Father. The young Fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonſtrations

ſtrations of joy at the receiving of the Will: but opening it, he found himſelf diſinherited and cut off from the poſſeſſion of a fair Eſtate, by virtue of my being made a preſent to him. This put him into ſuch a paſſion, that after having taken me in his hand, and curſed me, he ſquirred me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiſcovered and uſeleſs, during the Uſurpation of *Oliver Cromwell*.

About a year after the King's return, a poor Cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time fortunately caſt his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a Cook's ſhop, where he dined upon me, and drank the King's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means eſcaped wearing a monſtrous pair of Breeches.

Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a Medal than an ordinary Coin; for which reaſon a Gameſter laid hold of me, and converted me to a Counter, having got together ſome dozens of us for that uſe. We led a melancholy life in his poſſeſſion, being buſy at thoſe hours wherein current Coin is at reſt, and partaking the fate of our Maſter, being in a few moments valued at a Crown, a Pound, or a Sixpence, according to the ſituation in which the fortune of the Cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to ſee my Maſter break, by which means I was again ſent abroad under my primitive denomination of a Shilling.

I ſhall paſs over many other accidents of leſs moment, and haſten to that fatal Cataſtrophe when I fell into the hands of an Artiſt who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of Sheers cut off my Titles, clipped my Brims, retrenched my ſhape, rubbed me to my inmoſt Ring, and, in ſhort, ſo ſpoiled and pilaged me, that he did not leave me worth a Groat. You may think what a confuſion I was in, to ſee myſelf thus curtailed and disfigured. I ſhould have been aſhamed to have ſhewn my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the ſame ſhameful figure, excepting ſome few that were punched through the belly. In the midſt of this general calamity, when every body thought our misfortunes irretrievable, and our caſe deſperate, we were thrown into the Furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities riſing out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and luſtre than we could ever boaſt of before. What has happened to me ſince this change of Sex which you now ſee, I ſhall take ſome other opportunity to relate. In the mean time I ſhall only repeat two Adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my Life. The firſt was my being in a Poet's Pocket, who was ſo taken with the brightneſs and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occaſion

to the fineſt Burleſque Poem in the *Britiſh* Language, entitled from me, *The Splendid Shilling*. The ſecond Adventure, which I muſt not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by miſtake, the perſon who gave me having heedleſly thrown me into the Hat among a pennyworth of Farthings.

N° 250. *Tueſday, November* 14. 1710.

Scis etenim juſtum gemina ſuſpendere lance
Ancipitis libræ? ——— Perſ.

From my own Apartment, November 13.

I Laſt Winter erected a Court of Juſtice for the correcting of ſeveral Enormities in Dreſs and Behaviour, which are not cognizable in any other Courts of this Realm. The Vintner's caſe, which I there tried, is ſtill freſh in every Man's memory. That of the Petticoat gave alſo a general ſatisfaction, not to mention the more important points of the Cane and Perſpective; in which, if I did not give Judgments and Decrees according to the ſtricteſt Rules of Equity and Juſtice, I can ſafely ſay, I acted according to the beſt of my Underſtanding. But as for the Proceedings of that Court, I ſhall refer my Reader to an account of them, written by my Secretary, which is now in the Preſs, and will ſhortly be publiſhed under the title of *Lillie*'s *Reports*.

As I laſt year preſided over a Court of Juſtice, it is my Intention this year to ſet myſelf at the head of a Court of Honor. There is no Court of this nature any where at preſent, except in *France*, where, according to the beſt of my Intelligence, it conſiſts of ſuch only as are Marſhals of that Kingdom. I am likewiſe informed, that there is not one of that honorable Board at preſent who has not been driven out of the field by the Duke of *Marlborough*: but whether this be only an accidental or a neceſſary Qualification, I muſt confeſs I am not able to determine.

As for the Court of Honor of which I am here ſpeaking, I intend to ſit myſelf in it as Preſident, with ſeveral men of honor on my right hand, and Women of Virtue on my left, as my aſſiſtants. The firſt place of the Bench I have given to an old *Tangereen* Captain with a wooden leg. The ſecond

is

is a Gentleman of a long twiſted Perriwig without a curl in it, a Muff with very little Hair upon it, and a thread-bare coat with new Buttons, being a perſon of great worth, and ſecond brother to a Man of Quality. The third is a Gentleman-Uſher, extremely well read in Romances, and Grandſon to one of the greateſt Wits in *Germany*, who was ſometime Maſter of the Ceremonies to the Duke of *Wolfembuttel*.

As for thoſe who ſit further on my right hand, as it is uſual in public Courts, they are ſuch as will fill up the number of faces upon the Bench, and ſerve rather for ornament than uſe.

The chief upon my left hand are, an old Maiden Lady, that preſerves ſome of the beſt blood of *England* in her veins.

A *Welſh* woman of a little ſtature, but high ſpirit.

An old Prude that has cenſured every Marriage for theſe thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young Rake.

Having thus furniſh'd my Bench, I ſhall eſtabliſh Correſpondencies with the Horſe-guards, and the Veterans of *Chelſea-College*; the former to furniſh me with twelve Men of Honor as often as I ſhall have occaſion for a Grand Jury, and the latter with as many good Men and true for a petty Jury.

As for the Women of Virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about midnight at Crimp and Baſſet.

Having given this public notice of my Court, I muſt further add, that I intend to open it on this day ſevennight, being *Monday* the twentieth inſtant; and do hereby invite all ſuch as have ſuffered injuries and affronts, that are not to be redreſſed by the common laws of this land, whether they be ſhort Bows, cold Salutations, ſupercilious Looks, unreturned Smiles, diſtant Behaviour, or forced Familiarity; as alſo all ſuch as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous Expreſſion, accidental Juſtle, or unkind Repartee; likewiſe all ſuch as have been defrauded of their right to the Wall, tricked out of the Upper end of the table, or have been ſuffered to place themſelves in their own wrong on the back-ſeat of the Coach: Theſe, and all of theſe I do, as is above ſaid, invite to bring in their ſeveral caſes and complaints, in which they ſhall be relieved with all imaginable expedition.

I am very ſenſible that the Office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the diſquiſition of many weighty points that daily perplex the Youth of the *Britiſh* Nation, and therefore I have already diſcuſſed ſeveral of them for my future uſe; as, How far a man may brandiſh his Cane in the telling a ſtory, without inſulting his hearer? What degree of contradiction amounts to the Lye? How a man ſhould reſent another's ſtaring and cocking a Hat in his face? If aſking pardon is an atonement for treading upon ones toes? Whether a man may put up a box on the ear received

from a ſtranger in the dark? Or, Whether a Man of honor may take a Blow of his Wife? with ſeveral other ſubtleties of the like nature.

For my direction in the Duties of my Office, I have furniſhed myſelf with a certain Aſtrological pair of Scales which I have contrived for this purpoſe. In one of them I lay the Injuries, in the other the Reparations. The firſt are repreſented by little Weights made of a metal reſembling Iron, and the other in Gold. Theſe are not only lighter than the weights made uſe of in Averdupois, but alſo than ſuch as are uſed in Troy-weight. The heavieſt of thoſe that repreſent the injuries, amount but to a Scruple; and decreaſe by ſo many ſub-diviſions, that there are ſeveral imperceptible weights which cannot be ſeen without the help of a very fine Microſcope. I might acquaint my Reader, that theſe Scales were made under the influence of the Sun when he was in *Libra,* and deſcribe many Signatures on the Weights both of Injury and Reparation: but as this would look rather to proceed from an oſtentation of my own Art than any care for the Public, I ſhall paſs it over in ſilence.

N° 253. *Tueſday, November* 21. 1710.

Pietate gravem ac meritis ſi forte virum quem
Conſpexere, ſilent, arrectiſque auribus aſtant. Virg.

From my own apartment, November 20.

Extract of the Journal of the *Court of Honor*, 1710.

Die Lunæ viceſimo Novembris, hora nona Antemeridiana.

THE Court being ſat, an Oath prepared by the Cenſor was adminiſtred to the aſſiſtants on his Right hand, who were all ſworn upon their Honor. The women on his Left hand took the ſame Oath upon their Reputation. Twelve Gentlemen of the Horſe-guards were empannelled, having unanimouſly choſen Mr. *Alexander Truncheon,* who is their Right-hand man in the Troop, for their Foreman in the Jury. Mr. *Truncheon* immediately drew his ſword, and holding it with the point towards his own body, preſented it to the Cenſor. Mr. *Bickerſtaffe* received it, and after having ſurveyed the breadth of the blade, and ſharpneſs of the point, with

with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the Foreman in a very graceful manner. The reſt of the Jury, upon the delivery of the ſword to their Foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and ſaluted the bench with ſuch an Air, as ſignified the moſt reſigned ſubmiſſion to thoſe who commanded them, and the greateſt magnanimity to execute what they ſhould command.

Mr. *Bickerſtaffe*, after having received the compliments on his Right hand, caſt his eye upon the Left, where the whole Female Jury paid their reſpects by a low Curtſy, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their Forewoman was a profeſſed *Platoniſt*, that had ſpent much of her time in exhorting the Sex to ſet a juſt value upon their perſons, and to make the men know themſelves.

There followed a profound ſilence, when at length, after ſome recollection, the Cenſor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his Hat with great dignity; and after having compoſed the Brims of it in a manner ſuitable to the gravity of his Character, he gave the following Charge, which was received with ſilence and attention; that being the only applauſe which he admits of, or is ever given in his preſence.

" The nature of my office, and the Solemnity of this occaſion, requiring " that I ſhould open my firſt Seſſion with a Speech, I ſhall caſt what I have " to ſay under two principal heads.

" Under the firſt, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew the Neceſſity and Uſefulneſs " of this new-erected Court; and under the ſecond, I ſhall give a word of " Advice and Inſtruction to every conſtituent part of it.

" As for the firſt, it is well obſerved by *Phædrus* an Heathen Poet;

Niſi utile eſt quod facimus, fruſtra eſt gloria.

" Which is the ſame, Ladies, as if I ſhould ſay, *It would be of no Reputation* " *for me to be Preſident of a Court which is of no benefit to the Public.* Now the " Advantages that may ariſe to the Weal Public from this Inſtitution will " more plainly appear, if we conſider what it ſuffers for the want of it. " Are not our ſtreets daily filled with wild pieces of Juſtice and random Pe- " nalties? Are not Crimes undermined, and Reparations diſproportioned? " How often have we ſeen the Lie puniſhed by death, and the Liar himſelf " deciding his own cauſe; nay, not only acting the Judge, but the Execu- " tioner? Have we not known a Box on the ear more ſeverely accounted " for than Manſlaughter? In theſe extrajudicial proceedings of mankind, an " unmannerly Jeſt is frequently as capital as a premeditated Murder.

" But

" But the moſt pernicious circumſtance in this caſe is, that the man who " ſuffers the injury muſt put himſelf upon the ſame foot of danger with him " that gave it, before he can have his juſt revenge; ſo that the puniſhment " is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the innocent as the " guilty. I ſhall only mention a caſe which happens frequently among the " more polite nations of the world, and which I the rather mention, becauſe " both Sexes are concerned in it, and which therefore you Gentlemen and " you Ladies of the Jury will the rather take notice of; I mean that great " and known caſe of Cuckoldom. Suppoſing the perſon who has ſuffered In- " ſults in his dearer and better half; ſuppoſing, I ſay, this perſon ſhould " reſent the injuries done to his tender Wife, What is the reparation he " may expect? Why, to be uſed worſe than his poor Lady, run through the " body, and left breathleſs upon the bed of Honor. What then will you " on my Right hand ſay muſt the man do that is affronted? Muſt our ſides " be elbowed, our ſhins broken? Muſt the Wall, or perhaps our Miſtreſs, " be taken from us? May a man knit his forehead into a frown, toſs up his " arm, or piſh at what we ſay, and muſt the Villain live after it? Is there " no redreſs for injured Honor? Yes, Gentlemen, that is the deſign of the " Judicature we have here eſtabliſhed.

" A Court of Conſcience, we very well know, was firſt inſtituted for the " determining of ſeveral points of Property that were too little and trivial " for the Cognizance of higher Courts of Juſtice. In the ſame manner our " Court of Honor is appointed for the examination of ſeveral Niceties and " Punctilio's that do not paſs for wrongs in the eye of our common laws. " But notwithſtanding no Legiſlators of any nation have taken into conſi- " deration theſe little circumſtances, they are ſuch as often lead to crimes " big enough for their inſpection, though they come before them too late " for their redreſs.

" Beſides, I appeal to you, Ladies, (*Here Mr.* Bickerſtaffe *turned to his left* " *hand*) if theſe are not the little ſtings and thorns in life that make it more " uneaſy than its moſt ſubſtantial evils? Confeſs ingenuouſly, Did you never " loſe a Mornings Devotions, becauſe you could not offer them up from " the higheſt place of the Pew? Have you not been in pain, even at a Ball, " becauſe another has been taken out to dance before you? Do you Love " any of your friends ſo much as thoſe that are below you? Or have you a- " ny Favorites that walk on your Right hand? You have anſwered me in " your looks, I aſk no more.

" I come now to the ſecond part of my diſcourſe, which obliges me to " addreſs myſelf in particular to the reſpective members of the Court, in " which I ſhall be very brief.

" As

" As for you, Gentlemen and Ladies, my Aſſiſtants and Grand Juries, I " have made choice of you on my Right hand, becauſe I know you very " jealous of your Honor; and you on my Left, becauſe I know you very " much concerned for the Reputation of others; for which reaſon I expect " great exactneſs and impartiality in your Verdicts and Judgments.

" I muſt in the next place addreſs myſelf to you, Gentlemen of the Coun- " cil: You all know, that I have not choſen you for your Knowledge in " the litigious parts of the Law, but becauſe you have all of you formerly " fought Duels, of which I have reaſon to think you have repented, as " being now ſettled in the peaceable ſtate of Benchers. My advice to you " is, only that in your Pleadings you are ſhort and expreſſive: to which end " you are to baniſh out of your Diſcourſes all ſynonymous Terms, and " unneceſſary Multiplications of Verbs and Nouns. I do moreover forbid " you the uſe of the words *alſo* and *likewiſe;* and muſt further declare, That " if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatſoever, uſing the " particle *or,* I ſhall inceſſantly order him to be ſtripped of his Gown, and " thrown over the Bar.

This is a true Copy,

Charles Lillie.

N. B. The ſequel of the Proceedings of this day will be publiſhed on *Tueſday* next.

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this Paper.*

N° 254. *Thurſday, November* 23. 1710.

Splendide mendax. ———————— Hor.

From my own Apartment, November 22.

THERE are no Books which I more delight in than in Travels, eſpecially thoſe that deſcribe remote Countries, and give the writer an opportunity of ſhewing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the Authors of this kind, our renowned Countryman Sir *John Mandeville* has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the Copi-

Copiouſneſs of his invention, and Greatneſs of his Genius. The ſecond to Sir *John* I take to have been *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,* a perſon of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the Voyages of theſe two great Wits with as much aſtoniſhment as the Travels of *Ulyſſes* in *Homer*, or of the *Red-Croſs* Knight in *Spencer*. All is Enchanted Ground, and Fairy Land.

I have got into my hands by great chance ſeveral Manuſcripts of theſe two eminent Authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of thoſe they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not ſo well atteſted, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious Authors did not publiſh them with the reſt of their works, leſt they ſhould paſs for fictions and fables: a caution not unneceſſary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet eſtabliſhed in the world. But as this reaſon has now no further weight, I ſhall make the public a preſent of theſe curious pieces at ſuch times as I ſhall find myſelf unprovided with other ſubjects.

The preſent Paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir *John*'s Journal, in which that learned and worthy Knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of ſeveral ſhort Speeches which he made in the Territories of *Nova Zembla*. I need not inform my Reader, that the Author of *Hudibras* alludes to this ſtrange Quality in that cold Climate, when, ſpeaking of abſtracted Notions clothed in a viſible Shape, he adds that apt ſimile,

Like words congeal'd in northern Air.

Not to keep my Reader any longer in ſuſpence, the relation put into modern Language is as follows:

We were ſeparated by a ſtorm in the Latitude of 73, inſomuch that only the ſhip which I was in, with a *Dutch* and a *French* veſſel, got ſafe into a creek of *Nova Zembla*. We landed in order to refit our veſſels, and ſtore ourſelves with proviſions. The Crew of each veſſel made themſelves a Cabin of Turf and Wood, at ſome diſtance from each other, to fence themſelves againſt the Inclemencies of the weather, which was ſevere beyond imagination. We ſoon obſerved, that in talking to one another we loſt ſeveral of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards diſtance and that too when we ſat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the perſon to whom they were ſpoken. I was ſoon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increaſe of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was ſenſible, as we afterwards found, that he ſpoke as well as ever; but the ſounds no ſooner took air, than they were condenſed and

and loſt. It was now a miſerable ſpectacle to ſee us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might obſerve a Seaman, that could hail a ſhip at a league diſtance, beckoning with his hands, ſtraining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

——*Nec vox, nec verba ſequuntur.*

We continued here three weeks in this diſmal plight. At length upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our Cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering ſound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of conſonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hiſſing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs ſo frequently in the *Engliſh* Tongue. I ſoon after felt a breeze of whiſpers ruſhing by my ear; for thoſe being of a ſoft and gentle ſubſtance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew acroſs our Cabin. Theſe were ſoon followed by ſyllables and ſhort words, and at length by entire ſentences, that melted ſooner or later, as they were more or leſs congealed; ſo that we now heard every thing that had been *ſpoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *ſilent*, if I may uſe that expreſſion. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my ſurpriſe, I heard ſome body ſay, *Sir* John, *it is midnight, and time for the ſhip's Crew to go to bed.* This I knew to be the Pilot's voice, and upon recollecting myſelf, I concluded that he had ſpoken theſe words to me ſome days before, though I could not hear them before the preſent thaw. My Reader will eaſily imagine how the whole Crew was amazed, to hear every man talking, and ſee no man opening his mouth. In the midſt of this great ſurpriſe we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curſes, laſting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarſe voice, which I knew belonged to the Boatſwain, who was a very cholerick fellow and had taken his opportunity of curſing and ſwearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had ſeveral times given him the Strappado on that account as I did not fail to repeat it for theſe his pious ſoliloquies when I got him on ſhip-board.

I muſt not omit the names of ſeveral beauties in *Wapping*, which were heard every now and then, in the midſt of a long ſigh that accompanied them; as Dear *Kate*! Pretty Mrs. *Peggy!* When ſhall I ſee my *Sue* again? this betrayed ſeveral amours which had been concealed till that time, and furniſhed us with a great deal of mirth in our return to *England.*

When this confuſion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at ſpeaking, as fearing I ſhould not be heard, I propoſed a viſit to the *Dutch* Cabin, which lay about a mile further up into the country. My Crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing,

ing, though every man uttered his voice with the ſame apprehenſions that I had done:

—— *Et timide verba intermiſſa retentat.*

At about half a mile's diſtance from our Cabin, we heard the groanings of a Bear, which at firſt ſtartled us; but upon enquiry we were informed by ſome of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in Salt, having been killed upon that very ſpot about a fortnight before, in the time of the froſt. Not far from the ſame place we were likewiſe entertained with ſome poſthumous ſnarls and barkings of a Fox.

We at length arrived at the little *Dutch* Settlement, and upon entering the room, found it filled with ſighs that ſmelt of Brandy, and ſeveral other unſavory ſounds that were altogether inarticulate. My Valet, who was an *Iriſhman*, fell into ſo great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his Sword; but not knowing were to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were ſtunned with theſe confuſed noiſes, but did not hear a ſingle word till about half an hour after; which I aſcribed to the harſh and obdurate ſounds of that Language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the *French* Cabin, who, to make amends for their three weeks Silence, were talking and diſputing with greater rapidity and confuſion than ever I heard in an Aſſembly even of that Nation. Their Language, as I found, upon the firſt giving of the weather, fell aſunder and diſſolved. I was here convinced of an Error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the Sound, it was neceſſary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preſerved in breath; but I found my miſtake, when I heard the ſound of a Kit playing a minuet over our heads. I aſked the occaſion of it; upon which one of the company told me, that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued; for, ſays he, finding ourſelves bereft of ſpeech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this Muſical inſtrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to diſſipate our Chagrin, *et tuer le temps*.

Here Sir *John* gives very good Philoſophical Reaſons, why the Kit could be heard during the froſt; but as they are ſomething Prolix, I paſs over them in ſilence, and ſhall only obſerve, that the honorable Author ſeems, by his Quotations, to have been well verſed in the ancient Poets, which perhaps raiſed his fancy above the ordinary pitch of Hiſtorians, and very much contributed to the embelliſhment of his writings.

Saturday,

N° 255. *Saturday, November* 25. 1710.

——*Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,*
Labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula texit. Virg.

From my own Apartment, November 24.

To the Cenſor of *Great Britain.*

SIR,

I *Am at preſent under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, beſides yourſelf, to redreſs. Whether or no you ſhall think it a proper caſe to come before your* Court *of* Honor, *I cannot tell; but thus it is: I am Chaplain to an honorable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and I hope of an unblameable life; but for not offering to riſe at ſecond courſe, I found my Patron and his Lady very ſullen and out of humor, though at firſt I did not know the reaſon of it. At length, when I happened to help myſelf to a Jelly, the Lady of the houſe, otherwiſe a devout Woman, told me, That it did not become a man of my Cloth to delight in ſuch frivolous food: but as I ſtill continued to ſit out the laſt Courſe, I was yeſterday informed by the Butler, that his Lordſhip had no further occaſion for my Service. All which is humbly ſubmitted to your conſideration, by,*

SIR, Your moſt Humble Servant, *&c.*

The caſe of this Gentleman deſerves pity, eſpecially if he loves Sweetmeats, to which, if I may gueſs by his Letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the Indecency of diſcarding the holieſt man from the table as ſoon as the moſt delicious parts of the entertainment are ſerved up, and could never conceive a reaſon for ſo abſurd a cuſtom. Is it becauſe a liquoriſh palate, or a ſweet tooth (as they call it) is not conſiſtent with the Sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man of the moſt rigid Virtue gives offence by any exceſſes in Plumb-pudding or Plumb-porridge, and that becauſe they are the firſt parts of the dinner. Is there any thing that tends to Incitation in Sweetmeats more than in ordinary diſhes? Certainly not. Sugar-plumbs are a very innocent diet,

and Conſerves of a much colder nature than our common Pickles. I have ſometimes thought, that the Ceremony of the Chaplain's flying away from the Deſert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luſcious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are moſt pleaſing to them; or at leaſt to ſignify, that we ought to ſtint ourſelves in our moſt lawful ſatisfactions, and not make our pleaſure, but our ſupport, the end of eating: but moſt certainly, if ſuch a leſſon of temperance had been neceſſary at a table, our Clergy would have recommended it to all the Lay-maſters of Families, and not have diſturbed other men's tables with ſuch unſeaſonable examples of Abſtinence. The original therefore of this barbarous cuſtom, I take to have been merely accidental. The Chaplain retired out of pure complaiſance to make room for the removal of the Diſhes, or poſſibly for the ranging of the Deſert. This by degrees grew into a Duty, till at length, as the faſhion improved, the good man found himſelf cut off from the third part of the Entertainment; and if the arrogance of the Patron goes on, it is not impoſſible but, in the next Generation, he may ſee himſelf reduced to the Tythe, or tenth Diſh of the table; a ſufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once poſſeſſed of. It was uſual for the Prieſt in old times to feaſt upon the Sacrifice, nay the Honey-cake, while the hungry Laity looked upon him with great devotion, or as the late Lord *Rocheſter* deſcribes it in a lively manner:

And while the Prieſt did eat, the People ſtared.

At preſent the cuſtom is inverted; the Laity feaſt, while the Prieſt ſtands by as an humble Spectator. This neceſſarily puts the good man upon making great ravages upon all the Diſhes that ſtand near him, and diſtinguiſhing himſelf by voraciouſneſs of appetite, as knowing that his time is ſhort. I would fain aſk thoſe ſtiff-necked Patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a Chaplain that, in his Grace after Meat, ſhould return thanks for the whole Entertainment, with an exception to the Deſert? And yet I cannot but think, that in ſuch a proceeding he would but deal with them as they deſerved. What would a *Roman* Catholic Prieſt think, who is always helped firſt, and placed next the Ladies, ſhould he ſee a Clergyman giving his company the ſlip at the firſt appearance of the Tarts or Sweetmeats? Would not he believe that he had the ſame antipathy to a candid Orange, or a piece of Puff-paſte, as ſome have to a *Cheſhire* Cheeſe, or a Breaſt of Mutton? Yet to ſo ridiculous a height is this fooliſh cuſtom grown, that even the *Chriſtmas* Pye, which in its very nature is a kind of conſecrated Cate, and a badge of diſtinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family.

Strange!

Strange! that a Sirloin of Beef, whether boiled or roaſted, when entire, is expoſed to his utmoſt Depredations and Inciſions; but if minced into ſmall pieces, and toſſed up with Plumbs and Sugar, changes its property, and, forſooth, is meat for his Maſter.

In this caſe I know not which to cenſure, the Patron or the Chaplain, the inſolence of power, or the abjectneſs of dependence. For my own part, I have often bluſhed to ſee a Gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myſelf, and who was bred up with me at the Univerſity upon the ſame foot of a liberal education, treated in ſuch an ignominious manner, and ſunk beneath thoſe of his own rank, by reaſon of that Character which ought to bring him honor. This deters men of generous minds from placing themſelves in ſuch a ſtation of life, and by that means frequently excludes perſons of quality from the improving and agreeable converſation of a learned and obſequious friend.

Mr. *Oldham* lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of ſuch an employment, by the ſcandalous ſort of treatment which often accompanies it.

Some think themſelves exalted to the Sky,
If the light in ſome noble family:
Diet, an Horſe, and thirty pounds a year,
Beſides th' advantage of his Lordſhip's ear,
The credit of the buſineſs, and the ſtate,
Are things that in a youngſter's ſenſe ſound great.
Little the unexperienc'd wretch does know,
What ſlavery he oft muſt undergo:
Who tho' in ſilken ſcarf, and Caſſoc dreſt,
Wears but a gayer Livery at beſt.
When dinner calls, the implement muſt wait
With holy words to conſecrate the meat.
But hold it for a favor ſeldom known,
If he be deign'd the honor to ſit down.
Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir Crape *withdraw,*
Thoſe dainties are not for a ſpiritual maw.
Obſerve your diſtance, and be ſure to ſtand
Hard by the Ciſtern with your Cap in hand:
There for diverſion you may pick your teeth,
Till the kind Voider comes for your relief.
Let others who ſuch meanneſſes can brook,
Strike countenance to ev'ry great man's look;
I rate my freedom higher.

This

This Author's Rallery is the Rallery of a friend, and does not turn the Sacred Order into Ridicule, but is a juſt Cenſure on ſuch perſons as take advantage from the neceſſities of a man of merit, to impoſe on him hardſhips that are by no means ſuitable to the dignity of his profeſſion,

N° 256. *Tueſday, November* 28. 1710.

——*Noſtrum eſt tantas componere Lites.* Virg.

The Proceedings of the Court of Honor, *held in* Sheer-Lane *on* Monday *the* 20*th of* November 1710, *before* Iſaac Bickerſtaffe *Eſq*; *Cenſor of* Great Britain.

PEter Plumb, of *London,* Merchant, was indicted by the Honorable Mr. *Thomas Gules,* of *Gule-hall* in the county of *Salop*, for that the ſaid *Peter Plumb* did in *Lombard-Street London*, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon meet the ſaid Mr. *Thomas Gules,* and after a ſhort Salutation, put on his Hat, value five-pence, while the Honorable Mr. *Gules* ſtood bare-headed for the ſpace of two ſeconds. It was further urged againſt the Criminal, That during his diſcourſe with the Proſecutor, he felonioufly ſtole the wall of him, having clapped his back againſt it in ſuch a manner that it was impoſſible for Mr. *Gules* to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The Proſecutor alledged, that he was the Cadet of a very ancient family, and that according to the principles of all the younger Brothers of the ſaid family, he had never ſullied himſelf with buſineſs, but had choſen rather to ſtarve like a Man of Honor, than do any thing beneath his Quality. He produced ſeveral Witneſſes, that he had never employed himſelf beyond the twiſting of a Whip, or the making of a pair of Nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diverſion, in order to make a preſent now and then to his friends. The Priſoner being aſked what he could ſay for himſelf, caſt ſeveral reflections upon the Honorable Mr. *Gules;* as, that he was not worth a groat; that no body in the city would truſt him for a half-peny; that he owed him money which he had promiſed to pay him ſeveral times, but never kept his word: and in ſhort, that he was an idle, beggarly fellow, and of no uſe to the public. This ſort of Language was very ſeverely reprimanded by the Cenſor, who told the Criminal, that he ſpoke in contempt of the

the Court, and that ſhe ſhould be proceeded againſt for contumacy, if he did not change his ſtyle. The Priſoner therefore deſired to be heard by his Council, who urged in his defence, that he put on his Hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident. They likewiſe produced ſeveral witneſſes, that he made ſeveral motions with his Hat in his hand, which are generally underſtood as an invitation to the perſon we talk with to be covered; and that the Gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his Hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewiſe an *Iriſhman*, who depoſed, that he had heard him cough three and twenty times that morning. And as for the Wall, it was alledged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to ſave himſelf from a ſhower of rain which was then falling. The Cenſor having conſulted the Men of Honor who ſat at his right hand on the Bench, found they were of opinion, that the defence made by the Priſoner's Council did rather aggravate than extenuate his Crime; that the motions and intimations of the Hat were a token of ſuperiority in converſation, and therefore not to be uſed by the Criminal to a man of the Proſecutor's Quality, who was likewiſe veſted with a double title to the Wall at the time of their converſation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a ſhelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the Jury, without going out of Court, declared their opinion unanimouſly by the mouth of their Fore-man, that the Proſecutor was bound in Honor to make the Sun ſhine through the Criminal or, as they afterwards explained themſelves to whip him through the lungs.

The Cenſor knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very ſternly upon the Jury, after a little pauſe, gave them to know, that this Court was erected for the finding out of Penalties ſuitable to offences, and to reſtrain the outrages of private Juſtice; and that he expected they ſhould moderate their Verdict. The Jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the Cenſor, after an hour's conſultation, declared their opinion as follows:

That in conſideration this was *Peter Plumb*'s firſt offence, and that there did not not appear any *Malice prepenſe* in it, as alſo that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the Wall was only *ſe defendendo*, the Proſecutor ſhould let him eſcape with life, and content himſelf with the ſlitting of his noſe, and the cutting off both his ears. Mr. *Bickerſtaffe* ſmiling upon the Court, told them, that he thought the puniſhment, even under its preſent mitigation, too ſevere: and that ſuch Penalties might be of ill conſequence in a trading nation. He therefore pronounced ſentence againſt the Criminal in the following manner: That his Hat, which was the inſtrument of offence, ſhould be forfeited to the Court; that the Criminal

Criminal ſhould go to the Warehouſe from whence he came, and thence, as occaſion ſhould require, proceed to the *Exchange*, or *Garraway*'s Coffe-houſe, in what manner he pleaſed; but that neither he nor any of the family of the *Plumbs* ſhould hereafter appear in the ſtreets of *London* out of their Coaches, that ſo the foot-way might be left open and undiſturbed for their betters.

Dathan, a peddling *Jew*, and *T. R*——, a *Welſhman*, were indicted by the keeper of an Ale-houſe in *Weſtminſter*, for breaking the peace and two earthen Mugs, in a diſpute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the houſe, and diſturbance of the whole neighbourhood. *Dathan* ſaid for himſelf, that he was provoked to it by the *Welſhman*, who pretended, that the *Welſh* were an ancienter people than the *Jews*; whereas, ſays he, I can ſhew by this Genealogy in my hand, that I am the Son of *Meſheck*, that was the Son of *Naboth*, that was the Son of *Shalem*, that was the Son of ——The *Welſhman* here interrupted him, and told him, That he could produce Shennalogy as well as himſelf; for that he was *John ap Rice*, *ap Shenkin*, *ap Shones*, He then turned himſelf to the Cenſor, and told him in the ſame broken accent, and with much warmth, that the *Jew* would needs uphold that King *Cadwalladar* was younger than *Iſſachar*. Mr. *Bickerſtaffe* ſeemed very much inclined to give ſentence againſt *Dathan*, as being a *Jew*, but finding reaſons, by ſome expreſſions which the *Welſhman* let fall in aſſerting the antiquity of his family, to ſuſpect the ſaid *Welſhman* was a *Præ Adamite*, he ſuffered the Jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After ſome time they returned, and gave their Verdict, that it appearing the perſons at the Bar did neither of them wear a ſword, and that conſequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of Honor; to prevent ſuch frivolous Appeals for the future, they ſhould both of them be toſſed in the ſame Blanket, and there adjuſt the ſuperiority as they could agree it between themſelves, The Cenſor confirmed the Verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major *Punto*, for having uſed the word *Perhaps it may be ſo*, in a diſpute with the ſaid Major. The Major urged, that the word, *Perhaps*, was queſtioning his Veracity, and that it was an indirect manner of giving him the Lie. *Richard Newman* had nothing more to ſay for himſelf, than that he intended no ſuch thing, and threw himſelf upon the mercy of the Court. The Jury brought in their Verdict ſpecial.

Mr. *Bickerſtaffe* ſtood up, and after having caſt his eyes over the whole Aſſembly hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, that he had laid down a Rule to himſelf, which he was reſolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the ſhortning the buſineſs of the Court; I mean, ſays he, never to allow of the Lye being given by Conſtruction, Implication, or Induction, but by the ſole uſe of the word itſelf

itſelf. He then proceeded to ſhew the great miſchiefs that had ariſen to the *Engliſh* Nation from that pernicious Monoſyllable; that it had bred the moſt fatal Quarrels between the deareſt friends; that it had frequently thinned the Guards, and made great havoc in the Army; that it had ſometimes weakened the City Trained-bands; and in a word, had deſtroyed many of the braveſt men in the Iſle of *Great Britain*. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he inſtructed the Jury to *preſent* the word itſelf as a Nuiſance in the *Engliſh* Tongue; and further promiſed them, that he would, upon ſuch their preſentment, publiſh an Edict of the Court for the entire baniſhment and excluſion of it out of the diſcourſes and converſation of all civil Societies.

This is a true Copy,

Charles Lillie.

Monday *next is ſet apart for the Trial of ſeveral Female Cauſes.*

N. B. *The Caſe of the Haſſoc will come on between the hours of nine and ten.*

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this Paper.*

N° 257. *Thurſday, November* 30. 1710.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora: Dii, cœptis (nam vos mutaſtis et illas)
Aſpirate meis. ——— Ovid. Met.

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY Nation is diſtinguiſhed by productions that are peculiar to it. *Great Britain* is particularly fruitful in Religions, that ſhoot up and floriſh in this climate more than in any other. We are ſo famous abroad for our great variety of Sects and Opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his Travels, aſſures me, there is a Show at this time *carried* up and down in *Germany*, which repreſents all the Religions of *Great Britain* in Wax-work. Notwithſtanding that the pliancy of the matter in which the images are wrought makes it capable of being moulded into all ſhapes and figures, my friend tells me, that he did not think it poſſible for it to be twiſted and tortured into ſo many ſcrewed faces and wry

features as appeared in ſeveral of the figures that compoſed the Show. I was indeed ſo pleaſed with the deſign of the *German* Artiſt, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner.

I have often, ſays he, been preſent at a ſhow of Elephants, Camels, Dromedaries, and other ſtrange creatures, but I never ſaw ſo great an Aſſembly of Spectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of Wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our ſeats: the curtain that hung before the ſhow was made by a Maſter of Tapeſtry, who had woven it in the figure of a monſtrous *Hydra* that had ſeveral heads, which brandiſhed out their tongues, and ſeemed to hiſs at each other. Some of theſe heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there ſprouted up ſeveral in the room of them; inſomuch that for one head cut off, a man might ſee ten, twenty, or an hundred of a ſmaller ſize, creeping through the wound. In ſhort, the whole Picture was nothing but confuſion and bloodſhed. On a ſudden, ſays my friend, I was ſtartled with a floriſh of many Muſical Inſtruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a ſhort tune (if it might be ſo called) wholly made up of Jars and Diſcords. Among the reſt, there was an Organ, a Bagpipe, a Groaning-board, a Stentorophonic Trumpet, with ſeveral wind-inſtruments of a moſt diſagreeable ſound, which I do not ſo much as know the names of. After a ſhort floriſh, the Curtain was drawn up, and we were preſented with the moſt extraordinary aſſembly of figures that ever entered into a Man's Imagination. The deſign of the Workman was ſo well expreſſed in the dumb ſhow before us, that it was not hard for an *Engliſhman* to comprehend the meaning of it.

The principal figures were placed in a row, conſiſting of ſeven perſons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the reſt, was formed like a Matron, dreſſed in the habit of an elderly Woman of Quality in Queen *Elizabeth*'s days. The moſt remarkable parts of her dreſs, was the Beaver with the ſteeple Crown, the Scarf that was darker than Sable, and the Lawn Apron that was whiter than Ermin. Her Gown was of the richeſt black Velvet, and juſt upon her heart ſtudded with large Diamonds of an ineſtimable value, diſpoſed in the form of a Croſs. She bore an inexpreſſible chearfulneſs and dignity in her Aſpect; and though ſhe ſeemed in years, appeared with ſo much ſpirit and vivacity, as gave her at the ſame time an air of old age and immortality. I found my heart touched with ſo much Love and Reverence at the ſight of her, that the Tears ran down my face as I looked upon her;

and

and ſtill the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the ſentiments of filial tenderneſs and duty. I diſcovered every moment ſomething ſo charming in this figure, that I could ſcarce take my eyes off it. On its right hand there ſat the figure of a woman ſo covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almoſt entirely hid under them. The little you could ſee of her face was painted; and what I thought very odd, had ſomething in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the leſs ſurpriſed at it, when I ſaw upon her forehead an old-faſhioned Tower of grey Hairs. Her Head-dreſs roſe very high by three ſeveral ſtories or degrees; her garments had a thouſand colors in them, and were embroidered with Croſſes in Gold, Silver and Silk: She had nothing on, ſo much as a Glove or a Slipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, ſo ſuperſtitiouſly fond did ſhe appear of it, that ſhe ſat croſs legged, I was quickly ſick of this tawdry compoſition of Ribands, Silks and Jewels, and therefore caſt my eye on a Dame which was juſt the reverſe of it. I need not tell my Reader, that the Lady before deſcribed was *Popery*, or that ſhe I am now going to deſcribe is *Preſbytery*. She ſat on the left hand of the venerable Matron, and ſo much reſembled her in the features of her countenance, that ſhe ſeemed her Siſter; but at the ſame time that one obſerved alikeneſs in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was ſomething in it ſickly and ſplenetic. Her face had enough to diſcover the relation, but it was drawn up into a peeviſh figure, ſowred with diſcontent, and over-caſt with melancholy. She ſeemed offended at the Matron for the ſhape of her Hat, as too much reſembling the triple Coronet of the perſon who ſat by her. One might ſee likewiſe, that ſhe diſſented from the white Apron and the Croſs; for which reaſons ſhe had made herſelf a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the Sectaries that ſat on her left hand, as being afraid of looking upon the Matron, leſt ſhe ſhould ſee the Harlot by her.

On the right hand of *Popery* ſate *Judaiſm*, repreſented by an old man embroidered with Phylacteries, and diſtinguiſhed by many typical figures, which I had not ſkill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the rubbiſh of a Temple; but inſtead of weeping over it, (which I ſhould have expected from him) he was counting out a Bag of Money upon the ruins of it.

On his right hand was *Deiſm*, or *Natural Religion*. This was a figure of an half-naked aukward country Wench, who with proper ornaments and education would have made an agreeable and beautiful Appearance; but for want of thoſe Advantages, was ſuch a ſpectacle as a man would bluſh to look upon.

I have now, continued my friend, given you an account of thoſe who were placed on the right hand of the Matron, and who, according to the order in which they ſat, were *Deiſm*, *Judaiſm*, and *Popery*. On the left hand, as I told you, appeared *Preſbytery*. The next to her was a figure which ſomewhat puzzled me: It was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a Silver Baſon filled with water. Obſerving ſomething in his Countenance that looked like Lunacy, I fancied at firſt that he was to expreſs that kind of diſtraction which the Phyſicians call the *Hydro-Phobia;* but conſidering what the intention of the ſhow was, I immediately recollected myſelf, and concluded it to be *Anabaptiſm*.

The next figure was a Man that ſat under a moſt profound compoſure of Mind: he wore an Hat whoſe Brims were exactly parallel with the Horizon: his Garment had neither Sleeve nor Skirt, nor ſo much as a ſuperfluous Button. What they called his Cravat, was a little piece of white Linen quilled with great exactneſs, and hanging below his Chin about two inches. Seeing a Book in his hand, I aſked our Artiſt what it was, who told me it was the *Quakers* Religion; upon which I deſired a ſight of it. Upon peruſal, I found it to be nothing but a new-faſhioned Grammar, or an art of abridging ordinary diſcourſe. The Nouns were reduced to a very ſmall number, as the *Light, Friend, Babylon*. The Principal of his Pronouns was *Thou;* and as for *You*, *Ye*, and *Yours,* I found they were not looked upon as Parts of Speech in this Grammar. All the Verbs wanted the Second perſon plural; the Participles ending all in *ing* or *ed*, which were marked with a particular Accent. There were no Adverbs beſides *Yea* and *Nay*. The ſame thrift was obſerved in the Prepoſitions. The Conjunctions were only *Hem!* and *Ha!* and the Interjections brought under the three heads of Sighing, Sobbing, and Groaning. There was at the end of the Grammar a little Nomenclature, called, *The Chriſtian Man's Vocabulary*, which gave new Apellations, or, (if you will) Chriſtian Names to almoſt every thing in Life. I replaced the Book in the hand of the figure, not without admiring the ſimplicity of its Garb, Speech, and Behaviour.

Juſt oppoſite to this row of Religions, there was a Statue dreſſed in a Fool's Coat, with a Cap of Bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figures that ſtood before him. This Ideot is ſuppoſed to ſay in his heart what *David*'s Fool did ſome thouſands of years ago, and was therefore deſigned as a proper Repreſentative of thoſe among us who are called Atheiſts and Infidels by others, and Free-thinkers by themſelves.

There were many other groups of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but ſeeing a collection of both Sexes turning their backs upon the Company, and laying their heads very cloſe together, I enquired after their Religion,

Religion, and found that they called themſelves the *Philadelphians*, or the Family of Love.

In the oppoſite corner there ſat another little congregation of ſtrange figures, opening their mouths as wide as they could gape, and diſtinguiſhed by the title of the *Sweet ſingers of* Iſrael.

I muſt not omit, that in this Aſſembly of Wax there were ſeveral pieces that moved by clock-work, and gave great ſatisfaction to the Spectators. Behind the Matron there ſtood one of theſe figures, and behind *Popery* another, which, as the Artiſt told us, were each of them the Genius of the perſon they attended. That behind *Popery* repreſented *Perſecution*, and the other *Moderation*. The firſt of theſe moved by ſecret Springs towards a great heap of dead Bodies that lay piled upon one another at a conſiderable diſtance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of theſe dead men ſeveral hard words, as *Præ-Adamites, Sabbatarians, Camaronians, Muggletonians. Browniſts, Independants*, *Maſonites*, *Camiſars*, and the like. At the approach of *Perſecution*, it was ſo contrived, that as ſhe held up her bloody Flag, the whole aſſembly of dead men, like thoſe in the *Rehearſal* ſtarted up and drew their Swords. This was followed by great claſhings and noiſe, when in the midſt of the tumult, the figure of *Moderation* moved gently towards this new Army, which, upon her holding up a paper in her hand, inſcribed *Liberty of Conſcience*, immediately fell into a heap of Carcaſſes, remaining in the ſame quiet poſture that they lay at firſt.

N° 259. *Tueſday, December* 5. 1710.

——— *Vexat cenſura columbas.* Juv.

A continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honor, *held in* Sheer-Lane *on* Monday *the 27th of* November, *before* Iſaac Bickerſtaffe, *Eſq; Cenſor of* Great-Britain.

E*Lizabeth Makebate*, of the Pariſh of St. *Catherine's*, Spinſter, was indicted for ſurreptitiouſly taking away the Haſſoc from under the Lady *Grave-Airs*, between the hours of four and five, on *Sunday* the 26th of *November*. The Proſecutor depoſed, that as ſhe ſtood up to make a Curtſy to a Perſon

a Perſon of Quality in a neighbouring Pew, the Criminal conveyed away the Haſſoc by ſtealth, inſomuch that the Proſecutor was obliged to ſit all the while ſhe was at Church, or to ſay her Prayers in a poſture that did not become a Woman of her Quality. The Priſoner pleaded Inadvertancy; and the Jury were going to bring it in Chance-medly, had not ſeveral Witneſſes been produced againſt the ſaid *Elizabeth Makebate*, that ſhe was an old Offender, and a Woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that on the *Sunday* before ſhe had detracted from a new Petticoat of Mrs. *Mary Doelittle*, having ſaid in the hearing of ſeveral credible Witneſſes, that the ſaid Petticoat was ſcowred, to the great grief and detriment of the ſaid *Mary Doelittle*. There were likewiſe many Evidences produced againſt the Criminal, that though ſhe never failed to come to Church on *Sunday*, ſhe was a moſt notorious Sabbath-breaker, and that ſhe ſpent her whole time, during Divine Service, in diſparaging other people's clothes, and whiſpering to thoſe who ſat next her. Upon the whole, ſhe was found guilty of the Indictment, and received Sentence to aſk pardon of the Proſecutor upon her bare knees, without either Cuſhion or Haſſoc under her, in the face of the Court.

N. B. As ſoon as the ſentence was executed on the Criminal, which was done in open Court with the utmoſt ſeverity, the firſt Lady of the Bench on Mr. *Bickerſtaffe*'s right hand ſtood up, and made a motion to the Court, that whereas it was impoſſible for Women of Faſhion to dreſs themſelves before the Church was half done, and whereas many confuſions and inconveniences did ariſe thereupon, it might be lawful for them to ſend a Footman, in order to keep their places, as was uſual in other polite and well-regulated Aſſemblies. The motion was ordered to be entered in the Books, and conſidered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, Linen-draper, in the city of *Weſtminſter*, was indicted for ſpeaking obſcenely to the Lady *Penelope Touchwood*. It appeared, that the Proſecutor and her Woman going in a Stage-Coach from *London* to *Brentford*, where they were to be met by the Lady's own Chariot, the Criminal and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the ſame Coach, at which time the Priſoner talked Bawdy for the ſpace of three miles and a half. The Proſecutor alledged, That over-againſt *the Old Fox at Knightsbridge*, he mentioned the word Linen; that at the further end of *Kenſington* he made uſe of the term Smock; and that before he came to *Hammerſmith*, he talked almoſt a quarter of an hour upon Wedding-ſhifts. The Proſecutor's Woman confirmed what her Lady had ſaid, and added further, that ſhe had never ſeen her Lady in ſo great a confuſion, and in ſuch a taking, as ſhe was during the whole diſcourſe of the Criminal. The Priſoner had little

little to ſay for himſelf, but that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt by what he ſaid. The Jury however found him guilty, and repreſented by their Forewoman, that ſuch diſcourſes were apt to ſully the imagination, and that by a concatenation of Ideas, the word Linen implied many things that were not proper to be ſtirred up in the mind of a woman who was of the Proſecutor's Quality, and therefore gave it as their Vedict, that the Linen-draper, ſhould loſe his tongue. Mr. *Bickerſtaffe* ſaid, he thought the Proſecutor's ears were as much to blame as the Priſoner's tongue, and therefore gave Sentence as follows: That they ſhould both be placed over-againſt one another in the midſt of the Court, there to remain for the ſpace of one quarter of an hour, during which time, the Linen-draper was to be gagged, and the Lady to hold her hands cloſe upon both her ears; which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicoat was indicted as an accomplice to *Charles Cambrick*, for that he the ſaid *Edward Callicoat* did, by his ſilence and ſmiles, ſeem to approve and abet the ſaid *Charles Cambrick* in every thing he ſaid. It appeared, that the Priſoner was Foreman of the ſhop to the aforeſaid *Charles Cambrick*, and by his Poſt obliged to ſmile at every thing that the other ſhould be pleaſed to ſay: upon which he was acquitted.

Joſias Shallow was indicted in the name of Dame *Winifred*, ſole Relict of *Richard Dainty*, Eſq; for having ſaid ſeveral times in Company, and in the hearing of ſeveral perſons there preſent, that he was extremely obliged to the Widow *Dainty*, and that he ſhould never be able ſufficiently to expreſs his gratitude. The Proſecutor urged, that this might blaſt her reputation, and that it was in effect a boaſting of Favors which he had never received. The Priſoner ſeemed to be much aſtoniſhed at the conſtruction which was put upon his words, and ſaid, that he meant nothing by them, but that the Widow had befriended him in a Leaſe, and was very kind to his younger Siſter. The Jury finding him a little weak in his underſtanding, without going out of the Court, brought in their Verdict *Ignoramus*.

Urſula Goodenough was accuſed by the Lady *Betty Wou'dbe*, for having ſaid, that ſhe the Lady *Betty Wou'dbe* was painted. The Priſoner brought ſeveral perſons of good Credit to witneſs to her Reputation, and proved by undeniable Evidences, that ſhe was never at the place where the words were ſaid to have been uttered. The Cenſor obſerving the behaviour of the Proſecutor, found reaſon to believe that ſhe had indicted the Priſoner for no other reaſon but to make her complexion be taken notice of, which indeed was very freſh and beautiful: he therefore aſked the Offender with a very ſtern voice, how ſhe could preſume to ſpread ſo groundleſs a report? And whether ſhe ſaw any colors in the Lady *Wou'dbe*'s face that could procure Credit

dit to ſuch a falſhood? Do you ſee (ſays he) any lillies or roſes in her cheeks, any bloom, any probability?——The Proſecutor, not able to bear ſuch language any longer, told him, that he talked like a blind old Fool, and that ſhe was aſhamed to have entertained any opinion of his Wiſdom: but ſhe was put to ſilence, and ſentenced to wear her Maſk for five months, and not to preſume to ſhew her face till the town ſhould be empty.

Benjamin Buzzard, Eſq; was indicted for having told the Lady *Everbloom* at a public Ball, that ſhe looked very well for a Woman of her Years. The Priſoner not denying the Fact, and perſiſting before the Court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the Jury brought him in *Non Compos Mentis*.

The Court then adjourned to Monday the 11*th Inſtant*.

Copia Vera, Charles Lillie.

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this Paper.*

N° 260 *Thurſday, December* 7. 1710.

Non cuicunque datum eſt habere naſum. Mart.

From my own Apartment, December 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate Diſſertation upon Thumbs, in *Montaigne's Eſſays*, and another upon Ears in the *Tale of a Tub*. I am here going to write one upon Noſes, having choſen for my Text the following Verſes out of *Hudibras:*

So learned Talicotius *from*
The brawny part of Porter's bum
Cut ſupplemental Noſes, which
Laſted as long as parent breech:
But when the date of nock was out,
Off drop'd the ſympathetic ſnout.

Notwithſtanding that there is nothing obſcene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination, I muſt, for my own quiet, deſire the Critics (who in all times have been famous for Good Noſes) to refrain from the lecture of this curious Tract.

Tract. Theſe Gentleman were formerly marked out and diſtinguiſhed by the little Rhinocerial Noſe, which was always looked upon as an inſtrument of deriſion, and which they uſed to cock, toſs, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenuous Contemporaries. It is not therefore for this generation of men that I write the preſent tranſaction,

——*Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum hominum——

But for the ſake of ſome of my Philoſophical Friends in the Royal Society, who peruſe diſcourſes of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a deſire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of Learned men concerning the riſe of that fatal diſtemper which has always taken a particular pleaſure in venting its ſpight upon the Noſe. I have ſeen a little Burleſque Poem in *Italian* that gives a very pleaſant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: *Mars*, the God of War, having ſerved during the ſiege of *Naples* in the ſhape of a *French* Colonel, received a viſit one night from *Venus*, the Goddeſs of Love, who had been always his profeſſed Miſtreſs and Admirer. The Poem ſays, ſhe came to him in the diſguiſe of a Suttling Wench, with a Bottle of Brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters ſo well, that ſhe went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to bed of a little *Cupid*. This boy, whether it were by reaſon of any bad food that his Father had eaten during the ſiege, or of any particular malignity in the Stars that reigned at his nativity, came into the world with a very ſickly look, and crazy conſtitution. As ſoon as he was able to handle his Bow, he made diſcoveries of a moſt perverſe diſpoſition. He dipped all his Arrows in poiſon, that rotted every thing they touched, and what was more particular, aimed all his ſhafts at the Noſe, quite contrary to the practice of his elder Brothers, who had made a human Heart their Butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguiſh trick, his parents put him to ſchool to *Mercury*, who did all he could to hinder him from demoliſhing the Noſes of mankind; but in ſpight of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and though; his malice was a little ſoftned by good inſtructions, he would very frequently let fly an invenomed Arrow, and wound his votaries oftner in the Noſe than in the Heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my Learned reader, that *Correggio* has drawn a *Cupid* taking his Leſſon from *Mercury*, conformable to this Poem; nor that the Poem itſelf was deſigned as a Burleſque upon *Fracaſtorius*.

It was a little after this fatal ſiege of *Naples* that *Talicotius* begun to prac-

tiſe in a town of *Germany*. He was the firſt Clap-doctor that I meet with in Hiſtory, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated Dr. *Wall*. He ſaw his Species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new diſtemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in purſuance of a very ſeaſonable invention, ſet up a manufacture of Noſes, having firſt got a Patent that none ſhould preſume to make noſes beſides himſelf. His firſt Patient was a Great man of *Portugal*, who had done good ſervices to his country, but in the midſt of them unfortunately loſt his Noſe. *Talicotius* grafted a new one on the remaining part of the Griſtle or Cartilaginous ſubſtance, which would ſneeze, ſmell, take ſnuff, pronounce the letters *M* or *N*, and in ſhort, do all the functions of a genuine and natural Noſe. There was however one misfortune in this experiment. The *Portugueſe*'s complexion was a little upon the ſubfuſc, with very black eyes and dark eyebrows, and the Noſe being taken from a Porter that had a white *German* ſkin, and cut out of thoſe parts that are not expoſed to the Sun, it was very viſible that the features of his face were not fellows. In a word, the *Conde* reſembled one of thoſe maimed antique Statues that has often a modern Noſe of freſh Marble glewed to a face of ſuch a yellow ivory complexion as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the Doctor got together a great collection of Porters, men of all complexions, black, brown, fair, dark, ſallow, pale, and ruddy; ſo that it was impoſſible for a Patient of the moſt out-of-the-way color not to find a Noſe to match it.

The Doctor's houſe was now very much enlarged, and become a kind of College, or rather Hoſpital, for the faſhionable Cripples of both Sexes that reſorted to him from all parts of *Europe*. Over his door was faſtened a large Golden Snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great Gates at *Brazen-Noſe* College in *Oxford*; and as it is uſual for the learned in Foreign Univerſities to diſtinguiſh their houſes by a *Latin* ſentence, the Doctor writ underneath this great Golden Proboſcis two verſes out of *Ovid*:

Militat omnis amans, habet et ſua caſtra Cupido,
Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.

It is reported, that *Talicotius* had at one time in his houſe twelve *German* Counts, nineteen *French* Marquiſſes, and a hundred *Spaniſh* Cavaliers, beſides one ſolitary *Engliſh* Eſquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the Doctor had the Monopoly of Noſes in his own hands, he is ſaid not to have been unreaſonable. Indeed if a man had occaſion for a high *Roman* Noſe, he muſt go to the price of it. A Carbuncle Noſe likewiſe bore an exceſſive rate: but for your ordinary ſhort turned-up Noſes, of which there was the greateſt conſumption, they coſt little or nothing; at leaſt the purchaſers thought ſo,

who

who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them rather than to have gone without them.

The Sympathy betwixt the Nose and its Parent was very extraordinary. *Hudibras* has told us, that when the Porter died, the nose dropped of course, in which case it was usual to return the Nose, in order to have it interred with its first owner. The Nose was likewise affected by the pain as well as death of the original Proprieter. An eminent instance of this nature happened to three *Spaniards*, whose Noses were all made out of the same piece of Brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely, upon which they sent to know how the Porter did, and heard upon enquiry, that the parent of the Noses had been severely kicked the day before, and that the Porter kept his bed on account of the bruises it had received. This was highly resented by the *Spaniards,* who found out the person that had used the Porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner as if the indignity had been done to their own Noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that the Porters led the Gentleman by the Nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the Nose, the Porter felt the effects of it, insomuch that it was generally articled with the Patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should on no pretence whatsoever smell Pepper, or eat Mustard; on which occasion: the part where the incision had been made was seised with unspeakable twinges and prickings.

The *Englishman* I before mentioned was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into the distemper which at first brought him to the Learned *Talicotius,* that in the space of two years he wore out five Noses, and by that means so tormented the Porters, that if he would have given 500*l.* for a Nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young Gentleman was born of honest Parents, and passed his first years in Fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming up to *London*, he was so charmed with the Beauties of the Play-house, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in *Germany*, the *Englishman* of five Noses, and, the Gentleman that had thrice as many Noses as he had Ears; Such was the rallery of those times.

I shall close this paper with an admonition to the young Men of this town, which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-colored faces, that have made their first appearance in it this Winter. I must therefore assure them, that the art of making Noses is entirely lost; and in the next place, beg them not to follow the example of our ordinary town-rakes, who live as if there was a *Talicotius* to be met with at the Corner of every

ſtreet. Whatever young men may think, the Noſe is a very becoming part of the face, and a man makes but a very ſilly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any thing till they have loſt it. The general precept therefore I ſhall leave with them is, to regard every Town-woman as a particular kind of Siren, that has a deſign upon their Noſes; and that, amidſt her flatteries and allurements, they will fancy ſhe ſpeaks to them in that humourous Phraſe of old *Plautus*:

Ego tibi faciem denaſabo mordicùs.

"Keep your face out my way, or I'll bite off your Noſe.

N° 262. *Tueſday, December* 12. 1710.

Verba togæ ſequeris, junctúrâ callidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores,
Doctus et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo. Perſ. Sat. 5.

Journal of the Court of Honor, *&c.*

Timothy Treatall, Gent. was indicted by ſeveral Ladies of his Siſter's acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment, to which he had invited them on *Tueſday* the 7th of *November* laſt paſt, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The indictment ſet forth, that the ſaid Mr. *Treatall* upon the ſerving up of the ſupper, deſired the Ladies to take their places according to their different age and ſeniority, for that it was the way always at his table to pay reſpect to Years. The indictment added, that this produced an unſpeakable confuſion in the Company; for that the Ladies, who before had preſſed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crouded with the ſame diſorder towards the end that was quite oppoſite; that Mrs. *Frontly* had the inſolence to clap herſelf down at the very loweſt place of the table; that the Widow *Partlett*, ſeated herſelf on the right hand of Mrs. *Frontly* alledging for her excuſe, that no ceremony was to be uſed at a Round Table; that Mrs. *Fidget* and Mrs. *Feſcue* diſputed above half an hour for the ſame Chair, and that the latter would not give up the cauſe till it was decided by the Pariſh Regiſter, which happened to be kept hard by. The Indictment further ſaid, that

that the reſt of the company who ſat down, did it with a Reſerve to their Right, which they were at liberty to aſſert on another occaſion: and that Mrs. *Mary Pippe*, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous Vote of the whole company at the upper end of the Table, from whence ſhe had the confuſion to behold ſeveral Mothers of Families among her inferiors. The Criminal alledged in his defence, that what he had done, was to raiſe mirth, and avoid ceremony, and that the Ladies did not complain of his rudeneſs till the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readineſs and alacrity. The Cenſor frowning upon him, told him that he ought not to diſcover ſo much levity in matters of a ſerious nature, and (upon the Jury's bringing him in guilty) ſentenced him to treat the whole Aſſembly of Ladies over again, and to take care that he did it with the Decorum which was due to Perſons of their Quality.

Rebecca Shapely, Spinſter, was indicted by Mrs. *Sarah Smack*, for ſpeaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the Heels of her Silk Slippers, which the Priſoner had maliciouſly ſuggeſted to be two Inches higher than they really were. The Proſecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the Priſoner was herſelf guilty of the ſame kind of Forgery which ſhe had laid to the Proſecutor's charge, for that ſhe the ſaid *Rebecca Shapely* did always wear a pair of Steel Bodice, and a falſe Rump. The Cenſor ordered the Slippers to be produced in open Court, where the Heels were adjudged to be of the ſtatutable ſize. He then ordered the Grand Jury to ſearch the Criminal, who, after ſometime ſpent therein, acquitted her of the Bodice, but found her guilty of the Rump; upon which ſhe received Sentence as is uſual in ſuch caſes.

William Trippit Eſq; of the *Middle Temple*, brought his Action againſt the Lady *Elizabeth Prudely*, for having refuſed him her hand as he offered to lead her to her Coach from the Opera. The Plaintiff ſet forth, that he had entered himſelf into the liſt of thoſe Volunteers who officiate every night behind the boxes as Gentlemen-Uſhers of the Play-houſe; that he had been at a conſiderable charge in white Gloves, Periwigs, and Snuff-Boxes, in order to qualify himſelf for that employment, and in hopes of making his Fortune by it. The Council for the Defendant replied, that the Plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their Client, and that ſhe had refuſed her hand to him in ceremony, leſt he ſhould interpret it as a promiſe that ſhe would give it him in marriage. As ſoon as their Pleadings on both ſides were finiſhed, the Cenſor ordered the Plaintiff to be caſhiered from his Office of Gentleman-Uſher to the Play-houſe, ſince it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill deſign; and at the ſame time ordered the Defendant either to marry the ſaid Plaintiff, or to pay him half

half a Crown for the new pair of Gloves and Coach-hire that he was at the expence of in her ſervice.

The Lady *Townly* brought an Action of Debt againſt Mrs. *Flambeau* for that Mrs. *Flambeau* had not been to ſee the ſaid Lady *Townly*, and wiſh her joy, ſince her marriage with Sir *Ralph*, notwithſtanding ſhe the ſaid Lady *Townly* had paid Mrs. *Flambeau* a viſit upon her firſt coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the Defendant, that the Plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town; that the viſit ſhe alledged had been made on a *Monday*, which ſhe knew was a day on which Mrs, *Flambeau* was always abroad, having ſet aſide that only day in the week to mind the affairs of her family; that the ſervant who enquired whether ſhe was at home, did not give the Viſiting knock; that it were not between the hours of five and eight in the evening; that there was no Candles lighted up; that it was not on Mrs. *Flambeau*'s day; and in ſhort, that there was not one of the eſſential points obſerved that conſtitute a viſit. She further proved by her Porter's book, which was produced in Court, that ſhe had paid the Lady *Townly* a viſit on the twenty fourth day of *March*, juſt before her leaving the Town, in the year 1709-10, for which ſhe was ſtill Creditor to the ſaid Lady *Townly*. To this the Plaintiff only replied, that ſhe was now under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted, when ſhe was a ſingle Woman. Mr. *Bickerſtaffe* finding the Cauſe to be very intricate, and that ſeveral points of Honor were likely to ariſe in it, he deferred giving Judgment upon it till the next Seſſion day, at which time he ordered the Ladies on his left hand to preſent to the Court a Table of all the Laws relating to viſits.

Winifred Leer, brought her action againſt *Richard Sly*, for having broken a Marriage Contract, and wedded another woman, after he had engaged himſelf to marry the ſaid *Winifred Leer*. She alledged, that he had ogled her twice at an Opera, thrice in St. *James*'s Church, and once at *Powel*'s Puppet-ſhow, at which time he promiſed her marriage by a ſide-glance, as her friend could teſtify that ſat by her. Mr. *Bickerſtaffe* finding that the Defendant had made no further overture of Love or Marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement; yet at the ſame time conſidering how very apt ſuch impudent Seducers are to lead the Ladies Hearts aſtray, ordered the Criminal to ſtand upon the Stage in the *Hay-market*, between each act of the next Opera, there to be expoſed to public view as a falſe *Ogler*.

Upon the riſing of the Court, Mr. *Bickerſtaffe* having taken one of theſe Counterfeits in the very fact as he was ogling a Lady of the Grand Jury, ordered him to be ſeized, and proſecuted upon the Statute of Ogling. He likewiſe directed the Clerk of the Court to draw up an Edict againſt theſe common

common Cheats, that make Women believe they are diſtracted for them by ſtaring them out of countenance, and often blaſt a Lady's reputation whom they never ſpoke to, by ſaucy looks and diſtant familiarities.

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this Paper.*

N° 265. *Tueſday, December* 19. 1710.

Arbiter hic igitur factus de lite jocoſâ. Ovid. Met.

Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honor, *&c.*

AS ſoon as the Court was ſat, the Ladies of the Bench preſented, according to order, a Table of all the Laws now in force, relating to Viſits and Viſiting-days, methodically digeſted under their reſpective heads, which the Cenſor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the buſineſs of the day.

Henry Heedleſs, Eſq; was indicted by Colonel *Touchy*, of Her Majeſty's Trained-Bands, upon an Action of Aſſault and Battery: for that he the ſaid Mr. *Heedleſs* having eſpied a Feather upon the ſhoulder of the ſaid Colonel, ſtruck it off gently with the end of a Walking-ſtaff, value three pence. It appeared that the Proſecutor did not think himſelf injured till a few days after the aforeſaid blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himſelf for ſeveral days, and conferred upon it with other Officers of the Militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. *Heedleſs*, and that he ought to reſent it accordingly. The Council for the Proſecutor alledged, that the Shoulder was the tendereſt part in a Man of Honor; that it had a natural antipathy to a Stick, and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the faſhion of a Cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the perſon's Honor who received it. Mr. *Heedleſs* replied, that what he had done was out of kindneſs to the Proſecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the Head of the Trained-Bands with a Feather upon his ſhoulder; and further added, that the Stick he had made uſe of on this occaſion was ſo very ſmall, that the Proſecutor could not have felt it, had he broken it on his ſhoulders. The Cenſor hereupon directed the Jury to examine into the nature of the Staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained

to

to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of Crab-tree from that of Cane, and by the touch of Cane from that of a plain Hazle Stick. The Jury, after a ſhort peruſal of the Staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their Foreman, that the ſubſtance of the Staff was *Britiſh* Oak. The Cenſor then obſerving that there was ſome Duſt on the ſkirts of the Criminal's Coat, ordered the Proſecutor to beat it off with the aforeſaid Oaken Plant; and thus, ſaid the Cenſor, I ſhall decide this Cauſe by the Law of Retaliation: If Mr. *Heedleſs* did the Colonel a good Office, the Colonel will by this means return it in kind; but if Mr. *Heedleſs* ſhould at any time boaſt that he had cudgelled the Colonel, or laid his ſtaff over his Shoulders, the Colonel might boaſt in his turn, that he has bruſhed Mr. *Heedleſs*'s Jacket, or (to uſe the Phraſe of an ingenious Author) that he has rubbed him down with an Oaken Towel.

Benjamin Buſy, of *London*, Merchant, was indicted by *Jaſper Tattle*, Eſq; for having pulled out his Watch and looked upon it thrice, while the ſaid Eſquire *Tattle* was giving him an account of the funeral of the ſaid Eſquire *Tattle*'s firſt Wife. The Priſoner alledged in his Defence, that he was going to buy Stocks at the time when he met the Proſecutor; and that, during the ſtory of the Proſecutor, the ſaid Stocks roſe above two *per Cent.* to the great detriment of the Priſoner. The Priſoner further brought ſeveral Witneſſes, that the ſaid *Jaſper Tattle*, Eſq; was a moſt notorious ſtory-teller; that before he met the Priſoner, he had hindered one of the Priſoner's acquaintance from the purſuit of his lawful buſineſs, with the account of his ſecond Marriage; and that he had detained another by the Button of his Coat that very morning, till he had heard ſeveral witty ſayings and contrivances of the Proſecutor's eldeſt ſon, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole matter Mr. *Bickerſtaffe* diſmiſſed the accuſation as frivolous, and ſentenced the Proſecutor to pay damages to the Priſoner for what the Priſoner had loſt by giving him ſo long and patient an hearing. He further reprimanded the Proſecutor very ſeverely, and told him that if he proceeded in his uſual manner to interrupt the buſineſs of mankind, he would ſet a Fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the ſaid Fine according as the time of the perſon ſo injured ſhould appear to be more or leſs precious.

Sir *Paul Swaſh*, Kt. was indicted by *Peter Double*, Gent. for not returning the Bow which he received of the ſaid *Peter Double*, on *Wedneſday* the ſixth Inſtant, at the Play-houſe in the *Hay-market*. The Priſoner denied the receipt of any ſuch Bow, and alledged in his defence, that the Proſecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the ſaid Proſecutor he would take no notice of it, or bow to ſome body elſe

elſe that ſat quite on the other ſide of him. He likewiſe alledged, that ſeveral Ladies had complained of the Proſecutor, who, after ogling them a quarter of an hour, upon their making a curtſy to him, would not return the civility of a Bow. The Cenſor obſerving ſeveral glances of the Proſecutor's eye, and perceiving, that when he talked to the Court, he looked upon the Jury, found reaſon to ſuſpect that there was a wrong caſt in his ſight, which upon examination proved true. The Cenſor therefore ordered the Priſoner (that he might not produce any more confuſions in public Aſſemblies) never to bow to any body whom he did not at the ſame time call to by his name.

Oliver Bluff, and *Benjamin Browbeat*, were indicted for going to fight a Duel ſince the Erection of the *Court of Honor*. It appeared, that they were both taken up in the ſtreet as they paſſed by the Court, in their way to the fields behind *Montague-houſe*. The Criminals would anſwer nothing for themſelves, but that they were going to execute a Challenge which had been made above a week before the *Court of Honor* was erected. The Cenſor finding ſome reaſons to ſuſpect (by the ſturdineſs of their behaviour) that they were not ſo very brave as they would have the Court believe them, ordered them both to be ſearched by the Grand Jury, who found a Breaſtplate upon the one, and two quires of Paper upon the other. The Breaſtplate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. *Bickerſtaffe*'s tribunal, and the Paper to be laid upon the table for the uſe of his Clerk. He then ordered the Criminals to button up their boſoms, and, if they pleaſed, proceed to their Duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the Court, and retired to their reſpective lodgings.

The Court then adjourned till after the Holidays.

Copia Vera,

Charles Lillie.

Sir Richard Steele *aſſiſted in this Paper.*

N° 267. *Saturday, December* 23. 1710.

Qui genus humanum ingenio ſuperavit, et omnes
Reſtinxit ſtellas, exortus uti ætherius ſol. Lucr.

From my own Apartment, December 22.

I Have heard, that it is a rule among the Conventuals of ſeveral orders in the *Romiſh* Church, to ſhut themſelves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own Fraternity, and to paſs away ſeveral days by themſelves in ſettling accounts between their Maker and their own Souls, in cancelling unrepented Crimes, and renewing their Contracts of Obedience for the future. Such ſtated times for particular Acts of Devotion, or the Exerciſe of certain religious Duties, have been enjoined in all civil Governments, whatever Deity they worſhipped, or whatever Religion they profeſſed. That which may be done at all times is often totally neglected and forgotten, unleſs fixed and determined to ſome time more than another; and therefore, though ſeveral Duties may be ſuitable to every day of our lives, they are moſt likely to be performed if ſome days are more particularly ſet apart for the practice of them. Our Church has accordingly inſtituted ſeveral Seaſons of Devotion, when Time, Cuſtom, Preſcription, and (if I may ſo ſay) the Faſhion itſelf, call upon a Man to be ſerious, and attentive to the great end of his Being.

I have hinted in ſome former Papers, that the Greateſt and Wiſeſt of Men in all ages and countries, particularly in *Rome* and *Greece*, were renowned for their Piety and Virtue. It is now my intention to ſhow how thoſe in our own Nation, that have been unqueſtionably the moſt eminent for Learning and Knowledge, were likewiſe the moſt eminent for their adherence to the Religion of their Country.

I might produce very ſhining Examples from among the Clergy; but becauſe Prieſtcraft is the common cry of every cavilling empty Scribler, I ſhall ſhow, that all the Laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary Genius in their writings, and were the Glory of their times, were men whoſe hopes were filled with Immortality, and the proſpect of future Rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful Submiſſion to all the Doctrines of revealed Religion.

I ſhall

I ſhall in this Paper only inſtance Sir *Francis Bacon*, a Man who for the Greatneſs of Genius, and Compaſs of Knowledge, did Honor to his age and country; I could almoſt ſay to Human Nature itſelf. He poſſeſſed at once all thoſe extraordinary Talents which were divided amongſt the greateſt Authors of antiquity. He had the ſound, diſtinct, comprehenſive Knowledge of *Ariſtotle*, with all the beautiful Lights, Graces and Embelliſhments of *Cicero*. One does not know which to admire moſt in his writings, the ſtrength of Reaſon, force of Style, or brightneſs of Imagination.

This Author has remarked in ſeveral parts of his works, that a thorough inſight into Philoſophy makes a good Believer, and that a ſmattering in it naturally produces ſuch a race of deſpicable Infidels as the little profligate Writers of the preſent Age, whom (I muſt confeſs) I have always accuſed to myſelf, not ſo much for their want of Faith as their want of Learning.

I was infinitely pleaſed to find among the works of this extraordinary Man a Prayer of his own compoſing, which, for the Elevation of thought, and Greatneſs of expreſſion, ſeems rather the devotion of an Angel than of a Man. His principal fault ſeems to have been the exceſs of that Virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to ſo great an Indulgence towards his ſervants, who made a corrupt uſe of it, that it ſtripped him of all thoſe Riches and Honors which a long ſeries of Merits had heaped upon him. But in this Prayer, at the ſame time that we find him proſtrating himſelf before the great Mercy-ſeat, and humbled under afflictions which at that time lay heavy upon him; we ſee him ſupported by the ſenſe of his integrity, his Zeal, his Devotion, and his Love to mankind, which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatneſs had done from which he was fallen. I ſhall beg leave to write down the Prayer itſelf, with the title to it, as it was found among his Lordſhip's Papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furniſh my Reader with an entertainment more ſuitable to this ſolemn time.

A Prayer or Pſalm made by my Lord *Bacon*, Chancellor of *England*.

MOST gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, ſoundeſt and ſearcheſt the depths and ſecrets of all hearts; Thou acknowledgeſt the Upright of heart; Thou judgeſt the Hypocrite; Thou pondereſt mens thoughts and doings as in a balance; Thou meaſureſt their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from Thee.

Remember, O Lord! how thy Servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have firſt ſought, and what hath been principal in my Intentions. I have loved thy

Aſſemblies, I have mourned for the diviſions of thy Church, I have delighted in the brightneſs of thy Sanctuary. This Vine, which thy Right Hand hath planted in this Nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee, that it might have the firſt and the latter Rain, and that it might ſtretch her branches to the ſeas, and to the floods. The ſtate and bread of the poor and oppreſſed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardneſs of heart; I have (though in a deſpiſed weed) procured the good of all men. If any have been my Enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the ſun almoſt ſet upon my diſpleaſures but I have been as a Dove, free from ſuperfluity of maliciouſneſs. Thy Creatures have been my Books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have ſought Thee in the Courts, Fields and Gardens, but I have found Thee in thy Temples.

Thouſands have been my Sins, and ten thouſands my Tranſgreſſions, but thy Sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart (through thy Grace) hath been an unquenched coal upon thine Altar.

O Lord, my Strength! I have ſince my youth met with Thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly Compaſſions, by thy comfortable Chaſtiſements, and by thy moſt viſible Providence. As thy Favours have increaſed upon me, ſo have thy Corrections; ſo as Thou haſt been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly bleſſings were exalted, ſo ſecret darts from Thee have pierced me; and when I have aſcended before men, I have deſcended in Humiliation before Thee. And now when I thought moſt of Peace and Honor, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving-kindneſs, keeping me ſtill in thy fatherly ſchool, not as a baſtard, but as a Child. Juſt are thy Judgments upon me for my ſins, which are more in number than the ſands of the ſea, but have no proportion to thy Mercies; for what are the ſands of the ſea? Earth, Heavens, and all theſe, are nothing to thy Mercies. Beſides my innumerable Sins, I confeſs before Thee, that I am debtor to Thee for the gracious Talent of thy Gifts and Graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to Exchangers, where it might have made beſt profit, but miſpent it in things for which I was leaſt fit: So I may truly ſay, my Soul hath been a ſtranger in the courſe of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's Sake, and receive me unto thy Boſom, or guide me in thy Ways.

THE

THE

SPECTATOR.

The SPECTATOR.

N° 1. *Thurſday, March* 1. 1710-11.

Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat. Hor.

I Have obſerved, that a reader ſeldom peruſes a book with pleaſure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric diſpoſition, married or a batchelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right underſtanding of an Author. To gratify this curioſity, which is ſo natural to a Reader, I deſign this Paper and my next as Prefatory diſcourſes to my following writings, and ſhall give ſome account in them of the ſeveral Perſons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digeſting, and correcting will fall to my ſhare, I muſt do myſelf the juſtice to open the work with my own Hiſtory.

I was born to a ſmall Heriditary Eſtate, which, according to the tradition of the Village where it lies, was bounded by the ſame hedges and ditches in *William the Conqueror*'s time that it is at preſent, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire, without the loſs or acquiſition of a ſingle field or meadow, during the ſpace of ſix hundred years. There runs a ſtory in the family, that when my Mother was gone with child of me about three months, ſhe dreamt that ſhe was brought to bed of a Judge: whether this might proceed from a Law-ſuit which was then depending in the family, or my Father's being a Juſtice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not ſo vain as to think it prefaged any dignity that I ſhould arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very firſt appearance in the world, and all the time that I ſucked, ſeemed to favor my Mother's dream: for, as ſhe has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two months old, and would not make uſe of my Coral till they had taken away the Bells from it.

As for the reſt of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I ſhall paſs it over in ſilence. I find, that during my nonage, I had the repu-

reputation of a very ſullen youth, but was always a favorite of my School-maſter, who uſed to ſay, *that my parts were ſolid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the Univerſity, before I diſtinguiſhed myſelf by a moſt profound Silence; for during the ſpace of eight years, excepting in the public exerciſes of the College, I ſcarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever ſpoke three ſentences together in my whole life. Whilſt I was in this Learned body, I applied myſelf with ſo much diligence to my ſtudies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the learned or modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my Father, I was reſolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the Univerſity, with the character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but ſhew it. An inſatiable thirſt after Knowledge carried me into all the countries of *Europe* in which there was any thing new or ſtrange to be ſeen; nay to ſuch a degree was my curioſity raiſed, that having read the controverſies of ſome great men concerning the Antiquities of *Egypt,* I made a voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpoſe to take the meaſure of a Pyramid: and as ſoon as I had ſet myſelf right in that particular, returned to my native country with great ſatisfaction.

I have paſſed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently ſeen in moſt public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my ſelect friends that know me; of whom my next Paper ſhall give a more particular account. There is no place of general reſort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; ſometimes I am ſeen thruſting my head into a round of Politicians at *Will*'s, and liſtning with great attention to the narratives that are made in thoſe little circular audiences. Sometimes I ſmoke a pipe at *Child*'s, and whilſt I ſeem attentive to nothing but the *Poſt-Man,* overhear the converſation of every table in the room. I appear on *Sunday* nights at St. *James*'s Coffee-houſe, and ſometimes join the little Committee of Politics in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewiſe very well known at the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the Theatres both of *Drury-Lane* and the *Hay-Market.* I have been taken for a Merchant upon the *Exchange* for above theſe ten years, and ſometimes paſs for a *Jew* in the aſſembly of Stock-jobbers at *Jonathan*'s: In ſhort, wherever I ſee a cluſter of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own Club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a *Spectator* of mankind, than as one of the ſpecies; by which means I have made myſelf a ſpeculative Stateſman, Soldier, Merchant and Artizan, without ever meddling with any practical part

part in life. I am very well verſed in the theory of a Huſband or a Father, and can diſcern the errors in the oeconomy, buſineſs and diverſion of others, better than thoſe who are engaged in them; as ſtanders-by diſcover blots, which are apt to eſcape thoſe who are in the game. I never eſpouſed any party with violence, and am reſolved to obſerve an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unleſs I ſhall be forced to declare myſelf by the hoſtilities of either ſide. In ſhort, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a Looker-on, which is the character I intend to preſerve in this paper.

I have given the reader juſt ſo much of my Hiſtory and Character, as to let him ſee I am not altogether unqualified for the buſineſs I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I ſhall inſert them in following papers, as I ſhall ſee occaſion. In the mean time, when I conſider how much I have ſeen, read and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and ſince I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulneſs of my heart in ſpeech, I am reſolved to do it in writing, and to print myſelf out, if poſſible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity ſo many uſeful diſcoveries which I have made ſhould be in the poſſeſſion of a ſilent man. For this reaſon therefore, I ſhall publiſh a ſheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diverſion or improvement of the country in which I live, I ſhall leave it, when I am ſummoned out of it, with the ſecret ſatisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not ſpoken to in this paper; and which, for ſeveral important reaſons, I muſt keep to myſelf, at leaſt for ſome time: I mean, an account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I muſt confeſs, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reaſonable; but as for theſe three particulars, though I am ſenſible they might tend very much to the embelliſhment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a reſolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obſcurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expoſe me in public places to ſeveral ſalutes and civilities, which have been always very diſagreeable to me; for the greateſt pain I can ſuffer, is the being talked to, and being ſtared at. It is for this reaſon likewiſe, that I keep my Complexion and Dreſs as very great ſecrets; though it is not impoſſible, but I may make diſcoveries of both in the progreſs of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myſelf, I ſhall in to-morrow's paper give an account of thoſe Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted

(as all other matters of importance are) in a Club. However, as my friends have engaged me to ſtand in the front, thoſe who have a mind to correſpond with me, may direct their Letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. *Buckley*'s in *Little Britain*. For I muſt further acquaint the Reader, that though our Club meets only on *Tueſdays* and *Thurſdays*, we have appointed a Committee to ſit every night, for the inſpection of all ſuch papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

N° 2. *Friday, March* 2.

——*Aſt alii ſex*
Et plures uno conclamant ore.—— Juv.

THE firſt of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worceſterſhire*, of ancient deſcent, a Baronet, his name Sir *Roger de Coverly*. His Great Grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that Shire, are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir *Roger*. He is a Gentleman that is very ſingular in his behaviour, but his ſingularities proceed from his good ſenſe, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with ſourneſs or obſtinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to pleaſe and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in *Soho-Square*. It is ſaid, he keeps himſelf a Bachelor by reaſon he was croſſed in love by a perverſe beautiful widow of the next County to him. Before this diſappointment, Sir *Roger* was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often ſupped with my Lord *Rocheſter* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel at his firſt coming to town, and kicked Bully *Dawſon* in a public Coffee-houſe for calling him Youngſter. But being ill uſed by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very ſerious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at laſt got over it, he grew careleſs of himſelf, and never dreſſed afterwards. He continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the ſame Cut that were in faſhion at the time of his repulſe, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times ſince he firſt wore it. 'Tis ſaid Sir *Roger* grew humble in his deſires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, inſomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chaſtity with

with Beggars and Gypſies: but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of rallery than truth. He is now in his fifty-ſixth year, chearful, gay and hearty; keeps a good houſe both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is ſuch a mirthful caſt in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than eſteemed: his Tenants grow rich, his Servants look ſatisfied, all the young women profeſs love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: when he comes into a houſe, he calls the ſervants by their names, and talks all the way up ſtairs to a viſit. I muſt not omit, that Sir *Roger* is a Juſtice of the *Quorum;* that he fills the Chair at a Quarter-Seſſion with great abilities, and three months ago gained univerſal applauſe by explaining a paſſage in the Game-act.

The Gentleman next in eſteem and authority among us, is another Bachelor, who is a member of the *Inner-Temple*; a man of great Probity, Wit, and Underſtanding; but he has choſen his place of reſidence rather to obey the direction of an old humorſome Father, than in purſuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to ſtudy the Laws of the Land, and is the moſt learned of any of the houſe in thoſe of the Stage. *Ariſtotle* and *Longinus* are much better underſtood by him than *Littleton* or *Coke*. The Father ſends up every Poſt Queſtions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leaſes, and Tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which Queſtions he agrees with an Attorney to anſwer and take care of in the lump. He is ſtudying the paſſions themſelves, when he ſhould be enquiring into the debates among men which ariſe from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of *Demoſthenes* and *Tully,* but not one caſe in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This turn makes him at once both diſintereſted and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from buſineſs, they are moſt of them fit for converſation. His taſte of books is a little too juſt for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the Cuſtoms, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Ancients, makes him a very delicate obſerver of what occurs to him in the preſent world. He is an excellent Critic, and the time of the Play is his hour of buſineſs; exactly at five he paſſes through *New-Inn,* croſſes through *Ruſſel-Court,* and takes a turn at *Will*'s till the Play begins; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Periwig powdered at the Barber's as you go into the *Roſe*. It is for the good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an ambition to pleaſe him.

The perſon of next conſideration, is Sir *Andrew Freeport,* a Merchant of great eminence in the City of *London*. A perſon of indefatigable Induſtry, ſtrong Reaſon, and great Experience. His notions of Trade are noble and

generous, and (as every rich man has uſually ſome fly way of jeſting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the Sea the *Britiſh Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its parts, and will tell you it is a ſtupid and barbarous way to extend Dominion by arms; for true Power is to be got by arts and induſtry. He will often argue, that if this part of our Trade were well cultivated, we ſhould gain from one nation; and if Another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more laſting acquiſitions than valour, and that ſloth has ruined more nations than the ſword. He abounds in ſeveral frugal Maxims, amongſt which the greateſt favorite is, "A penny ſaved is a penny got." A general Trader of good ſenſe, is pleaſanter company than a general Scholar; and Sir *Andrew* having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perſpicuity of his diſcourſe gives the ſame pleaſure that Wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himſelf; and ſays that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himſelf is richer than other men; though at the ſame time I can ſay this of him, that there is not a point in the compaſs but blows home a ſhip in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir *Andrew* in the Club-room ſits Captain *Sentry*, a Gentleman of great courage, good underſtanding, but invincible modeſty. He is one of thoſe that deſerve very well, but are very aukward at putting their talents within the obſervation of ſuch as ſhould take notice of them. He was ſome years a Captain, and behaved himſelf with great gallantry in ſeveral engagements and at ſeveral ſieges; but having a ſmall eſtate of his own, and being next heir to Sir *Roger*, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can riſe ſuitably to his merit, who is not ſomething of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profeſſion where merit is placed in ſo conſpicuous a view, impudence ſhould get the better of modeſty. When he has talked to this purpoſe, I never heard him make a ſour Expreſſion, but frankly confeſs that he left the world, becauſe he was not fit for it. A ſtrict honeſty and an even regular behaviour, are in themſelves obſtacles to him that muſt preſs through crowds, who endeavour at the ſame end with himſelf, the favor of a Commander. He will however in his way of talk excuſe Generals, for not diſpoſing according to mens deſert, or enquiring into it: for, ſays he, that Great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, eſpecially in a military way, muſt get over all falſe modeſty, and aſſiſt his Patron againſt the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper aſſurance in his own vindication. He ſays it is a civil cowardice to be backward in aſſerting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be ſlow in attacking

attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the Gentleman ſpeak of himſelf and others. The ſame frankneſs runs through all his converſation. The military part of his life has furniſhed him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never over-bearing, though accuſtomed to command men in the utmoſt degree below him, nor ever too obſequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a ſet of Humoriſts unacquainted with the gallantries and pleaſures of the age, we have among us the gallant *Will Honeycomb*, a Gentleman who according to his years ſhould be in the decline of life, but having ever been very careful of his perſon, and always had a very eaſy fortune, time has made but very little impreſſion, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His perſon is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that ſort of diſcourſe with which men uſually entertain women. He has all his life dreſſed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can ſmile when one ſpeaks to him, and laughs eaſily. He knows the Hiſtory of every mode, and can inform you from which of the *French* King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whoſe frailty was covered by ſuch a ſort of petticoat, and whoſe vanity to ſhew her foot made that part of the dreſs ſo ſhort in ſuch a year: in a word, all his converſation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what ſuch a Miniſter ſaid upon ſuch and ſuch an occaſion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court, ſuch a woman was then ſmitten, another was taken with him at the head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all theſe important relations, he has ever about the ſame time received a kind glance or blow of a fan from ſome celebrated Beauty, Mother of the preſent Lord ſuch-a-one. If you ſpeak of a young Commoner that ſaid a lively thing in the houſe, he ſtarts up, "He has good blood in his veins, *Tom Mirabell* begot him, the rogue "cheated me in that affair, that young fellow's Mother uſed me more like "a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the converſation among us of a more ſedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myſelf, who rarely ſpeak at all, but ſpeaks of him as of that ſort of man who is uſually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honeſt worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to ſpeak of, as one of our company; for he viſits us but ſeldom, but when he does, it adds to every man elſe a new enjoyment of himſelf. He is a *Clergyman*, a very

very philoſophic man, of general learning, great ſanctity of life, and the moſt exact breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak conſtitution, and conſequently cannot accept of ſuch cares and buſineſs as preferments in his function would oblige him too: he is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-councellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He ſeldom introduces the ſubject he ſpeaks upon; but we are ſo far gone in years, that he obſerves when he is among us, an earneſtneſs to have him fall on ſome divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no intereſts in this world, as one who is haſtening to the object of all his wiſhes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. Theſe are my ordinary companions.

* *Though this paper in former Editions is not marked with any Letter of the word* CLIO, *by which Mr.* Addiſon *diſtinguiſhed his performances; it was thought neceſſary to inſert it, as containing characters of the ſeveral perſons mentioned in the whole courſe of this work.*

N° 3. *Saturday, March* 3.

Quoi quiſque ferè ſtudio devinctus adhæret:
Aut quibus in rebus multùm ſumus antè morati:
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens;
In ſomnis eadem plerumque videmur obire. Lucr. L. 4.

IN one of my late rambles, or rather ſpeculations, I looked into the great hall where the Bank is kept, and was not a little pleaſed to ſee the Directors, Secretaries and Clerks, with all the other Members of that wealthy Corporation, ranged in their ſeveral ſtations, according to the parts they act in that juſt and regular Oeconomy. This revived in my memory the many diſcourſes which I had both read and heard concerning the decay of public Credit, with the methods of reſtoring it, and which, in my opinion, have always been defective, becauſe they have always been made with an eye to ſeparate intereſts, and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, ſo that I fell inſenſibly into a kind of methodical Dream, which diſpoſed all my contemplations into a Viſion or Allegory, or what elſe the reader ſhall pleaſe to call it.

Methought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before,

before, but, to my ſurpriſe, inſtead of the company that I left there, I ſaw towards the upper end of the hall a beautiful Virgin, ſeated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was *Public Credit.* The walls, inſtead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many Acts of Parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the *Magna Charta*, with the Act of Uniformity on the right hand, and the Act of Toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the Act of Settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the Virgin that ſat upon the Throne. Both the ſides of the hall were covered with ſuch Acts of Parliament as had been made for the eſtabliſhment of public Funds. The Lady ſeemed to ſet an unſpeakable value upon theſe ſeveral pieces of furniture, inſomuch that ſhe often refreſhed her eye with them, and often ſmiled with a ſecret Pleaſure, as ſhe looked upon them; but, at the ſame time, ſhewed a very particular uneaſineſs, if ſhe ſaw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her behavior; and, whether it was from the delicacy of her conſtitution, or that ſhe was troubled with vapors, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her well-wiſhers, ſhe changed color, and ſtarted at every thing ſhe heard. She was likewiſe (as I afterwards found) a greater Valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own Sex, and ſubject to ſuch momentary Conſumptions, that in the twinkling of an eye, ſhe would fall away from the moſt florid complexion, and the moſt healthful ſtate of body, and wither into a Skeleton. Her recoveries were often as ſudden as her decays, inſomuch that ſhe would revive in a moment out of a waſting diſtemper, into a habit of the higheſt health and vigor.

I had very ſoon an opportunity of obſerving theſe quick turns and changes in her Conſtitution. There ſat at her feet a couple of Secretaries, who received every hour Letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and according to the news ſhe heard, to which ſhe was exceedingly attentive, ſhe changed color, and diſcovered many ſymptoms of health or ſickneſs.

Behind the Throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another ſo high, that they touched the ceiling. The floor, on her right hand and on her left, was covered with vaſt ſums of gold that roſe up in pyramids on either ſide of her: but this I did not ſo much wonder at, when I heard, upon enquiry, that ſhe had the ſame virtue in her touch, which the Poets tell us a *Lydian* King was formerly poſſeſſed of; and that ſhe could convert whatever ſhe pleaſed into that precious metal.

After a little dizzineſs, and confuſed hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the Hall was alarmed, the doors flew open,

open, and there entered half a dozen of the moſt hideous Phantoms that I had ever ſeen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the moſt diſſociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to deſcribe their habits and perſons, for which reaſon I ſhall only inform my Reader that the firſt couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the ſecond were Bigotry and Atheiſm, the third the Genius of a Common-wealth and a young man of about twenty two years of age, whoſe name I could not learn. He had a ſword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandiſhed at the Act of Settlement; and a Citizen, who ſtood by me, whiſpered in my ear, that he ſaw a ſpunge in his left hand. The dance of ſo many jarring natures put me in mind of the Sun, Moon and Earth, in the *Rehearſal,* that danced together for no other end but to eclipſe one another.

The Reader will eaſily ſuppoſe, by what has been before ſaid, that the Lady on the throne would have been almoſt frighted to diſtraction, had ſhe ſeen but any one of the Spectres; what then muſt have been her condition when ſhe ſaw them all in a Body? ſhe fainted and died away at the ſight.

Et neque jam color eſt miſto candore rubori;
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modò viſa placebant;
Nec corpus remanet ——— Ov. Met. Lib. 3.

There was a great change in the hill of money bags, and the heaps of money, the former ſhrinking, and falling into ſo many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with Money. The reſt that took up the ſame ſpace, and made the ſame figure as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which *Homer* tells us his Hero received as a preſent from *AEolus.* The great heaps of gold, on either ſide the throne, now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched ſticks, bound up together in bundles, like *Bath*-faggots.

Whilſt I was lamenting this ſudden deſolation that had been made before me, the whole Scene vaniſhed: in the room of the frightful Spectres, there now entered a ſecond dance of Apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable Phantoms. The firſt pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand: the ſecond was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a perſon whom I had never ſeen, with the Genius of *Great Britain.* At the firſt entrance the Lady revived, the bags ſwelled to their former bulk, the pile of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of Guineas: and for my own part, I was ſo tranſported with joy, that I awaked, though I muſt confeſs, I would fain have fallen aſleep again to have cloſed my Viſion, if I could have done it. *Tueſday,*

N° 5. *Tueſday, March* 6.

Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis?—— Hor.

AN Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly laviſh in its decorations, as its only deſign is to gratify the ſenſes, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common ſenſe however requires, that there ſhould be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear childiſh and abſurd. How would the Wits of King *Charles*'s time have laughed to have ſeen *Nicolini* expoſed to a tempeſt in robes of Ermin, and ſailing in an open boat upon a ſea of Paſte-board? What a field of rallery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted dragons ſpitting wild-fire, enchanted chariots drawn by *Flanders* mares, and real Caſcades in artificial landſcapes? A little ſkill in criticiſm would inform us, that ſhadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the ſame piece; and that the ſcenes which are deſigned as the repreſentations of nature, ſhould be filled with reſemblances, and not with the things themſelves. If one would repreſent a wide champain country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the ſcenes, and to croud ſeveral parts of the ſtage with ſheep and oxen. This is joining together inconſiſtencies, and making the decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here ſaid, to the Directors, as well as to the Admirers, of our modern Opera.

As I was walking in the ſtreets about a fortnight ago, I ſaw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little birds upon his ſhoulder; and, as I was wondering with myſelf what uſe he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the ſame curioſity. Upon his aſking him what he had upon his ſhoulder, he told him, that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera, Sparrows for the Opera, ſays his friend, licking his lips, what are they to be roaſted? No, no, ſays the other, they are to enter towards the end of the firſt Act, and to fly about the ſtage.

This ſtrange dialogue awakened my curioſity ſo far, that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived the Sparrows were to act the part of ſinging-birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer enquiry I found the Sparrows put the ſame trick upon the audience, that Sir

Martin Mar-all practiſed upon his Miſtreſs; for though they flew in ſight, the muſic proceeded from a conſort of Flagelets and Bird-calls which were planted behind the ſcenes. At the ſame time I made this diſcovery, I found by the diſcourſe of the Actors, that there were great deſigns on foot for the improvement of the Opera; that it had been propoſed to break down a part of the Wall, and to ſurpriſe the audience with a party of an hundred horſe; and that there was actually a project of bringing the *New-River* into the houſe, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have ſince heard, is poſtponed till the ſummer-ſeaſon; when it is thought the coolneſs that proceeds from fountains and caſcades will be more acceptable and refreſhing to people of Quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the Winter-ſeaſon, the Opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are ſeveral Engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in caſe any ſuch accident ſhould happen. However, as I have a very great friendſhip for the owner of this Theatre, I hope that he hath been wiſe enough to *inſure* his houſe before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that thoſe ſcenes ſhould be very ſurpriſing, which were contrived by two Poets of different nations, and raiſed by two Magicians of different ſexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the argument) was an *Amazonian* Enchantreſs, and poor Signior *Caſſani* (as we learn from the *Perſons repreſented)* a Chriſtian Conjurer *(Mago Chriſtiano.)* I muſt confeſs I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* ſhould be verſed in the black art, or how a good Chriſtian, for ſuch is the part of the Magician, ſhould deal with the Devil.

To conſider the Poets after the Conjurers, I ſhall give you a taſte of the *Italian,* from the firſt lines of his preface. *Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che ſe ben nato di Notte, non è però aborto di Tenebre, mà ſi farà conoſcere Figlio d' Apollo con qualche Raggio di Parnaſſe. Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which though it be the offſpring of the night, is not the abortive of darkneſs, but will make itſelf known to be the Son of* Apollo, *with a certain ray of* Parnaſſus. He afterwards proceeds to call Minheer *Hendel* the *Orpheus* of our age, and to acquaint us, in the ſame ſublimity of ſtile, that he compoſed this Opera in a fortnight. Such are the Wits, to whoſe taſtes we ſo ambitiouſly conform ourſelves. The truth of it is, the fineſt writers among the modern *Italians* expreſs themſelves in ſuch a florid form of words, and ſuch tedious circumlocutions as are uſed by none but Pedants in our own country; and at the ſame time fill their Writings with ſuch poor

poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are aſhamed of before they have been two years at the Univerſity. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two Nations; but to ſhew there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old *Italians*, ſuch as *Cicero* and *Virgil*, we ſhall find that the *Engliſh* writers, in their way of thinking and expreſſing themſelves, reſemble thoſe Authors much more than the modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet himſelf, from whom the dreams of this Opera are taken, I muſt entirely agree with Monſieur *Boileau*, that one verſe in *Virgil* is worth all the *Clinquant* or Tinſel of *Taſſo*.

But to return to the Sparrows; there have been ſo many flights of them let looſe in this Opera, that it is feared the houſe will never get rid of them; and that in other Plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, ſo as to be ſeen flying in a Lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a King's throne; beſides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may ſometimes ſuffer from them. I am credibly informed that there was once a deſign of caſting into an Opera the ſtory of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of Mice; but Mr. *Rich*, the Proprietor of the Playhouſe, very prudently conſider'd that it would be impoſſible for the Cat to kill them all, and that conſequently the Princes of the ſtage might be as much infeſted with Mice, as the Prince of the Iſland was before the Cat's arrival upon it; for which reaſon he would not permit it to be acted in his houſe. And indeed I cannot blame him: for, as he ſaid very well upon that occaſion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our Opera pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper, who made all the Mice of a great town in *Germany* follow his muſic, and by that means cleared the place of thoſe little noxious animals.

Before I diſmiſs this paper, I muſt inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot with *London* and *Wiſe* (who will be appointed gardeners of the Playhouſe) to furniſh the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the ſinging birds will be perſonated by Tom-tits: the undertakers being reſolved to ſpare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.

N° 7. *Thurſday, March* 8.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides. Hor.

GOING yeſterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon aſking him the occaſion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a ſtrange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended ſome misfortune to themſelves or to their children. At her coming into the room I obſerved a ſettled melancholy in her countenance, which I ſhould have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no ſooner ſat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear,* (ſays ſhe, turning to her Huſband) *you may now ſee the ſtranger that was in the candle laſt night.* Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on *Thurſday.* Thurſday? (ſays ſhe) *no child if it pleaſe God, you ſhall not begin upon* Childermas-day: *tell your writing-maſter that* Friday *will be ſoon enough.* I was reflecting with myſelf on the oddneſs of her fancy, and wondering that any body would eſtabliſh it as a rule to loſe a day in every Week. In the midſt of theſe my muſings, ſhe deſired me to reach her a little ſalt upon the point of my knife, which I did in ſuch a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which ſhe immediately ſtartled, and ſaid it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and obſerving the concern of the whole table, began to conſider myſelf, with ſome confuſion, as a perſon that had brought a diſaſter upon the family. The Lady however recovering herſelf, after a little ſpace, ſaid to her huſband, with a ſigh, *My Dear, Misfortunes never come ſingle.* My friend, I found acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than underſtanding, thinks himſelf obliged to fall in with all the paſſions and humors of his Yoke-fellow: *Do not you remember, Child,* (ſays ſhe) *that the Pigeon-houſe fell the very afternoon that our careleſs wench ſpilt the ſalt upon the table? Yes,* (ſays he) *My Dear, and the next poſt brought us an account of the battle of* Almanza. The reader may gueſs at the figure I made, after having done all this miſchief. I diſpatched my dinner as ſoon as I could, with my uſual taciturnity; when,

when, to my utter confuſion, the Lady ſeeing me quitting my Knife and Fork, and laying them acroſs one another upon my plate, deſired me that I would humor her ſo far as to take them out of that figure, and place them ſide by ſide. What the abſurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I ſuppoſe there was ſome traditionary ſuperſtition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the Lady of the Houſe, I diſpoſed of my Knife and Fork, in two parallel lines, which is the figure I ſhall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reaſon for it.

It is not difficult for a man to ſee that a perſon has conceived an averſion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's looks, that ſhe regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aſpect. For which reaſon I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation of the evils that attend theſe ſuperſtitious follies of mankind; how they ſubject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional ſorrows, that do not properly come within our Lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not ſufficient for it, we turn the moſt indifferent circumſtances into misfortunes, and ſuffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the ſhooting of a Star ſpoil a night's reſt; and have ſeen a man in love grow pale and loſe his appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A ſcreech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of Robbers; nay, the voice of a Cricket has ſtruck more terror than the roaring of a Lion. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognoſtics. A ruſty nail, or a crooked pin, ſhoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt aſſembly, that was full of noiſe and mirth, when on a ſudden an old woman unluckily obſerved there were thirteen of us in company. This remark ſtruck a panic terror into ſeveral who were preſent, inſomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that inſtead of portending one of the company ſhould die, it plainly foretold one of them ſhould be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the Omen, I queſtion not but half the women in the company would have fallen ſick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the Vapors, produces infinite diſturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden Aunt of a great family, who is one of theſe antiquated *Sibyls*, that forebodes and propheſies from one end of the year to the other. She is always ſeeing apparitions, and hearing Death-watches; and was the other day almoſt frighted

frighted out of her wits by the great houſe-dog, that howled in the ſtable at a time when ſhe lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant caſt of mind engages multitudes of People, not only in impertinent terrors, but in ſupernumerary duties of life; and ariſes from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the Soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehenſions and ſuſpicions, and conſequently diſpoſe it to the obſervation of ſuch groundleſs Prodigies and Predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wiſe-men to retrench the evils of life by the reaſonings of Philoſophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the ſentiments of Superſtition.

For my own part, I ſhould be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it ſhould inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the reliſh of any happineſs, nor feel the weight of any miſery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my Soul againſt theſe gloomy preſages and terrors of mind, and that is by ſecuring to myſelf the friendſhip and protection of that Being who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity. He ſees at one view, the whole thread of my Exiſtence, not only that part of it which I have already paſſed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to ſleep, I recommend myſelf to his care; when I awake, I give myſelf up to his direction. Amidſt all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and queſtion not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all ſolicitous about it; becauſe I am ſure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and ſupport me under them.

Friday,

N° 8. *Friday, March* 9.

At Venus *obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,*
Et multo Nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos ———— Virg.

I Shall here communicate to the world a couple of Letters, which I believe will give the Reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furniſh him with, and therefore ſhall make no apology for them.

To the SPECTATOR, *&c.*

SIR,

" I Am one of the Directors of the Society for the Reformation of manners, and therefore think myſelf a proper perſon for your correſpondence. I have thoroughly examined the preſent ſtate of Religion in *Great Britain,* and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every Market-town in the whole Iſland. I can tell you the Progreſs that Virtue has made in all our Cities, Boroughs, and Corporations; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in *Berwick* or *Exeter,* as what is done in my own family. In a word, Sir, I have my correſpondents in the remoteſt parts of the nation, who ſend me up punctual accounts from time to time of all the little irregularities that fall under their notice in their ſeveral diſtricts and diviſions.

" I am no leſs acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and diſtributions of the whole nation. I can deſcribe every pariſh by its impieties, and can tell you in which of our ſtreets Lewdneſs prevails, which Gaming has taken the poſſeſſion of, and where Drunkenneſs has got the better of them both. When I am diſpoſed to raiſe a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and allies that are inhabited by common Swearers. When I would encourage the Hoſpital of *Bridewell* and improve the Hempen manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and reſorts of female Night-walkers.

" After this ſhort account of myſelf, I muſt let you know, that the deſign of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular Aſſembly which I think falls very properly under your obſervation, eſpecially

" ſince

" ſince the perſons it is compoſed of are criminals too conſiderable for the " animadverſions of our Society. I mean, Sir, the midnight Maſque, " which has of late been very frequently held in one of the moſt conſpicu- " ous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions " and improvements. As all the perſons who compoſe this lawleſs aſſem- " bly are maſqued, we dare not attack any of them in *our way*, leſt we " ſhould ſend a woman of Quality to *Bridewell*, or a Peer of *Great-Britain* to " the *Counter*: Beſides, that their numbers are ſo very great, that I am afraid " they would be able to rout our whole fraternity, though we were accom- " panied with all our guard of Conſtables. Both theſe reaſons, which ſe- " cure them from our authority, make them obnoxious to yours; as both " their diſguiſe and their numbers will give no particular perſon reaſon to " think himſelf affronted by you.

" If we are rightly informed, the rules that are obſerved by this new So- " ciety are wonderfully contrived for the advancement of Cuckoldom. The " women either come by themſelves, or are introduced by friends, who are " obliged to quit them, upon their firſt entrance, to the converſation of any " body that addreſſes himſelf to them. There are ſeveral rooms where the " parties may retire, and, if they pleaſe, ſhew their faces by conſent. Whiſ- " pers, ſqueezes, nods, and embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the " place. In ſhort, the whole deſign of this libidinous aſſembly, ſeems to " terminate in aſſignations and intrigues; and I hope you will take effec- " tual methods, by your public advice and admonitions, to prevent ſuch a " promiſcuous multitude of both ſexes from meeting together in ſo clande- " ſtine a manner. I am

Your humble Servant, and Fellow-laborer, T. B.

Not long after the peruſal of this Letter, I received another upon the ſame ſubject: which, by the date and ſtyle of it, I take to be written by ſome young Templer.

SIR, *Middle-Temple,* 1710-11.

" WHEN a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the beſt " atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the " like. In order to this I muſt acquaint you, that ſome time in *February* " laſt, I went to the *Tueſday*'s Maſquerade. Upon my firſt going in I was " attacked by half a dozen female Quakers, who ſeemed willing to adopt me " for a brother; but upon a nearer examination I found they were a ſiſter- " hood of Coquettes diſguiſed in that preciſe habit. I was ſoon after taken " out to dance, and, as I fancied, by a woman of the firſt Quality, for ſhe

" was

" was very tall, and moved gracefully. As ſoon as the minuet was over, " we ogled one another through our maſques; and as I am very well read " in *Waller*, I repeated to her the four following verſes out of his Poem of " *Vandike*.

The heedleſs Lover does not know
Whoſe Eyes they are that wound him ſo;
But confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.

" I pronounced theſe words with ſuch a languiſhing air that I had ſome " reaſon to conclude I had made a conqueſt. She told me that ſhe hoped " my face was not akin to my tongue; and looking upon her watch, I ac- " cidentally diſcovered the figure of a coronet on the back part of it. I " was ſo tranſported with the thought of ſuch an amour that I plied her " from one room to another with all the gallantries I could invent; and at " length brought things to ſo happy an iſſue, that ſhe gave me a private " meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage. " My heart danced in raptures; but I had not lived in this golden dream " above three days, before I found good reaſon to wiſh that I had conti- " nued true to my Laundreſs. I have ſince heard, by a very great acci- " dent, that this fine Lady does not live far from *Covent-Garden*, and that " I am not the firſt Cully whom ſhe has paſſed herſelf upon for a " Counteſs.

" Thus, Sir, you ſee how I have miſtaken a *Cloud* for a *Juno*, and if you " can make any uſe of this adventure, for the benefit of thoſe who may " poſſibly be as vain young coxcombs as myſelf, I do moſt heartily give " you leave. I am, *SIR*,

Your moſt humble Admirer, B. L.

I deſign to viſit the next Maſquerade myſelf, in the ſame habit I wore at *Grand Cairo;* and till then ſhall ſuſpend my Judgment of this midnight entertainment.

N° 9. *Saturday, March* 10.

——*Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem*
Perpetuam, ſævis inter ſe convenit urſis. Juv.

MAN is ſaid to be a ſociable animal, and, as an inſtance of it, we may obſerve, that we take all occaſions and pretences of forming ourſelves into thoſe little nocturnal aſſemblies, which are commonly known by the name of *Clubs*. When a ſet of men find themſelves agree in any particular, though never ſo trivial, they eſtabliſh themſelves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of ſuch a fantaſtic reſemblance. I know a conſiderable market-town, in which there was a Club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well ſuppoſe) to entertain one another with ſprightlineſs and wit, but to keep one another in countenance; the room where the Club met was ſomething of the largeſt, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate ſize, and the other by a pair of folding doors. If a Candidate for this corpulent Club could make his entrance through the firſt, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he ſtuck in the paſſage, and could not force his way through it, the folding doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was ſaluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, though it conſiſted but of fifteen perſons, weighed above three tun.

In oppoſition to this Society, there ſprung up another compoſed of Scarecrows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the deſigns of their bulky brethren, whom they repreſented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favor of the people, and conſequently out of the magiſtracy. Theſe factions tore the Corporation in pieces for ſeveral years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two Bailiffs of the town ſhould be annually choſen out of the two Clubs; by which means the principal Magiſtrates are at this day coupled like Rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and profeſſions, provided they agreed in this Sir-name of *King*, which, as they imagined, ſufficiently declared

declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Antimonarchical Principles.

A Chriſtian name has likewiſe been often uſed as a badge of diſtinction, and made the occaſion of a Club. That of the *George's*, which uſed to meet at the ſign of the *George*, on St. *George's* day, and ſwear *Before George*, is ſtill freſh in every one's memory.

There are at preſent in ſeveral parts of this city what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief inhabitants of the ſtreet converſe together every night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in *Ormond-ſtreet*, the Landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me, there was at that time a very good Club in it; he alſo told me, upon farther diſcourſe with him, that two or three noiſy country Squires, who were ſettled there the year before, had conſiderably ſunk the price of houſe-rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every houſe that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a Tenant fit for it, of a ſociable nature and good converſation.

The *Hum-Drum* Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of very honeſt Gentlemen, of peaceable diſpoſitions, that uſed to ſit together, ſmoke their Pipes, and ſay nothing till midnight. The *Mum* Club (as I am informed) is an inſtitution of the ſame nature, and as great an enemy to noiſe.

After theſe two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very miſchievous one, that was erected in the reign of King *Charles* the Second: I mean, *the Club of Duelliſts*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The Preſident of it was ſaid to have killed half a dozen in ſingle combat; and as for the other Members, they took their ſeats according to the number of their ſlain. There were likewiſe a Side-table, for ſuch as had only drawn blood, and ſhewn a laudable ambition of taking the firſt opportunity to qualify themſelves for the firſt table. This Club, conſiſting only of Men of Honor, did not continue long, moſt of the Members of it being put to the ſword, or hanged, a little after its inſtitution.

Our modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein moſt men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and Airy, the Philoſopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The *Kit-Cat* itſelf is ſaid to have taken its original from a Mutton-pye. The *Beef-ſteak*, and *October* Clubs, are neither of them averſe to eating and drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their reſpective Titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and do not meet to cenſure or annoy thoſe that are abſent, but to

enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at leaſt to relax themſelves from the buſineſs of the day, by an innocent and chearful converſation, there may be ſomething very uſeful in theſe little inſtitutions and eſtabliſhments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scheme of Laws that I met with upon a wall in a little Ale-houſe: how I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. Theſe Laws were enacted by a knot of Artizans and Mechanics, who uſed to meet every night; and as there is ſomething in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I ſhall tranſcribe them word for word.

RULES *to be obſerved in the* Two-penny Club, *erected in this place, for the preſervation of friendſhip and good neighbourhood.*

I. Every Member at his firſt coming in ſhall lay down his Two-pence.

II. Every Member ſhall fill his Pipe out of his own Box.

III. If any Member abſents himſelf he ſhall forfeit a Penny for the uſe of the Club, unleſs in caſe of ſickneſs or impriſonment.

IV. If any member ſwears or curſes, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the ſhins.

V. If any Member tells ſtories in the Club that are not true, he ſhall forfeit for every third Lie an Half-penny.

VI. If any Member ſtrikes another wrongfully he ſhall pay his Club for him.

VII. If any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he ſhall pay for whatever ſhe drinks or ſmokes.

VIII. If any member's Wife comes to fetch him home from the Club, ſhe ſhall ſpeak to him without the door.

IX. If any Member calls another Cuckold, he ſhall be turned out of the Club.

X. None ſhall be admitted into the Club that is of the ſame Trade with any Member of it.

XI. None of the Club ſhall have his clothes or ſhoes made or mended, but by a Brother-member.

XII. No Nonjuror ſhall be capable of being a Member.

The morality of this little Club is guarded by ſuch wholeſome laws and penalties, that I queſtion not but my reader will be as well pleaſed with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben Johnſon,* the regulations of an old *Roman* Club cited by *Lipſius,* or the rules of a *Sympoſium* in an ancient *Greek* Author.

Monday,

N° 10. *Monday, March* 12.

Non aliter quam qui adverſo vix flumine lembum
Remigiis ſubigit: ſi brachia forte remiſit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni. Virg.

IT is with much ſatisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after theſe my papers, and receiving my morning Lectures with a becoming ſerioufneſs and attention. My publiſher tells me, that there are already three thouſand of them diſtributed every day: So that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modeſt computation, I may reckon about threeſcore thouſand Diſciples in *London* and *Weſtminſter*, who I hope will take care to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the thoughtleſs herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raiſed to myſelf ſo great an audience, I ſhall ſpare no pains to make their inſtruction agreeable, and their diverſion uſeful. For which reaſons I ſhall endeavor to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my readers may, if poſſible, both ways find their account in the Speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and diſcretion may not be ſhort tranſient intermitting ſtarts of thought, I have reſolved to refreſh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that deſperate ſtate of Vice and Folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a ſingle day, ſprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a conſtant and aſſiduous culture. It was ſaid of *Socrates*, that he brought Philoſophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among men; and I ſhall be ambitious to have it ſaid of me, that I have brought Philoſophy out of Cloſets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Aſſemblies, at Tea-tables and in Coffee-houſes.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend theſe my Speculations to all well-regulated families, that ſet apart an hour every morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earneſtly adviſe them for their good, to order this paper to be punctually ſerved up, and to be looked upon as a part of the Tea equipage.

SIR,

SIR *Francis Bacon* obſerves, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagoniſts, is like *Moſes*'s Serpent, that immediately ſwallowed up and devoured thoſe of the *AEgyptians*. I ſhall not be ſo vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other public prints will vaniſh; But ſhall leave it to my reader's conſideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's ſelf, than to hear what paſſes in *Muſcovy* or *Poland;* and to amuſe ourſelves with ſuch writings as tend to the wearing out ignorance, paſſion, and prejudice, than ſuch as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcileable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily peruſal of thoſe Gentlemen whom I cannot but conſider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or lazineſs of their diſpoſitions, have no other buſineſs with the reſt of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this Claſs of men are comprehended all contemplative Tradeſmen, titular Phyſicians, Fellows of the Royal-ſociety, Templers that are not given to be contentious, and Stateſmen that are out of buſineſs: in ſhort, every one that conſiders the world as a Theatre, and deſires to form a right judgment of thoſe who are the actors on it.

There is another ſet of men that I muſt likewiſe lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurniſhed with Ideas, till the buſineſs and converſation of the day has ſupplied them. I have often conſidered thoſe poor ſouls with an eye of great commiſeration, when I have heard them aſking the firſt man they have met with, whether there was any news ſtirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. Theſe needy perſons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve o' clock in the morning: for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind ſits, and whether the *Dutch* Mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the firſt man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earneſtly entreat them not to ſtir out of their chambers till they have this paper, and to promiſe them that I will daily inſtil into them ſuch ſound and wholeſome ſentiments, as ſhall have a good effect on their converſation for the enſuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more uſeful, than to the Female world. I have often thought there has not been ſufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diverſions for the Fair ones. Their amuſements ſeem contrived for them, rather as they are Women, than as they are reaſonable creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex than

to

to the Species. The Toilet is their ſcene of buſineſs, and the right adjuſting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The ſorting of a ſuit of Ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excurſion to a Mercer's or a Toyſhop, ſo great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing elſe all the day after. Their more ſerious occupations are ſewing and embroidery, and their greateſt drudgery the preparation of Jellies and Sweet-meats. This, I ſay, is the ſtate of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of thoſe of a more elevated life and converſation, that move in an exalted ſphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dreſs, and inſpire a kind of awe and reſpect, as well as love, into their Male-beholders. I hope to increaſe the number of theſe by publiſhing this daily paper, which I ſhall always endeavor to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at leaſt divert the minds of my Female readers from greater trifles. At the ſame time, as I would fain give ſome finiſhing touches to thoſe which are already the moſt beautiful pieces in human nature, I ſhall endeavor to point out all thoſe Imperfections that are the blemiſhes, as well as thoſe Virtues which are the embelliſhments of the Sex. In the mean while I hope theſe my gentle readers, who have ſo much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, ſince they may do it without any hindrance to buſineſs.

I know ſeveral of my friends and well-wiſhers are in great pain for me, leſt I ſhould not be able to keep up the ſpirit of a paper which I oblige myſelf to furniſh every day: but to make them eaſy in this particular, I will promiſe them faithfully to give it over as ſoon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great rallery to the ſmall Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promiſe, deſire me to keep my word, aſſure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleaſantries of the like nature, which men of a little ſmart Genius cannot forbear throwing out againſt their beſt friends, when they have ſuch a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat againſt this piece of rallery.

Wedneſday,

N° 12. *Wedneſday, March* 14.

———*Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.* Perſ.

AT my coming to *London,* it was ſome time before I could ſettle myſelf in a houſe to my liking. I was forced to quit my firſt lodgings, by reaſon of an officious Landlady, that would be aſking me every morning how I had ſlept. I then fell into an honeſt family and lived very happily for above a week; when my Landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly Landlord, who, as I ſaid before, was an honeſt hearty man, had put me into an Advertiſement of the *Daily Courant,* in the following words. *Whereas a melancholy man left his Lodgings on* Thurſday *laſt in the Afternoon, and was afterwards ſeen going towards* Iſlington; *If any one can give notice of him to* R. B. *Fiſhmonger in the* Strand, *he ſhall be very well rewarded for his pains.* As I am the beſt man in the world to keep my own counſel, and my Landlord the Fiſhmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never diſcovered to this very day.

I am now ſettled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humor in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together theſe five years; my Coffee comes into my chamber every morning without aſking for it; if I want fire I point to my chimney, if water to my Baſon: upon which my Landlady nodds, as much as to ſay ſhe takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my ſignals. She has likewiſe modeled her family ſo well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his elder ſiſter immediately calls him off, and bids him not diſturb the Gentleman. At my firſt entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their riſing up to me every time I came into the room; but my Landlady obſerving that upon theſe occaſions I always cried Piſh, and went out again, has forbidden any ſuch ceremony to be uſed in the houſe; ſo that at preſent I walk into the kitchen

or

or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the buſineſs or diſcourſe of the family. The maid will aſk her miſtreſs (though I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the miſtreſs (who is indeed an excellent houſewife) ſcolds at the ſervants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In ſhort, I move up and down the houſe and enter into all companies, with the ſame liberty as a Cat or any other domeſtic Animal, and am as little ſuſpected of telling any thing that I hear or ſee.

I remember laſt Winter there were ſeveral young girls of the neighbourhood ſitting about the fire with my Landlady's daughters, and telling ſtories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their diſcourſe, but my Landlady's daughters telling them it was nobody but the Gentleman (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family) they went on without minding me. I ſeated myſelf by the candle that ſtood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my pocket, heard ſeveral dreadful ſtories of Ghoſts as pale as aſhes that had ſtood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light: and of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea,* for diſturbing people's reſt, and drawing their Curtains at midnight; with many other old womens fables of the like nature. As one Spirit raiſed another, I obſerved that at the end of every ſtory the whole company cloſed their ranks, and crouded about the fire: I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was ſo attentive to every ſtory, that I am miſtaken if he ventures to go to bed by himſelf this twelvemonth. Indeed they talked ſo long, that the imaginations of the whole aſſembly were manifeſtly crazed, and I am ſure will be the worſe for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her ſhoulder, aſking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I uſed to do. This put me under ſome apprehenſions that I ſhould be forced to explain myſelf if I did not retire; for which reaſon I took the Candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakneſs in reaſonable Creatures, that they ſhould love to aſtoniſh and terrify one another. Were I a Father, I ſhould take a particular care to preſerve my children from theſe little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to ſhake off when they are in years. I have known a Soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own ſhadow; and look pale upon a little ſcratching at his door, who the day before had marched up againſt a battery of Cannon. There are inſtances of perſons, who have been terrified even to diſtraction, at the figure of a

tree, or the ſhaking of a bull-ruſh. The truth of it is, I look upon a ſound imagination as the greateſt bleſſing of Life, next to a clear judgment and a good conſcience. In the mean time, ſince there are very few whoſe minds are not more or leſs ſubject to theſe dreadful thoughts and apprehenſions, we ought to arm ourſelves againſt them by the dictates of reaſon and religion, *to pull the old woman out of our hearts* (as *Perſius* expreſſes it in the Motto of my paper) and extinguiſh thoſe impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their Abſurdity. Or if we believe, as many wiſe and good men have done, that there are ſuch Phantoms and Apparitions as thoſe I have been ſpeaking of, let us endeavor to eſtabliſh to ourſelves an intereſt in him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and moderates them after ſuch a manner, that it is impoſſible for one Being to break looſe upon another without his knowledge and permiſſion.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with thoſe who believe that all the regions of nature ſwarm with Spirits; and that we have multitudes of ſpectators on all our actions, when we think ourſelves moſt alone: But inſtead of terrifying myſelf with ſuch a notion, I am wonderfully pleaſed to think that I am always engaged with ſuch an innumerable Society, in ſearching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the ſame conſort of praiſe and adoration.

Milton has finely deſcribed this mixed communion of men and ſpirits in Paradiſe; and had doubtleſs his eye upon a verſe in old *Heſiod*, which is almoſt word for word the ſame with his third line in the following paſſage.

> ——— *Nor think, though Men were none,*
> *That Heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe:*
> *Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth*
> *Unſeen, both when we wake and when we ſleep;*
> *All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold*
> *Both day and night. How often from the ſteep*
> *Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard*
> *Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,*
> *Sole, or reſponſive each to other's note,*
> *Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,*
> *While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,*
> *With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds,*
> *In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs*
> *Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.*

Thurſday,

N° 13. *Thurſday, March* 15.

Dic mihi, ſi fueras tu Leo, qualis eris? Mart.

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amuſement to the town than Signior *Nicolini*'s combat with a Lion in the *Hay-Market*, which has been very often exhibited to the general ſatisfaction of moſt of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of *Great Britain*. Upon the firſt rumor of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is ſtill believed by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame Lion ſent from the *Tower* every Opera night, in order to be killed, by *Hydaſpes;* this report, though altogether groundleſs, ſo univerſally prevailed in the upper regions of the Play-houſe, that ſome of the moſt refined Politicians in thoſe parts of the audience give it out in whiſper, that the Lion was a Couſin-german of the Tiger who made his appearance in King *William*'s days, and that the Stage would be ſupplied with Lions at the public expence, during the whole Seſſion. Many likewiſe were the conjectures of the treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior *Nicolini;* ſome ſuppoſed that he was to ſubdue him in *Recitativo,* as *Orpheus* uſed to ſerve the wild beaſts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; ſome fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the Hero, by reaſon of the received opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin: ſeveral who pretended to have ſeen the Opera in *Italy*, had informed their friends, that the Lion was to act a part in *High-Dutch,* and roar twice or thrice to a *Thorough Baſs*, before he fell at the feet of *Hydaſpes.* To clear up a matter that was ſo variouſly reported, I have made it my buſineſs to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the Savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my diſcoveries, I muſt acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes laſt winter, as I was thinking on ſomething elſe, I accidentally juſtled againſt a monſtrous animal that extremely ſtartled me, and upon my nearer ſurvey of it, appeared to be a Lion rampant. The Lion, ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed, told me in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleaſed: *For* (ſays he) *I do not intend to hurt any body.* I thanked him very kindly, and paſſed by him.

And in a little time after ſaw him leap upon the ſtage, and act his part with very great applauſe. It has been obſerved by ſeveral, that the Lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice ſince his firſt appearance; which will not ſeem ſtrange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the audience three ſeveral times. The firſt Lion was a Candle-ſnuffer, who being a fellow of a teſty choleric temper over-did his part, and would not ſuffer himſelf to be killed ſo eaſily as he ought to have done; beſides it was obſerved of him, that he grew more ſurly every time he came out of the Lion, and having dropt ſome words in ordinary converſation, as if he had not fought his beſt, and that he ſuffered himſelf to be thrown upon his back in the ſcuffle, and that he would wreſtle with Mr. *Nicolini* for what he pleaſed, out of his Lion's ſkin, it was thought proper to diſcard him: and it is verily believed, to this day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done miſchief. Beſides, it was objected againſt the firſt Lion, that he reared himſelf ſo high upon his hinder paws, and walked in ſo erect a poſture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

The Second Lion was a Taylor by trade, who belonged to the Playhouſe, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profeſſion. If the former was too furious, this was too ſheepiſh, for his part; inſomuch that after a ſhort modeſt walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the firſt touch of *Hydaſpes*, without grapling with him, and giving him an opportunity of ſhewing his variety of *Italian* Trips: it is ſaid indeed that he once gave him a rip in his fleſh-colored Doublet; but this was only to make work for himſelf, in his private character of a Taylor. I muſt not omit that it was this ſecond Lion who treated me with ſo much humanity behind the Scenes.

The acting Lion at preſent is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his diverſion, but deſires his name may be concealed. He ſays very handſomely in his own excuſe, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleaſure in it; and that it is better to paſs away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking: but at the ſame time ſays, with a very agreeable rallery upon himſelf, That if his name ſhould be known, the ill-natured world might call him *The Aſs in the Lion's ſkin.* This Gentleman's temper is made out of ſuch a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he out-does both his predeceſſors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I muſt not conclude my Narrative, without taking notice of a groundleſs report that has been raiſed, to a Gentleman's diſadvantage, of whom I muſt declare myſelf an admirer; namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the Lion have been

been ſeen ſitting peaceably by one another, and ſmoaking a Pipe together, behind the Scenes; by which their common enemies would inſinuate, that it is but a ſham combat which they repreſent upon the Stage: but upon enquiry I find, that if any ſuch correſpondence has paſſed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the Lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the *Drama*. Beſides, this is what is practiſed every day in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, where nothing is more uſual than to ſee a couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as ſoon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who in acting this part only complies with the wretched taſte of his audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more admirers than himſelf; as they ſay of the famous *Equeſtrian* Statue on the *Pont Neuf* at *Paris*, that more people go to ſee the Horſe, than the King who ſits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a juſt indignation to ſee a perſon whoſe action gives new Majeſty to Kings, Reſolution to Heroes, and Softneſs to Lovers, thus ſinking from the greatneſs of his behavior, and degraded into the character of *the* London *Prentice*. I have often wiſhed, that our Tragedians would copy after this great Maſter in Action. Could they make the ſame uſe of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as ſignificant looks and paſſions, how glorious would an *Engliſh* Tragedy appear with that Action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expreſſions of an *Italian* Opera. In the mean time, I have related this combat of the Lion, to ſhew what are at preſent the reigning entertainments of the politer part of *Great Britain*.

Audiences have often been reproached by Writers for the coarſeneſs of their taſte; but our preſent grievance does not ſeem to be the want of a good Taſte, but of Common Senſe.

Saturday,

N° 15. *Saturday, March* 17.

Parva leves capiunt animos ——— Ovid.

WHEN I was in *France*, I uſed to gaze with great aſtoniſhment at the ſplendid equipages, and party-colored habits, of that fantaſtic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a Lady, that ſat in a Coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The Coach was drawn by ſix milk-white horſes, and loaden behind with the ſame number of powdered Footmen. Juſt before the Lady were a couple of beautiful Pages, that were ſtuck among the harneſs, and, by their gay dreſſes and ſmiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little Boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the Coach.

The Lady was the unfortunate *Cleanthe*, who afterwards gave an occaſion to a pretty melancholy Novel. She had, for ſeveral years, received the addreſſes of a Gentleman, whom after a long and intimate acquaintance ſhe forſook, upon the account of this ſhining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy conſtitution. The circumſtances in which I ſaw her, were, it ſeems, the diſguiſes only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover diſtreſs; for in two months after ſhe was carried to her grave with the ſame pomp and magnificence; being ſent thither partly by the loſs of one Lover, and partly by the poſſeſſion of another.

I have often reflected with myſelf on this unaccountable humor in Woman-kind, of being ſmitten with every thing that is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and on the numberleſs evils that befal the Sex, from this light, fantaſtical diſpoſition. I myſelf remember a young Lady, that was very warmly ſolicited by a couple of importunate Rivals, who for ſeveral months together did all they could to recommend themſelves, by complacency of behavior, and agreeableneſs of converſation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himſelf of adding a ſupernumerary lace to his Liveries, which had ſo good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The uſual converſation of ordinary women very much cheriſhes this natural weakneſs of being taken with outſide and appearance. Talk of a new-married

married couple, and you will immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and ſix, or eat in Plate: mention the name of an abſent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn ſomething of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great help to diſcourſe, and a Birth-day furniſhes converſation for a twelvemonth after. A Furbelow of precious ſtones, a Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade waiſtcoat or petticoat, are ſtanding topics. In ſhort, they conſider only the drapery of the Species, and never caſt away a thought on thoſe ornaments of the Mind, that make perſons illuſtrious in themſelves, and uſeful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colors, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the ſuperficial parts of life, than the ſolid and ſubſtantial bleſſings of it. A Girl, who has been trained up in this kind of converſation, is in danger of every embroider'd coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed Gloves may be her ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, ſilver and gold Galloons, with the like glittering gew-gaws, are ſo many lures to women of weak minds or low educations, and, when artificially diſplayed, are able to fetch down the moſt airy Coquette from the wildeſt of her flights and rambles.

True Happineſs is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noiſe; it ariſes, in the firſt place, from the enjoyment of one's ſelf; and, in the next, from the friendſhip and converſation of a few ſelect companions. It loves ſhade and ſolitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: In ſhort, it feels every thing it wants within itſelf, and receives no addition from multitudes of witneſſes and ſpectators. On the contrary, Falſe Happineſs loves to be in a croud, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any ſatisfaction from the applauſes which ſhe gives herſelf, but from the admiration which ſhe raiſes in others. She floriſhes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Aſſemblies, and has no exiſtence but when ſhe is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great Quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and paſſes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her Huſband, who is her boſom friend, and companion in her ſolitudes, has been in love with her ever ſince he knew her. They both abound with good ſenſe, conſummate virtue, and a mutual eſteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under ſo regular an oeconomy, in its hours of devotion and repaſt, employment and diverſion, that it looks like a little Commonwealth within itſelf. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and ſometimes live in town, not to enjoy it ſo properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themſelves the reliſh of a country life.

life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their ſervants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of *Fulvia!* ſhe conſiders her Huſband as her Steward, and looks upon diſcretion and good houſewifry as little domeſtic virtues, unbecoming a woman of Quality. She thinks life loſt in her own family, and fancies herſelf out of the world when ſhe is not in the Ring, the Play-houſe, or the Drawing-room: She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and reſtleſneſs of thought, and is never eaſy in any one place, when ſhe thinks there is more company in another. The miſſing of an Opera the firſt night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own ſex; and calls every woman of a prudent modeſt retired life, a poor-ſpirited unpoliſhed creature. What a mortification would it be to *Fulvia,* if ſhe knew that her ſetting herſelf to view is but expoſing herſelf, and that ſhe grows contemptible by being conſpicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without obſerving that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this female paſſion for dreſs and ſhow, in the character of *Camilla;* who, though ſhe ſeems to have ſhaken off all the other weakneſſes of her ſex, is ſtill deſcribed as a Woman in this particular. The Poet tells us, that after having made a great ſlaughter of the enemy, ſhe unfortunately caſt her eye on a *Trojan,* who wore an embroidered Tunick, a beautiful Coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the fineſt purple. *A golden bow,* ſays he, *hung upon his ſhoulder; his Garment was buckled with a golden Claſp, and his head covered with an Helmet of the ſame ſhining Metal.* The *Amazon* immediately ſingled out this well-dreſſed warrior, being ſeized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with.

———*Totumque incauta per agmen*
Fœmineo prædæ et ſpoliorum ardebat amore.

This heedleſs purſuit after theſe glittering trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) repreſents to have been the deſtruction of his female Hero.

Monday,

N° 16. *Monday, March* 19.

Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc ſum. Hor.

I Have received a Letter, deſiring me to be very ſatirical upon the little Muff that is now in faſhion; another informs me of a pair of ſilver Garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately ſeen at the *Rainbow* Coffee-houſe in *Fleet-ſtreet;* a third ſends me a heavy complaint againſt Fringed Gloves. To be brief, there is ſcarce an ornament of either Sex which one or other of my Correſpondents has not inveigh'd againſt with ſome bitterneſs, and recommended to my obſervation. I muſt therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to ſink the dignity of this my Paper with reflections upon red-heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the paſſions of Mankind, and to correct thoſe depraved ſentiments that give birth to all thoſe little extravagances which appear in their outward dreſs and behavior. Foppiſh and fantaſtic ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themſelves. Extinguiſh vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little ſuperfluities of garniture and equipage. The bloſſoms will fall of themſelves, when the root that nouriſhes them is deſtroyed.

I ſhall therefore, as I have ſaid, apply my remedies to the firſt ſeeds and principles of an affected Dreſs, without deſcending to the Dreſs itſelf; though at the ſame time I muſt own, that I have thoughts of creating an Officer under me, to be entitled, *The Cenſor of ſmall Wares,* and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of ſuch his Office. An Operator of this nature might act under me, with the ſame regard as a Surgeon to a Phyſician; that one might be employed in healing thoſe blotches and tumors which break out in the body, while the other is ſweetning the blood and rectifying the conſtitution. To ſpeak truly, the young people of both Sexes are ſo wonderfully apt to ſhoot out into long Swords or ſweeping Trains, buſhy Head-dreſſes or full-bottomed Perriwigs, with ſeveral other incumbrances of Dreſs, that they ſtand in need of being pruned very frequently, leſt they ſhould be oppreſſed with ornaments, and over-run with the luxuriance of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I ſhould give the preference to a Quaker that is trimmed cloſe and almoſt cut to

the quick, or to a Beau that is loaden with ſuch a redundance of excreſcences. I muſt therefore deſire my Correſpondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of ſuch a petty Cenſorſhip may not turn to the emolument of the public; for I would not do any thing of this nature raſhly and without advice.

There is another ſet of Correſpondents to whom I muſt addreſs myſelf in the ſecond place; I mean, ſuch as fill their Letters with private ſcandal, and black accounts of particular perſons and families. The world is ſo full of ill-nature, that I have Lampoons ſent me by people who cannot ſpell, and Satires compoſed by thoſe who ſcarce know how to write. By the laſt poſt in particular I received a packet of Scandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of Letters in womens hands that are full of blots and calumnies, inſomuch that when I ſee the name *Cælia*, *Phillis, Paſtora,* or the like, at the bottom of a ſcrawl, I conclude on courſe that it brings me ſome account of a fallen Virgin, a faithleſs Wife, or an amorous Widow. I muſt therefore inform theſe my Correſpondents, that it is not my deſign to be a publiſher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous ſtories out of their preſent lurking holes into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious, I ſhall only ſet upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worſt uſage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular Criminal. In ſhort, I have ſo much of a *Draw-canſir* in me, that I ſhall paſs over a ſingle Foe to charge whole Armies. It is not *Lais* or *Silenus,* but the harlot and the drunkard, whom I ſhall endeavor to expoſe; and ſhall conſider the crime as it appears in a ſpecies, not as it is circumſtanced in an individual. I think it was *Caligula,* who wiſhed the whole city of *Rome* had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I ſhall do out of humanity, what that Emperor would have done in cruelty of his temper, and aim every ſtroke at a collective body of Offenders. At the ſame time I am very ſenſible, that nothing ſpreads a Paper like private calumny and defamation; but as my Speculations are not under this neceſſity, they are not expoſed to this temptation.

In the next place I muſt apply myſelf to my Party correſpondents, who are continually teazing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I aſked by both ſides, if it is poſſible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is oppoſite to him that writes the Letter. About two days ſince I was reproached with an old *Grecian* law, that forbids any man to ſtand as a Neuter or a Looker-on in the diviſions of his country. However, as I am very ſenſible my Paper would loſe its whole effect, ſhould it run into the outrages of a Party, I ſhall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that

that way. If I can any way aſſuage private Inflammations, or allay public Ferments, I ſhall apply myſelf to it with my utmoſt endeavors; but will never let my heart reproach me, with having done any thing towards encreaſing thoſe feuds and animoſities that extinguiſh Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miſerable.

What I have ſaid under the three foregoing heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my Correſpondents: I ſhall therefore acquaint my reader, that if he has ſtarted any hint which he is not able to purſue, if he has met with any ſurpriſing ſtory which he does not know how to tell, if he has diſcovered any epidemical vice which has eſcaped my obſervation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would deſire to publiſh; in ſhort, if he has any materials that can furniſh out an innocent diverſion, I ſhall promiſe him my beſt aſſiſtance in the working of them up for a public entertainment.

This Paper my reader will find was intended for an anſwer to a multitude of Correſpondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I ſingle out one of them in particular, who has made me ſo very humble a requeſt, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, *March*, 15, 1710-11.

"I Am at preſent ſo unfortunate, as to have nothing to do but to mind "my own buſineſs; and therefore beg of you that you will be pleaſed "to put me into ſome ſmall Poſt under you. I obſerve that you have ap- "pointed your Printer and Publiſher to receive Letters and Advertiſe- "ments for the City of *London;* and ſhall think myſelf very much honored "by you, if you will appoint me to take in Letters and Advertiſements "for the City of *Weſtminſter* and the Dutchy of *Lancaſter*. Though I cannot "promiſe to fill ſuch an employment with ſufficient abilities, I will endea- "vor to make up with Induſtry and fidelity what I want in parts and ge- "nius. I am,

SIR, Your moſt obedient Servant,

Charles Lillie.

N° 18. *Wedneſday, March* 21.

———Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia vana. Hor.

IT is my deſign in this paper to deliver down to poſterity a faithful account of the *Italian* Opera, and of the gradual progreſs which it has made upon the *Engliſh* Stage; for there is no queſtion but our great grandchildren will be very curious to know the reaſon why their fore-fathers uſed to ſit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not underſtand.

Arſinoe, was the firſt Opera that gave us a taſte of *Italian* Muſic. The great ſucceſs this Opera met with, produced ſome attempts of forming pieces upon *Italian* Plans, which ſhould give a more natural and reaſonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the Poetaſters and Fidlers of the town, who were uſed to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an eſtabliſhed rule, which is received as ſuch to this day, *That nothing is capable of being well ſet to Muſic, that is not Nonſenſe.*

This maxim was no ſooner received, but we immediately fell to tranſlating the *Italian* Operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the ſenſe of thoſe extraordinary pieces, our Authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the paſſages they pretended to tranſlate; their chief care being to make the numbers of the *Engliſh* verſe anſwer to thoſe of the *Italian,* that both of them might go to the ſame tune. Thus the famous ſong in *Camilla,*

Barbara ſi t'intendo, &c.

Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning,

which expreſſes the reſentments of an angry Lover, was tranſlated into that *Engliſh* lamentation,

Frail are a Lover's hopes, &c.

And

And it was pleaſant enough to ſee the moſt refined perſons of the *Britiſh* nation dying away and languiſhing to Notes that were filled with a ſpirit of rage and indignation. It happened alſo very frequently, where the ſenſe was rightly tranſlated, the neceſſary tranſpoſition of words which were drawn out of the Phraſe of one tongue into that of another, made the Muſic appear very abſurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an *Italian* verſe that ran thus word for word,

And turn'd my rage into pity;

which the *Engliſh* for rhime ſake tranſlated,

And into pity turn'd my rage.

By this means the ſoft Notes that were adapted to *Pity* in the *Italian*, fell upon the word *Rage* in the *Engliſh;* and the angry ſounds that were tuned to *Rage* in the original, were made to expreſs *Pity* in the tranſlation. It oftentimes happened likewiſe, that the fineſt Notes in the Air fell upon the moſt inſignificant words in the ſentence. I have known the word *And* purſued through the whole Gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *The*, and have heard the moſt beautiful Graces, Quavers and Diviſions beſtowed upon *Then*, *For*, and *From;* to the eternal honor of our *Engliſh* Particles.

The next ſtep to our refinement, was the introducing of *Italian* Actors into our Opera; who ſung their parts in their own language, at the ſame time that our Country-men performed theirs in our native tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally ſpoke in *Italian*, and his Slaves anſwered him in *Engliſh;* the Lover frequently made his Court, and gained the heart of his Princeſs, in a language which ſhe did not underſtand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on Dialogues after this manner, without an interpreter between the perſons that converſed together: but this was the State of the *Engliſh* Stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of underſtanding half the Opera; and therefore to eaſe themſelves intirely of the fatigue of thinking, have ſo ordered it at preſent, that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer underſtand the Language of our own Stage; inſomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have ſeen our *Italian* performers chattering in the vehemence of action that they have been calling us names, and abuſing us among themſelves; but I hope, ſince we put ſuch an entire confidence in them, they will not talk againſt us before our faces, though they may do it with the ſame ſafety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Hiſtorian who writes

writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taſte of his wife fore-fathers, will make the following reflection, *In the beginning of the eighteenth Century the* Italian *tongue was ſo well underſtood in* England, *that Operas were acted on the public ſtage in that language.*

One ſcarce knows how to be ſerious in the confutation of an abſurdity that ſhews itſelf at the firſt ſight. It does not want any great meaſure of ſenſe to ſee the ridicule of this monſtrous practice; but what makes it the more aſtoniſhing, it is not the taſte of the rabble, but of perſons of the greateſt politeneſs, which has eſtabliſhed it.

If the *Italians* have a Genius for Muſic above the *Engliſh*, the *Engliſh* have a Genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was poſſible (at a time when an Author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a people to be ſo ſtupidly fond of the *Italian* Opera, as ſcarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Muſic is certainly a very agreeable entertainment, but if it would take the entire poſſeſſion of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing ſenſe, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human Nature; I muſt confeſs I would allow it no better quarter than *Plato* has done, who baniſhes it out of his commonwealth.

At preſent, our notions of Muſic are ſo very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only in general, we are tranſported with any thing that is not *Engliſh:* ſo it be of a foreign growth, let it be *Italian*, *French*, or *High-Dutch*, it is the ſame thing. In ſhort, our *Engliſh* Muſic is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its ſtead.

When a Royal Palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to preſent his Plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furniſh ſeveral hints that may be of uſe to a good Architect. I ſhall take the ſame liberty in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the ſubject of Muſic; which I ſhall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be conſidered by thoſe who are Maſters in the Art.

Saturday,

N° 21. *Saturday, March* 24.

——*Locus eſt et pluribus umbris.* Hor.

I Am ſometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great profeſſions of Divinity, Law and Phyſic; how they are each of them over-burdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious Gentlemen that ſtarve one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-officers, and Subalterns. Among the firſt we may reckon Biſhops, Deans and Arch-deacons. Among the ſecond are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear Scarfs. The reſt are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the firſt Claſs, our Conſtitution preſerves it from any redundancy of incumbents, not withſtanding Competitors are numberleſs. Upon a ſtrict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the ſecond diviſion, ſeveral Brevets having been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-officers; inſomuch that within my memory the price of Luſtring is raiſed above two pence in a yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the Laity, by the ſplitting of their Freeholds, they would be able to carry moſt of the Elections in *England*.

The body of the Law is no leſs encumbred with ſuperfluous members, that are like *Virgil*'s Army, which he tells us was ſo crouded, many of them had not room to uſe their weapons. This prodigious ſociety of men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the firſt are comprehended all thoſe who are carried down in coach-fulls to *Weſtminſter-hall*, every morning in term-time. *Martial*'s deſcription of this ſpecies of Lawyers is full of humor:

Iras et verba locant.

Men that hire out their words and anger; that are more or leſs paſſionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their Client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I muſt however obſerve to the reader, that above three parts of thoſe whom I reckon among the

the Litigious, are ſuch as are only quarrelſome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of ſhewing their paſſion at the Bar. Nevertheleſs, as they do not know what ſtrifes may ariſe, they appear at the Hall every day, that they may ſhew themſelves in a readineſs to enter the Liſts, whenever there ſhall be occaſion for them.

The Peaceable Lawyers are, in the firſt place, many of the Benchers of the ſeveral Inns of Court, who ſeem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with thoſe Qualifications of mind that accompliſh a man rather for a Ruler, than a Pleader. Theſe men live peaceably in their habitations, Eating once a day, and Dancing once a year, for the honor of their reſpective ſocieties.

Another numberleſs branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are thoſe young men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to ſtudy the Laws of their country, frequent the Play-houſe more than *Weſtminſter-hall,* and are ſeen in all public aſſemblies, except in a Court of Juſtice. I ſhall ſay nothing of thoſe ſilent and buſy multitudes that are employed within doors, in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances; nor of thoſe greater numbers that palliate their want of buſineſs with a pretence to ſuch Chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profeſſion of Phyſic, we ſhall find a moſt formidable body of men: the ſight of them is enough to make a man ſerious, for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in Phyſicians it grows thin of people. Sir *William Temple* is very much puzzled to find out a reaſon why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not ſend out ſuch prodigious ſwarms, and over-run the world with *Goths* and *Vandals*, as it did formerly; but had that excellent Author obſerved that there were no ſtudents in Phyſic among the Subjects of *Thor* and *Woden*, and that this ſcience very much flouriſhes in the North at preſent, he might have found a better ſolution for this difficulty than any of thoſe he has made uſe of. This body of men, in our own country, may be deſcribed like the *Britiſh* army in *Cæſar*'s time: ſome of them ſlay in Chariots, and ſome on foot. If the Infantry do leſs execution than the Charioteers, it is becauſe they cannot be carried ſo ſoon into all quarters of the town, and diſpatch ſo much buſineſs in ſo ſhort a time. Beſides this body of Regular troops, there are Stragglers, who without being duly liſted and enrolled, do infinite miſchief to thoſe who are ſo unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, beſides the above-mentioned, innumerable Retainers to Phyſic, who, for want of other patients, amuſe themſelves with the ſtifling of Cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive; or impaling of Inſects upon

upon the point of a needle for microſcopical obſervations; beſides thoſe that are employed in gathering of weeds, and the chace of Butterflies: not to mention the Cockleſhell-merchants and Spider-catchers.

When I conſider how each of theſe profeſſions are crouded with multitudes that ſeek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in each of them, who may be rather ſaid to be of the Science, than the Profeſſion; I very much wonder at the humor of Parents, who will not rather chuſe to place their Sons in a way of life where an honeſt induſtry cannot but thrive, than in ſtations where the greateſt Probity, Learning, and good Senſe may miſcarry. How many men are Country-curates, that might have made themſelves Aldermen of *London,* by a right improvement of a ſmaller ſum of money than what is uſually laid out upon a learned education? A ſober frugal perſon, of ſlender parts and a ſlow apprehenſion, might have thrived in Trade, though he ſtarves upon Phyſic; as a man would be well enough pleaſed to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his pulſe. *Vagellius* is careful, ſtudious and obliging, but withal a little thick-ſkulled; he has not a ſingle Client, but might have had abundance of Cuſtomers. The misfortune is, that Parents take a liking to a particular profeſſion, and therefore deſire their Sons may be of it. Whereas, in ſo great an affair of life, they ſhould conſider the Genius and Abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a Trading nation, that there are very few in it ſo dull and heavy, who may not be placed in ſtations of life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like Law, Phyſic, or Divinity, to be overſtocked with hands; but, on the contrary, floriſhes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its Profeſſors. Fleets of Merchant-men are ſo many ſquadrons of floating ſhops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the Tropics.

N° 23. *Tuesday, March* 27.

Sævit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immitere possit. Virg.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous Spirit than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation. Lampoons and Satires, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poisoned Darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humor and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain; he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil Society. His Satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and every thing that is praise-worthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these Arrows that fly in the dark; and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a Lampoon or a Satire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as marks of infamy or derision? And in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often observed a passage in *Socrates*'s behavior at his death, in a light wherein none of the Critics have considered it. That excellent man, entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entering upon it says, that he does not

not believe any the moſt Comic genius can cenſure him for talking upon ſuch a ſubject at ſuch a time. This paſſage, I think, evidently glances upon *Ariſtophanes,* who writ a Comedy on purpoſe to ridicule the diſcourſes of that divine Philoſopher. It has been obſerved by many writers, that *Socrates* was ſo little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was ſeveral times preſent at its being acted upon the Stage, and never expreſſed the leaſt reſentment of it. But with ſubmiſſion, I think the remark I have here made ſhews us that this unworthy treatment made an impreſſion upon his mind, though he had been too wiſe to diſcover it.

When *Julius Cæſar* was lampooned by *Catullus,* he invited him to a ſupper, and treated him with ſuch a generous civility, that he made the Poet his friend ever after. Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the ſame kind of treatment to the learned *Quillet,* who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous *Latin* Poem. The Cardinal ſent for him, and after ſome kind expoſtulations upon what he had written, aſſured him of his eſteem, and diſmiſſed him with a promiſe of the next good Abbey that ſhould fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had ſo good an effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the ſecond edition of his book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the paſſages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of ſo generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made Pope, the ſtatue of *Paſquin* was one night dreſſed in a very dirty ſhirt, with an excuſe written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen becauſe his Laundreſs was made a Princeſs. This was a reflection upon the Pope's Siſter, who, before the promotion of her Brother, was in thoſe mean circumſtances that *Paſquin* repreſented her. As this Paſquinade made a great noiſe in *Rome,* the Pope offered a conſiderable ſum of money to any perſon that ſhould diſcover the Author of it. The Author relying upon his Holineſs's Generoſity, as alſo on ſome private Overtures which he had received from him, made the diſcovery himſelf; upon which the Pope gave him the reward he had promiſed, but at the ſame time, to diſable the Satiriſt for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. *Aretine* is too trite an inſtance. Every one knows that all the Kings in *Europe* were his tributaries. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant, in which he makes his boaſts that he had laid the Sophi of *Perſia* under contribution.

Though in the various examples, which I have here drawn together, theſe ſeveral great Men behaved themſelves very differently towards the wits of the Age who had reproached them; they all plainly ſhewed that they were very ſenſible of their reproaches, and conſequently that they received

them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never truſt a man that I thought was capable of giving theſe ſecret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the perſon, whoſe reputation he thus aſſaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the ſame ſecurity. There is indeed ſomething very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scriblers of Lampoons. An innocent young Lady ſhall be expoſed, for an unhappy feature. A Father of a family turned to ridicule, for ſome domeſtic calamity. A wife be made uneaſy all her life, for a miſinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a juſt man, ſhall be put out of countenance, by the repreſentation of thoſe qualities that ſhould do him honor. So pernicious a thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedleſs inconſiderate writers, that without any malice have ſacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance, to a certain levity of temper, and a ſilly ambition, of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by a ſpirit of Rallery and Satire: as if it were not infinitely more honorable to be a Good-natur'd man, than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant humor in an Author, he is often very miſchievous without deſigning to be ſo. For which reaſon I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiſcreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and thoſe he wiſhes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occaſion, tranſcribing a Fable out of Sir *Roger l' Eſtrange*, which accidentally lies before me. " A " company of waggiſh Boys were watching of Frogs at the ſide of a Pond, " and ſtill as any of them put up their heads, they'd be pelting them " down again with ſtones. *Children* (ſays one of the Frogs) *you never con-* " *ſider that though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

As this Week is in a manner ſet apart and dedicated to ſerious thoughts, I ſhall indulge myſelf in ſuch Speculations as may not be altogether unſuitable to the ſeaſon; and in the mean time, as the ſettling in ourſelves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavored to expoſe that particular breach of Charity which has been generally over-looked by Divines, becauſe there are but few who can be guilty of it.

Thurſday,

N° 25. *Thurſday, March* 29.

——— *AEgreſcitque medendo.* Virg.

THE following Letter will explain itſelf, and needs no apology.

SIR,

"I Am one of that ſickly tribe who are commonly known by the name "of *Valetudinarians;* and do confeſs to you, that I firſt contracted this "ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the ſtudy of Phyſic. I no ſoon- "er began to peruſe books of this nature, but I found my pulſe was "irregular; and ſcarce ever read the account of any diſeaſe that I did not "fancy myſelf afflicted with. Doctor *Sydenham*'s learned treatiſe of Fe- "vers threw me into a lingering Hectic, which hung upon me all the "while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myſelf to the "ſtudy of ſeveral Authors, who have written upon Phthiſical Diſtempers, "and by that means fell into a Conſumption; till at length growing very "fat, I was in a manner ſhamed out of that imagination. Not long after "this I found in myſelf all the ſymptoms of the Gout, except pain; "but was cured of it by a Treatiſe upon the Gravel, written by a very "ingenious Author, who (as it is uſual for Phyſicians to convert one diſ- "temper into another) eaſed me of the Gout, by giving me the Stone. "I at length ſtudied myſelf into a complication of diſtempers; but, acci- "dentally taking into my hand that ingenious diſcourſe written by "*Sanctorius*, I was reſolved to direct myſelf by a ſcheme of Rules, which I "had collected from his obſervations. The learned world are very well "acquainted with that Gentleman's invention; who, for the better car- "rying on of his experiments, contrived a certain Mathematical Chair, "which was ſo artificially hung upon ſprings, that it would weigh any "thing as well as a pair of Scales. By this means he diſcovered how ma- "ny ounces of his food paſſed by perſpiration, what quantity of it was "turned into nouriſhment, and how much went away by the other chan- "nels and diſtributions of Nature.

"Having

" Having provided myſelf with this Chair, I uſed to ſtudy, eat, drink, " and ſleep in it; inſomuch that I may be ſaid, for theſe three laſt years, " to have lived in a pair of Scales. I compute myſelf, when I am in full " health, to be preciſely two hundred weight, falling ſhort of it about a " pound after a day's faſt, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; " ſo that it is my continual employment, to trim the balance between theſe " two volatile pounds in my conſtitution. In my ordinary Meals I fetch " myſelf up to two hundred weight and half a pound; and if after having " dined I find myſelf fall ſhort of it, I drink juſt ſo much ſmall-beer, or " eat ſuch a quantity of bread, as is ſufficient to make me weight. In " my greateſt exceſſes I do not tranſgreſs more than the other half pound; " which for my health's ſake, I do the firſt *Monday* in every month. As " ſoon as I find myſelf duly poiſed after dinner, I walk till I have per- " ſpired five ounces and four ſcruples; and when I diſcover, by my Chair, " that I am ſo far reduced, I fall to my books, and ſtudy away three ounces " more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of " them. I do not dine and ſup by the Clock, but by my Chair; for when " that informs me my pound of food is exhauſted, I conclude myſelf to be " hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abſtinence " I loſe a pound and an half, and on ſolemn Faſts, am two pound lighter " than on other days in the year.

" I allow myſelf, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of ſleep " within a few grains more or leſs; and if upon my riſing I find that I " have not conſumed my whole quantity, I take out the reſt in my Chair. " Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the laſt " year, which I always regiſter in a book, I find the medium to be two " hundred weight, ſo that I cannot diſcover that I am impaired one ounce " in my health during a whole twelve-month. And yet, Sir, notwithſtand- " ing this my great care to ballaſt myſelf equally every day, and to keep " my body in its proper poiſe, ſo it is that I find myſelf in a ſick and " languiſhing condition. My complexion is grown very ſallow, my Pulſe " low, and my Body hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to conſider " me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than " thoſe I have already obſerved, and you will very much oblige

Your humble Servant.

This Letter puts me in mind of an *Italian* Epitaph written on the monument of a *Valetudinarian; Stavo ben, ma per ſtar meglio, ſto qui:* which it is impoſſible to tranſlate. The Fear of Death often proves mortal, and ſets people on methods to ſave their lives, which infallibly deſtroy them. This is

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a reflection made by ſome Hiſtorians, upon obſerving that there are many more thouſands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to thoſe multitudes of imaginary ſick perſons that break their Conſtitutions by Phyſic, and throw themſelves into the arms of Death, by endeavoring to eſcape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reaſonable Creature. To conſult the preſervation of life, as the only end of it, To make our health our buſineſs, To engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or courſe of Phyſic; are purpoſes ſo abject, ſo mean, ſo unworthy Human Nature, that a generous Soul would rather die than ſubmit to them. Beſides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the reliſhes of it, and caſts a gloom over the whole face of Nature; as it is impoſſible we ſhould take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of loſing.

I do not mean, by what I have here ſaid, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as chearfulneſs of mind, and capacity for buſineſs, are in a great meaſure the effects of a well-tempered Conſtitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preſerve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common ſenſe, but by duty and inſtinct, ſhould never engage us in groundleſs fears, melancholy apprehenſions, and imaginary diſtempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In ſhort, the preſervation of life ſhould be only a ſecondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we ſhall take the beſt means to preſerve life, without being over-ſolicitous about the event; and ſhall arrive at that point of felicity which *Martial* has mentioned as the perfection of Happineſs, of neither fearing nor wiſhing for Death.

In anſwer to the Gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by ſcruples, and inſtead of complying with thoſe natural ſolicitations of hunger and thirſt, drowſineſs or love of exerciſe, governs himſelf by the preſcriptions of his Chair, I ſhall tell him a ſhort fable. *Jupiter*, ſays the Mythologiſt, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promiſed to give him whatever he would aſk. The countryman deſired that he might have the management of the weather in his own eſtate: he obtained his requeſt, and immediately diſtributed rain, ſnow, and ſunſhine among his ſeveral fields, as he thought the nature of the ſoil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to ſee a more than ordinary crop, his harveſt fell infinitely ſhort of that of his neighbours: upon which (ſays the fable) he deſired *Jupiter* to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwiſe he ſhould utterly ruin himſelf.

Friday,

N° 26. *Friday, March* 30.

Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Seſti,
Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam:
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia ——— Hor.

WHEN I am in a ſerious humor, I very often walk by myſelf in *Weſtminſter* Abbey; where the gloominefs of the place, and the uſe to which it is applied, with the ſolemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulneſs, that is not diſagreeable. I yeſterday paſſed a whole afternoon in the Churchyard, the Cloiſters, and the Church, amuſing myſelf with the Tombſtones and Inſcriptions that I met with in thoſe ſeveral regions of the dead. Moſt of them recorded nothing elſe of the buried perſon, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole hiſtory of his life being comprehended in thoſe two circumſtances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon theſe Regiſters of exiſtence, whether of Braſs or Marble, as a kind of Satire upon the departed perſons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of ſeveral perſons mentioned in the battles of Heroic Poems, who have ſounding names given them, for no other reaſon but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαῦκόν τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε. Hom.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therſilochumque. Virg.

The life of theſe men is finely deſcribed in Holy Writ by *the Path of an Arrow,* which is immediately cloſed up and loſt.

Upon my going into the Church, I entertained myſelf with the digging of a grave; and ſaw in every ſhovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or ſkull intermixt with a kind of freſh mouldering earth, that ſome time or other had a place in the compoſition of an human body. Upon

on this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Priests and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were, in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the Monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant Epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in *Greek* or *Hebrew,* and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the Poetical quarter, I found there were Poets who had no Monuments, and Monuments which had no Poets. I observed indeed that the present War had filled the Church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of *Blenheim,* or in the Bosom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern Epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honor to the living as well as to the dead. As a Foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a Nation, from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir *Cloudesley Shovel*'s monument has very often given me great offence: instead of the brave rough *English* Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his Tomb by the figure of a Beau, dressed in a long Perriwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State. The Inscription is answerable to the Monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honor. The *Dutch,* whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The Monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the public expence, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with

roſtral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful feſtoons of ſea-weed, ſhells, and coral.

But to return to our ſubject. I have left the repoſitory of our *Engliſh* Kings for the contemplation of another day, when I ſhall find my mind diſpoſed for ſo ſerious an amuſement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raiſe dark and diſmal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always ſerious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and ſolemn ſcenes, with the ſame pleaſure as in her moſt gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myſelf with thoſe objects, which others conſider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the Great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate deſire goes out; when I meet with the grief of Parents upon a tomb-ſtone, my heart melts with compaſſion; when I ſee the tomb of the Parents themſelves, I conſider the vanity of grieving for thoſe whom we muſt quickly follow: when I ſee Kings lying by thoſe who depoſed them, when I conſider rival-wits placed ſide by ſide, or the holy men that divided the world with their conteſts and diſputes, I reflect with ſorrow and aſtoniſhment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the ſeveral dates of the tombs, of ſome that died yeſterday, and ſome ſix hundred years ago, I conſider that great day when we ſhall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

N° 28. *Monday, April* 2.

——— *Neque ſemper arcum*
Tendit Apollo. Hor.

I Shall here preſent my reader with a Letter from a Projector, concerning a new Office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embelliſhment of the City, and to the driving barbarity out of our ſtreets. I conſider it as a Satire upon Projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern Criticiſm.

SIR,

"OBſerving that you have thoughts of creating certain Officers under you, "for the inſpection of ſeveral petty enormities which you yourſelf can-"not attend to; and finding daily abſurdities hung out upon the ſign-poſts of "this

" this city, to the great ſcandal of foreigners, as well as thoſe of our own " country, who are curious ſpectators of the ſame: I do humbly propoſe, " that you would be pleaſed to make me your Superintendent of all ſuch " figures and devices as are or ſhall be made uſe of on this occaſion; with " full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I ſhall find irregular or de- " fective. For want of ſuch an Officer, there is nothing like ſound litera- " ture and good ſenſe to be met with in thoſe objects, that are every where " thruſting themſelves out to the eye, and endeavoring to become viſible. " Our ſtreets are filled with blue Boars, black Swans, and red Lions; not " to mention flying Pigs, Hogs in armour, with many other creatures " more extraordinary than any in the deſerts of *Afric*. Strange! that one " who has all the birds and beaſts in nature to chuſe out of, ſhould live at " the Sign of an *Ens Rationis!*

" My firſt taſk therefore ſhould be, like that of *Hercules*, to clear the city " from Monſters. In the ſecond place I would forbid, that creatures of " jarring and incongruous natures ſhould be joined together in the ſame " ſign; ſuch as the Bell and the Neat's-tongue, the Dog and Gridiron. The " Fox and Gooſe may be ſuppoſed to have met; but what has the Fox and " the ſeven Stars to do together? And when did the Lamb and Dolphin " ever meet, except upon a ſign-poſt? As for the Cat and Fiddle, there is a " conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here " ſaid ſhould affect it. I muſt however obſerve to you upon this ſubject, that " it is uſual for a young Tradeſman, at his firſt ſetting up, to add to his own " Sign that of the Maſter whom he ſerved; as the Huſband after marriage, " gives a place to his Miſtreſs's Arms in his own Coat. This I take to have " given riſe to many of thoſe abſurdities which are committed over our heads; " and, as I am informed, firſt occaſioned the three Nuns and a Hare, which " we ſee ſo frequently joined together. I would therefore eſtabliſh certain " rules, for the determining how far one Tradeſman may *give* the ſign of " another, and in what caſes he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

" In the third place, I would enjoin every Shop to make uſe of a Sign " which bears ſome affinity to the Wares in which it deals. What can be " more inconſiſtent, than to ſee a Bawd at the ſign of the Angel, or a Tay- " lor at the Lion? A Cook ſhould not live at the Boot, nor a Shoe-maker " at the roaſted Pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have ſeen a " Goat ſet up before the door of a Perfumer, and the *French* King's head " at a Sword-cutler's.

" An ingenious foreigner obſerves, that ſeveral of thoſe Gentlemen who " value themſelves upon their families, and overlook ſuch as are bred to " trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their Coats of Arms. I will

" not examine how true this is in fact: but though it may not be neceſſary " for poſterity thus to ſet up the ſign of their forefathers; I think it high- " ly proper for thoſe who actually profeſs the trade, to ſhew ſome ſuch " marks of it before their doors.

" When the Name gives an occaſion for an ingenious Sign-poſt, I would " likewiſe adviſe the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world " know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. " *Salmon* to have lived at the ſign of the Trout; for which reaſon ſhe has e- " rected before her houſe the figure of the fiſh that is her nameſake. Mr. " *Bell* has likewiſe diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a device of the ſame nature: And " here, Sir, I muſt beg leave to obſerve to you, that this particular figure " of a Bell has given occaſion to ſeveral pieces of wit in this kind. A man " of your reading muſt know that *Abel Drugger* gained great applauſe by it " in the time of *Ben Johnſon*. Our apocryphal heathen God is alſo repre- " ſented by this figure; which, in conjunction with the Dragon, makes a " very handſome picture in ſeveral of our ſtreets. As for the Bell-ſavage, " which is the ſign of a Savage man ſtanding by a Bell, I was formerly very " much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the read- " ing of an old Romance tranſlated out of the *French;* which gives an ac- " count of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderneſs, and " is called in the *French, la belle Sauvage;* and is every where tranſlated by " our countryman the Bell-Savage. This piece of Philology will, I hope, " convince you that I have made Sign-poſts my ſtudy, and conſequently " qualified myſelf for the employment which I ſolicit at your hands. But " before I conclude my Letter, I muſt communicate to you another remark " which I have made upon the ſubject with which I am now entertaining " you, namely that I can give a ſhrewd gueſs at the humor of the Inhabitant " by the Sign that hangs before his door. A ſurly choleric fellow gene- " rally makes choice of a Bear, as men of milder diſpoſitions frequently " live at the Lamb. Seeing a Punch-bowl painted upon a Sign near *Char-* " *ing-Croſs,* and very curiouſly garniſhed, with a couple of Angels hovering " over it, and ſqueezing a Lemon into it, I had the curioſity to aſk after " the Maſter of the houſe, and found upon enquiry, as I had gueſſed by " the little *Agrémens* upon his Sign, that he was a *Frenchman*. I know, Sir, " it is not requiſite for me to enlarge upon theſe hints to a Gentleman of " your great abilities; ſo humbly recommending myſelf to your favor and " patronage,

I remain, &c.

I ſhall add to the foregoing Letter another, which came to me by the ſame Penny-poſt. *From*

From my own Apartment near Charing-croſs.

Honored Sir,

" HAving heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I " have brought with me a Rope-dancer that was caught in one of the " woods belonging to the great *Mogul*. He is by birth a Monkey; but " ſwings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glaſs of ale, " like any reaſonable creature. He gives great ſatisfaction to the Quality; " and if they will make a Subſcription for him, I will ſend for a brother of " his out of *Holland* that is a very good Tumbler; and alſo for another of " the ſame family whom I deſign for my *Merry-Andrew*, as being an excel- " lent Mimic, and the greateſt Droll in the country where he now is. I " hope to have this entertainment in readineſs for the next winter; and " doubt not but it will pleaſe more than the Opera or Puppet-ſhow. I will " not ſay that a Monkey is a better man than ſome of the Opera Heroes; " but certainly he is a better repreſentative of a man, than the moſt artifi- " cial compoſition of wood and wire. If you will be pleaſed to give me a " good word in your paper, you ſhall be every night a Spectator at my " Show for nothing.

I am, &c.

N° 29. *Tueſday, April* 3.

——*Sermo linguâ concinnus utraque*
Suavior: ut Chio nota ſi commiſta Falerni eſt. Hor.

THERE is nothing that has more ſtartled our *Engliſh* Audience, than the *Italian Recitativo* at its firſt entrance upon the Stage. People were wonderfully ſurpriſed to hear Generals ſinging the word of command, and Ladies delivering meſſages in Muſic. Our country-men could not forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chanting out a Billet-doux, and even the Superſcription of a Letter ſet to a tune. The famous blunder in an old Play of *Enter a King and two Fidlers ſolus*, was now no longer an abſurdity; when it was impoſſible for a Hero in a deſert, or a Princeſs in her cloſet, to ſpeak any thing unaccompanied with muſical Inſtruments.

But

But however this *Italian* method of acting in *Recitativo* might appear at firſt hearing, I cannot but think it much more juſt than that which prevailed in our *Engliſh* Opera before this innovation: The tranſition from an Air to Recitative muſic being more natural, than the paſſing from a Song to plain and ordinary ſpeaking, which was the common method in *Purcell*'s Operas.

The only fault I find in our preſent practice, is the making uſe of the *Italian Recitativo* with *Engliſh* words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I muſt obſerve, that the Tone, or (as the *French* call it) the Accent of every nation in their ordinary ſpeech, is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may ſee even in the *Welſh* and *Scotch*, who border ſo near upon us. By the Tone or Accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the ſound of the whole ſentence. Thus it is very common for an *Engliſh* Gentleman, when he hears a *French* Tragedy, to complain that the Actors all of them ſpeak in a Tone; and therefore he very wiſely prefers his own countrymen, not conſidering that a foreigner complains of the ſame Tone in an *Engliſh* Actor.

For this reaſon, the Recitative muſic in every language, ſhould be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwiſe, what may properly expreſs a paſſion in one language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in *Italy*, knows very well, that the cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary converſation, or, to ſpeak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more muſical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation, or admiration, in the *Italian* muſic (if one may ſo call them) which reſemble their accents in diſcourſe on ſuch occaſions, are not unlike the ordinary tones of an *Engliſh* voice when we are angry; inſomuch that I have often ſeen our audiences extremely miſtaken as to what has been doing upon the ſtage, and expecting to ſee the Hero knock down his Meſſenger, when he has been aſking him a queſtion; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good-morrow.

For this reaſon the *Italian* Artiſts cannot agree with our *Engliſh* Muſicians, in admiring *Purcell*'s Compoſitions, and thinking his tunes ſo wonderfully adapted to his words; becauſe both Nations do not always expreſs the ſame paſſions by the ſame ſounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an *Engliſh* Compoſer ſhould not follow the *Italian* Recitative too ſervilely, but make uſe of many gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy

copy out of it all the lulling ſoftneſs and *dying falls* (as *Shakeſpear* calls them,) but ſhould ſtill remember that he ought to accommodate himſelf to an *Engliſh* Audience; and by humoring the tone of our voices in ordinary converſation, have the ſame regard to the accent of his own language, as thoſe perſons had to theirs whom he profeſſes to imitate. It is obſerved, that ſeveral of the ſinging birds of our own country learn to ſweeten their voices, and mellow the harſhneſs of their natural notes, by practiſing under thoſe that come from warmer climates. In the ſame manner I would allow the *Italian* Opera to lend our *Engliſh* Muſic as much as may grace and ſoften it, but never entirely to annihilate and deſtroy it. Let the infuſion be as ſtrong as you pleaſe, but ſtill let the ſubject matter of it be *Engliſh.*

A Compoſer ſhould fit his muſic to the genius of the people, and conſider that the delicacy of hearing, and taſte of harmony, has been formed upon thoſe ſounds which every country abounds with: in ſhort, that muſic is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear, may be diſſonance to another.

The ſame obſervations which I have made upon the Recitative part of muſic, may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

Signior *Baptiſt Lully* acted like a man of ſenſe in this particular. He found the *French* Muſic extremely defective, and very often barbarous: however, knowing the genius of the people, the humor of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* Muſic, and plant the *Italian* in its ſtead; but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrowed from the *Italian.* By this means the *French* Muſic is now perfect in its kind; and when you ſay it is not ſo good as the *Italian*, you only mean that it does not pleaſe you ſo well, for there is ſcarce a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* ſuch a preference. The Muſic of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole Opera wonderfully favors the genius of ſuch a gay airy people. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds, gives the Parterre frequent opportunities of joining in conſort with the ſtage. This inclination of the audience to ſing along with the Actors, ſo prevails with them, that I have ſometimes known the Performer on the ſtage do no more in a celebrated ſong, than the Clerk of a pariſh Church, who ſerves only to raiſe the Pſalm, and is afterwards drowned in the muſic of the congregation. Every Actor that comes on the ſtage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are ſo painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-cheeked as Milk-maids. The Shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themſelves in a Ball better than our *Engliſh* Dancing-maſters. I have ſeen a couple of

Rivers

Rivers appear in red ſtockings; and *Alpheus,* inſtead of having his head covered with Sedge and Bull-ruſhes, making love in a fair full-bottomed Perriwig, and a plume of Feathers, but with a voice ſo full of ſhakes and quavers, that I ſhould have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable muſic.

I remember the laſt Opera I ſaw in that merry nation, was *The Rape of Proſerpine;* where *Pluto,* to make the more tempting figure, puts himſelf in a *French* equipage, and brings *Aſcalaphus* along with him as his *Valet de Chambre.* This is what we call folly and impertinence; but what the *French* look upon as gay and polite.

I ſhall add no more to what I have here offered, than that Muſic, Architecture and Painting, as well as Poetry and Oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general ſenſe and taſte of mankind, and not from the principles of thoſe Arts themſelves; or in other words, the Taſte is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taſte. Muſic is not deſigned to pleaſe only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of diſtinguiſhing harſh from diſagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a paſſion is expreſſed in proper ſounds, and whether the melody of thoſe ſounds be more or leſs pleaſing.

N° 31. *Thurſday, April* 5.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui! —— Virg.

LAST night, upon my going into a Coffee-houſe not far from the *Hay-Market* Theatre, I diverted myſelf for above half an hour with overhearing the diſcourſe of one, who, by the ſhabbineſs of his dreſs, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his ſpeech, I diſcovered to be of that ſpecies who are generally diſtinguiſhed by the title of Projectors. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as ſuch by his audience, was entertaining a whole table of liſtners with the project of an Opera, which he told us had not coſt him above two or three mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He ſaid, that he had obſerved the great trouble and inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the ſeveral Shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town. The

The dancing Monkies are in one place; the Puppet-ſhow in another; the Opera in a third; not to mention the Lions, that are almoſt a whole day's journey from the politer part of the town. By this means people of figure are forced to loſe half the winter after their coming to town, before they have ſeen all the ſtrange ſights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his pocket the ſcheme of an Opera, entitled, *The Expedition of* Alexander *the Great;* in which he had diſpoſed all the remarkable Shows about town, among the ſcenes and decorations of of his piece. The thought, he confeſſed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from ſeveral performances which he had ſeen upon our ſtage: in one of which there was a Raree-ſhow; in another, a Ladder-dance; and in others a Poſture-man, a moving Picture, with many curioſities of the like nature.

This *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his conſulting the Oracle at *Delphos*, in which the dumb Conjurer, who has been viſited by ſo many Perſons of Quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling him his fortune: at the ſame time *Clench* of *Barnet* is repreſented in another corner of the Temple, as ringing the Bells of *Delphos,* for joy of his arrival. The Tent of *Darius* is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. *Salmon,* where *Alexander* is to fall in love with a piece of Wax-work, that repreſents the beautiful *Statira.* When *Alexander* comes into that country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us the Dogs were ſo exceeding fierce that they would not looſe their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a ſcene of *Hockley in the Hole,* in which is to be repreſented all the diverſions of that place, the Bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot poſſibly be exhibited in the Theatre, by reaſon of the lowneſs of the roof. The ſeveral woods in *Aſia*, which *Alexander* muſt be ſuppoſed to paſs through, will give the audience a ſight of Monkies dancing upon ropes, with the many other pleaſantries of that ludicrous ſpecies. At the ſame time, if there chance to be any ſtrange Animals in town, whether birds or beaſts, they may be either let looſe among the woods, or driven acroſs the ſtage by ſome of the country People of *Aſia*. In the laſt great battle, *Pinkethman* is to perſonate King *Porus* upon an Elephant, and is to be encountred by *Powell,* repreſenting *Alexander the Great,* upon a Dromedary, which nevertheleſs Mr. *Powell* is deſired to call by the name of *Bucephalus.* Upon the cloſe of this great deciſive battle, when the two Kings are thoroughly reconciled, to ſhew the mutual friendſhip and good correſpondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a Puppet-ſhow, in which the ingenious Mr. *Powell,* Junior, may have an opportunity of

diſplaying his whole Art of Machinery, for the diverſion of the two Monarchs. Some at the table urged, that a Puppet-ſhow was not a ſuitable entertainment for *Alexander the Great;* and that it might be introduced more properly, if we ſuppoſe the Conqueror touched upon that part of *India,* which is ſaid to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the propoſal immediately over-ruled. Our Projector further added, that after the reconciliation of theſe two Kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his gueſt with the *German* Artiſt, Mr. *Pinkethman*'s Heathen Gods, or any of the like diverſions, which ſhall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applauſe by the whole table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his deſign; for that *Alexander* being a *Greek*, it was his intention that the whole Opera ſhould be acted in that Language, which was a tongue he was ſure would wonderfully pleaſe the Ladies, eſpecially when it was a little raiſed and rounded by the *Ionic* dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, becauſe there are fewer of them who underſtand *Greek* than *Italian.* The only difficulty that remained, was, how to get performers, unleſs we could perſuade ſome Gentlemen of the Univerſities to learn to ſing, in order to qualify them for the ſtage; but this objection ſoon vaniſhed, when the projector informed us that the *Greeks* were at preſent the only Muſicians in the *Turkiſh* Empire, and that it would be very eaſy for our Factory at *Smyrna* to furniſh us every year with a Colony of Muſicians, by the opportunity of the *Turkey* Fleet; beſides, ſays he, if we want any ſingle voice for any lower part of the Opera, *Lawrence* can learn to ſpeak *Greek,* as well as he does *Italian*, in a fortnight's time.

The Projector having thus ſettled matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his ſeat at the table, and planted himſelf before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my ſtand for the convenience of over-hearing what he ſaid. Whether he had obſerved me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not ſtood by me above a quarter of a minute, but he turned ſhort upon me on a ſudden, and catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. Beſides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for Muſic that lives in *Switzerland,* who has ſo ſtrong a ſpring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ ſound like a drum, and if I could but procure a ſubſcription of about ten thouſand pound every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to ſet every thing that ſhould be ſung upon the *Engliſh* Stage. After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an anſwer; when by good luck, a Gentleman

that

that had entered the Coffee-houſe ſince the Projector applied himſelf to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiſs* compoſitions, cried out with a kind of laugh, Is our Muſic then to receive further improvements from *Switzerland?* This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to anſwer him. I took the opportunity of the diverſion, which ſeemed to be made in favor of me, and laying down my penny upon the bar, retired with ſome precipitation.

N° 34. *Monday, April* 9.

——*parcit*
Cognatis maculis ſimilis fera —— Juv.

THE Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily compoſed of ſuch perſons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the moſt conſpicuous claſſes of mankind: by this means I am furniſhed with the greateſt variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that paſſes in the different quarters and diviſions, not only of this great City, but of the whole Kingdom. My readers too have the ſatisfaction to find, that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their repreſentative in this Club, and that there is always ſomebody preſent who will take care of their reſpective intereſts, that nothing may be written or publiſhed to the prejudice or infringement of their juſt rights and privileges.

I laſt night ſat very late in company with this ſelect body of friends, who entertained me with ſeveral remarks which they and others had made upon theſe my Speculations, as alſo with the various ſucceſs, which they had met with among their ſeveral ranks and degrees of readers. *Will Honeycomb* told me, in the ſofteſt manner he could, That there were ſome Ladies (but for your comfort, ſays *Will,* they are not thoſe of the moſt wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the Opera and the Puppet-ſhow; that ſome of them were likewiſe very much ſurpriſed, that I ſhould think ſuch ſerious points as the Dreſs and Equipage of perſons of Quality, proper ſubjects for rallery.

He was going on, when Sir *Andrew Freeport* took him up ſhort and told him, That the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their Wives and Daughters were the better for them; and further

added, That the whole city thought themſelves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to ſcourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condeſcending to be a publiſher of particular Intrigues and Cuckoldoms. In ſhort, ſays Sir *Andrew*, if you avoid that fooliſh beaten road of falling upon Aldermen and Citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of Courts, your paper muſt needs be of general uſe.

Upon this my friend the *Templer* told Sir *Andrew*, That he wondered to hear a man of his ſenſe talk after that manner; that the City had always been the province for Satire; and that the Wits of King *Charles*'s time jeſted upon nothing elſe during his whole reign. He then ſhewed, by the examples of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Boileau*, and the beſt writers of every age, that the follies of the Stage and Court had never been accounted too ſacred for ridicule, how great ſoever the perſons might be that patronized them. But after all, ſays he, I think your rallery has made too great an excurſion, in attacking ſeveral perſons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can ſhew me any precedent for your behavior in that particular.

My good friend Sir *Roger de Coverley*, who had ſaid nothing all this while, began his ſpeech with a Piſh! and told us, That he wondered to ſee ſo many men of ſenſe ſo very ſerious upon fooleries. Let our good friend, ſays he, attack every one that deſerves it: I would only adviſe you, Mr. *Spectator*, applying himſelf to me, to take care how you meddle with Country Squires: they are the ornaments of the *Engliſh* nation; men of good heads and ſound bodies! and let me tell you, ſome of them take it ill of you, that you mention Fox-hunters with ſo little reſpect.

Captain *Sentry* ſpoke very ſparingly on this occaſion. What he ſaid was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the Army, and adviſed me to continue to act diſcreetly in that point.

By this time I found every ſubject of my ſpeculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the Club; and began to think myſelf in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a diſlike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an averſion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus muſing with myſelf, my worthy friend the *Clergyman*, who, very luckily for me, was at the Club that night, undertook my cauſe. He told us, that he wondered any order of perſons ſhould think themſelves too conſiderable to be adviſed: that it was not Quality, but Innocence, which exempted men from reproof: that Vice and Folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and eſpecially when they were placed in high and conſpicuous ſtations of life. He further added,

That

That my paper would only ſerve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly expoſed thoſe who are already depreſſed, and in ſome meaſure turned into ridicule, by the meanneſs of their conditions and circumſtances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great uſe this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending thoſe Vices which are too trivial for the chaſtiſement of the Law, and too fantaſtical for the cognizance of the Pulpit. He then adviſed me to proſecute my undertaking with chearfulneſs, and aſſured me, that whoever might be diſpleaſed with me, I ſhould be approved by all thoſe whoſe praiſes do honor to the perſons on whom they are beſtowed.

The whole Club pays a particular deference to the diſcourſe of this Gentleman, and are drawn into what he ſays, as much by the candid ingenious manner with which he delivers himſelf, as by the ſtrength of Argument and force of Reaſon which he makes uſe of. *Will Honeycomb* immediately agreed, that what he had ſaid was right; and that for his part, he would not inſiſt upon the quarter which he had demanded for the Ladies. Sir *Andrew* gave up the City with the ſame frankneſs. The *Templer* would not ſtand out; and was followed by Sir *Roger* and the *Captain:* who all agreed that I ſhould be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleaſed; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to aſſault the vice without hurting the perſon.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the *Roman* Triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their deſtruction. Every man at firſt ſtood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they ſhould ſpoil their proſcription: and at length, making a ſacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furniſhed out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my reſolutions to march on boldly in the cauſe of Virtue and good Senſe, and to annoy their adverſaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found: I ſhall be deaf for the future to all the remonſtrances that ſhall be made to me on this account. If *Punch* grows extravagant, I ſhall reprimand him very freely: if the Stage becomes a nurſery of folly and impertinence, I ſhall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In ſhort, if I meet with any thing in City, Court or Country, that ſhocks modeſty or good manners, I ſhall uſe my utmoſt endeavors to make an example of it. I muſt however intreat every particular perſon, who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himſelf or any of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is ſaid: for I promiſe him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at leaſt a thouſand people; or to publiſh a ſingle paper that is not written in the ſpirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

Tueſday,

N° 35. *Tuesday, April* 10.

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est. Mart.

AMONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of Humor, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of Humor, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought, do we meet with? if they speak Nonsense, they believe they are talking Humor; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor Gentlemen endeavor to gain themselves the reputation of Wits and Humorists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for *Bedlam;* not considering that Humor should always lie under the check of Reason, and that it requires the Direction of the nicest Judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. *Shadwell,* who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much surprised to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humor; and I question not but several *English* readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a distempered brain, than works of humor.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not Humor, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than, as *Cowley* has done Wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato*'s

Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by ſuppoſing Humor to be a perſon, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. *Truth* was the founder of the family, and the father of *Good Senſe*. *Good Senſe* was the father of *Wit*, who married a Lady of a collateral line called *Mirth*, by whom he had iſſue *Humor*. *Humor* therefore being the youngeſt of this illuſtrious family, and deſcended from parents of ſuch different diſpoſitions, is very various and unequal in his temper; ſometimes you ſee him putting on grave looks and a ſolemn habit, ſometimes airy in his behavior, and fantaſtic in his dreſs: inſomuch that at different times he appears as ſerious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of the Mother in his conſtitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But ſince there is an Impoſtor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly paſs for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning perſons may not be impoſed upon by cheats, I would deſire my readers, when they meet with this Pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him ſtrictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to *Truth*, and lineally deſcended from *Good Senſe;* if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewiſe diſtinguiſh him by a loud and exceſſive laughter, in which he ſeldom gets his company to join with him. For as *True Humor* generally looks ſerious, while every body laughs about him; *Falſe Humor* is always laughing, whilſt every body about him looks ſerious. I ſhall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would paſs for the offspring of *Wit* without *Mirth*, or *Mirth* without *Wit*, you may conclude him to be altogether ſpurious, and a cheat.

The Impoſtor of whom I am ſpeaking, deſcends originally from *Falſehood*, who was the Mother of *Nonſenſe*, who was brought to bed of a Son called *Frenzy*, who married one of the Daughters of *Folly*, commonly known by the name of *Laughter*, on whom he begot that monſtrous Infant of which I have been here ſpeaking. I ſhall ſet down at length the genealogical table of *Falſe Humor*, and, at the ſame time, place after it the genealogy of *True Humor*, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

FALSEHOOD.
NONSENSE.
FRENZY.——LAUGHTER.
FALSE HUMOR.

TRUTH.

TRUTH.
GOOD SENSE.
WIT.——MIRTH.
HUMOR.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning ſeveral of the children of *Falſe Humor,* who are more in number than the ſands of the ſea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Iſland. But as this would be a very invidious taſk, I ſhall only obſerve in general, that *Falſe Humor* differs from the *True,* as a Monkey does from a Man.

Firſt of all, He is exceedingly given to little apiſh tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, He ſo much delights in mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he expoſes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wiſdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, inſomuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavor to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For having but ſmall talents, he muſt be merry where he *can*, not where he *ſhould*.

Fourthly, Being intirely void of reaſon, he purſues no point either of morality or inſtruction, but is ludicrous only for the ſake of being ſo.

Fifthly, Being incapable of having any thing but mock-repreſentations, his ridicule is always perſonal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole ſpecies of falſe Humoriſts; but as one of my principal deſigns in this paper is to beat down that malignant ſpirit, which diſcovers itſelf in the writings of the preſent age, I ſhall not ſcruple, for the future, to ſingle out any of the ſmall wits, that infeſt the world with ſuch compoſitions as are ill-natured, immoral, and abſurd. This is the only exception which I ſhall make to the general rule I have preſcribed myſelf, of *attacking multitudes:* ſince every honeſt man ought to look upon himſelf as in a natural ſtate of war with the Libeller and Lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

Thurſday,

N° 37. *Thurſday, April* 12.

——*Non illa colo calathiſve Minervæ*
Fœmineas aſſueta manus.—— Virg.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir *Roger*, being in the country, incloſed a letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I ſhall here call by the name of *Leonora,* and as it contained matters of conſequence, deſired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyſhip pretty early in the morning, and was deſired by her woman to walk into her Lady's Library, till ſuch time as ſhe was in a readineſs to receive me. The very ſound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great curioſity to ſee it; and as it was ſome time before the Lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the *Folio's* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble piece of Architecture. The *Quartos* were ſeparated from the *Octavos* by a pile of ſmaller veſſels, which roſe in a delightful Pyramid. The *Octavos* were bounded by Tea-diſhes of all ſhapes, colors and ſizes, which were ſo diſpoſed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the fineſt ſtrokes of ſculpture, and ſtained with the greateſt variety of dyes. That part of the Library which was deſigned for the reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other looſe papers, was incloſed in a kind of ſquare, conſiſting of one of the prettieſt groteſque works that I ever ſaw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkies, Mandarines, Trees, Shells, and a thouſand other odd figures in *China* ware. In the midſt of the room was a little Japan table, with a quire of gilt Paper upon it, and on the Paper a ſilver Snuff-box made in the ſhape of a little book. I found there were ſeveral other counterfeit books upon the upper ſhelves, which were carved in wood, and ſerved only to fill up the number, like Fagots in the muſter of a Regiment. I was wonderfully pleaſed with ſuch a mixt kind of furniture, as ſeemed very ſuitable both to the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at firſt whether I ſhould fancy myſelf in a Grotto, or in a Library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were ſome few which the Lady had bought for her own uſe, but that moſt of them had been got together, either becauſe ſhe had heard them praiſed, or becauſe ſhe had ſeen the Authors of them. Among ſeveral that I examined, I very well remember theſe that follow.

Ogilby's *Virgil.*
Dryden's *Juvenal.*
Caſſandra.
Cleopatra.
Aſtræa.
Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s works.
The *Grand Cyrus;* with a Pin ſtuck in one of the middle leaves.
Pembroke's *Arcadia.*
Locke of human underſtanding; with a paper of Patches in it.
A Spelling-book.
A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
Sherlock upon Death.
The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
Sir *William Temple*'s Eſſays.
Father *Malbranche*'s ſearch after Truth, tranſlated into *Engliſh.*
A book of Novels.
The Academy of Compliments.
Culpepper's Midwifery.
The Lady's Calling.
Tales in verſe by Mr. *Durfey:* bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in ſeveral places.
All the Claſſic Authors in wood.
A ſet of *Elzevir*'s by the ſame hand.
Clelia: Which opened of itſelf in the place that deſcribes two Lovers in a Bower.
Baker's Chronicle.
Advice to a Daughter.
The new *Atalantis,* with a Key to it.
Mr. *Steele*'s Chriſtian Hero.
A Prayer-book: with a bottle of *Hungary* water by the ſide of it.
Dr. *Sacheverell*'s Speech.
Fielding's Trial.
Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's

Taylor's holy Living and Dying.
La Ferte's Inſtructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my pocket-book of theſe, and ſeveral other Authors, when *Leonora* entered, and upon my preſenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unſpeakable grace, that ſhe hoped Sir *Roger* was in good health: I anſwered *Yes,* for I hate long ſpeeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is ſtill a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her firſt marriage, has taken a reſolution never to venture upon a ſecond. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her Eſtate to my good friend Sir *Roger*. But as the mind naturally ſinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls aſleep, that is not agitated by ſome favorite pleaſures and purſuits, *Leonora* has turned all the paſſions of her Sex into a love of books and retirement. She converſes chiefly with men, (as ſhe has often ſaid herſelf) but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male-viſitants, except my friend Sir *Roger*, whom ſhe hears with great pleaſure, and without ſcandal. As her reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and diſcovers itſelf even in her houſe, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir *Roger* has entertained me an hour together with a deſcription of her country-ſeat, which is ſituated in a kind of wilderneſs, about an hundred miles diſtant from *London*, and looks like a little enchanted Palace. The Rocks about her are ſhaped into artificial grottoes covered with wood-bines and jeſſamines. The woods are cut into ſhady walks, twiſted into Bowers, and filled with cages of Turtles. The ſprings are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewiſe collected into a beautiful Lake, that is inhabited by a couple of Swans, and empties itſelf by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of *The purling Stream*. The Knight likewiſe tells me, that this Lady preſerves her game better than any of the Gentlemen in the country, not (ſays Sir *Roger)* that ſhe ſets ſo great a value upon her Partridges and Pheaſants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For ſhe ſays that every bird which is killed in her ground, will ſpoil a conſort, and that ſhe ſhall certainly miſs him the next year.

When I think how oddly this Lady has improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidſt theſe innocent entertainments which ſhe has formed to herſelf, how much more valuable does ſhe appear than thoſe of her Sex, who employ themſelves in diverſions

that are leſs reaſonable, though more in faſhion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is ſo ſuſceptible of impreſſions from what ſhe reads, had ſhe been guided to ſuch books as have a tendency to enlighten the underſtanding and rectify the paſſions, as well as to thoſe which are of little more uſe than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a Lady's employing herſelf uſefully in reading ſhall be the ſubject of another Paper, in which I deſign to recommend ſuch particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the Sex. And as this is a ſubject of a very nice nature, I ſhall deſire my correſpondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

N° 39. *Saturday, April* 14.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum ſcribo———— Hor.

AS a perfect Tragedy is the nobleſt production of human nature, ſo it is capable of giving the mind one of the moſt delightful and moſt improving entertainments. A virtuous man (ſays *Seneca)* ſtruggling with misfortunes, is ſuch a ſpectacle as Gods might look upon with pleaſure; and ſuch a pleaſure it is which one meets with in the repreſentation of a well-written Tragedy. Diverſions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cheriſh and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They ſoften inſolence, ſooth affliction, and ſubdue the mind to the diſpenſations of Providence.

It is no wonder therefore that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the *Drama* has met with public encouragement.

The modern Tragedy excels that of *Greece* and *Rome,* in the intricacy and diſpoſition of the Fable; but, what a Chriſtian writer would be aſhamed to own, falls infinitely ſhort of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may ſhew more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute ſomething towards the improvement of the *Engliſh* Tragedy,

dy, I ſhall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of ſome particular parts in it that ſeem liable to exception.

Ariſtotle obſerves, that the *Iambic* verſe in the *Greek* tongue was the moſt proper for Tragedy; becauſe at the ſame time that it lifted up the diſcourſe from Proſe, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of Verſe. For, ſays he, we may obſerve that men in ordinary diſcourſe very often ſpeak *Iambics*, without taking notice of it. We may make the ſame obſervation of our *Engliſh* Blank verſe, which often enters into our common diſcourſe, though we do not attend to it, and is ſuch a due medium between Rhyme and Proſe, that it ſeems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I ſee a Play in Rhyme; which is as abſurd in *Engliſh*, as a Tragedy of *Hexameters* would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. The Soleciſm is, I think, ſtill greater in thoſe Plays that have ſome Scenes in Rhyme and ſome in Blank verſe, which are to be looked upon as two ſeveral languages: or where we ſee ſome particular Similes dignified with Rhyme, at the ſame time that every thing about them lies in Blank verſe. I would not however debar the Poet from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleaſes every Act of it, with two or three Couplets, which may have the ſame effect as an Air in the *Italian* Opera after a long *Recitativo*, and give the Actor a graceful *Exit*. Beſides that we ſee a diverſity of numbers in ſome parts of the Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the ſame continued modulation of voice. For the ſame reaſon I do not diſlike the ſpeeches in our *Engliſh* Tragedy that cloſe with an *Hemiſtic*, or half verſe, notwithſtanding the perſon who ſpeaks after it begins a new verſe, without filling up the preceding one; nor abrupt pauſes and breakings-off in the middle of the verſe, when they humor any Paſſion that is expreſſed by it.

Since I am upon this ſubject, I muſt obſerve that our *Engliſh* Poets have ſucceeded much better in the Style, than in the Sentiments of their Tragedies. Their language is very often noble and ſonorous, but the ſenſe either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient Tragedies, and indeed in thoſe of *Corneille* and *Racine*, though the expreſſions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and ſwells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble ſentiment that is depreſſed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the ſound and energy of expreſſion. Whether this defect in our Tragedies may ariſe from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taſte of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the ſentiments, and conſequently reliſh the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify

tify the conduct both of the one and of the other; if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain *Engliſh*, before he turned it into blank verſe; and if the reader, after the peruſal of a ſcene, would conſider the naked thought of every ſpeech in it, when diveſted of all its Tragic ornaments. By this means, without being impoſed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and conſider whether it be natural or great enough for the perſon that utters it, whether it deſerves to ſhine in ſuch a blaze of eloquence, or ſhew itſelf in ſuch a variety of lights as are generally made uſe of by the writers of our *Engliſh* Tragedy.

I muſt in the next place obſerve, that when our thoughts are great and juſt, they are often obſcured by the ſounding phraſes, hard metaphors, and forced expreſſions in which they are clothed. *Shakeſpear* is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine obſervation in *Ariſtotle* to this purpoſe, which I have never ſeen quoted. The expreſſion, ſays he, ought to be very much labored in the unactive parts of the fable, as in deſcriptions, ſimilitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and paſſions of men are not repreſented; for theſe, (namely the opinions, manners and paſſions) are apt to be obſcured by pompous phraſes, and elaborate expreſſions. *Horace*, who copied moſt of his criticiſms after *Ariſtotle*, ſeems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verſes:

Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri.
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querelâ.

Tragedians too lay by their ſtate, to grieve.
Peleus *and* Telephus, *exil'd and poor,*
Forget their ſwelling and gigantic words.

Ld. ROSCOMMON.

Among our modern *Engliſh* Poets, there is none who was better turned for Tragedy than *Lee;* if inſtead of favoring the impetuoſity of his genius, he had reſtrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully ſuited to Tragedy, but frequently loſt in ſuch a cloud of words, that it is hard to ſee the beauty of them: there is an infinite fire in his works, but ſo involved in ſmoke, that it does not appear in half its luſtre. He frequently ſucceeds in the paſſionate parts of the Tragedy, but more particularly where he ſlackens his efforts, and eaſes the ſtyle of

of thoſe Epithets and Metaphors, in which he ſo much abounds. What can be more natural, more ſoft, or more paſſionate, than that line in *Statira*'s ſpeech, where ſhe deſcribes the charms of *Alexander*'s converſation?

Then he would talk:——Good Gods! how he would talk!

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the deſcription of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpreſſibly beautiful, and wonderfully ſuited to the fond Character of the perſon that ſpeaks it. There is a ſimplicity in the words, that outſhines the utmoſt pride of expreſſion.

Otway has followed Nature in the Language of his Tragedy, and therefore ſhines in the paſſionate parts more, than any of our *Engliſh* poets. As there is ſomething familiar and domeſtic in the fable of his Tragedy, more than in thoſe of any other Poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expreſſions. For which reaſon, though he has admirably ſucceeded in the tender and melting part of his Tragedies, he ſometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phraſe in thoſe parts, which, by *Ariſtotle*'s rule, ought to have been raiſed and ſupported by the dignity of expreſſion.

It has been obſerved by others, that this Poet has founded his Tragedy of *Venice Preſerved* on ſo wrong a Plot, that the greateſt characters in it are thoſe of rebels and traitors. Had the Hero of his Play diſcovered the ſame good qualities in the defence of his country, that he ſhewed for its ruin and ſubverſion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him: but as he is now repreſented, we can only ſay of him what the *Roman* Hiſtorian ſays of *Catiline*, that his fall would have been glorious *(ſi pro patriâ ſic concidiſſet)* had he ſo fallen in the ſervice of his country.

Monday,

N° 40. *Monday, April* 16.

Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis. Hor.

THE *Engliſh* writers of Tragedy are poſſeſſed with a notion, that when they repreſent a virtuous or innocent perſon in diſtreſs, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticiſm, that they are obliged to an equal diſtribution of rewards and puniſhments, and an impartial execution of poetical juſtice. Who were the firſt that eſtabliſhed this rule I know not; but I am ſure it has no foundation in nature, in reaſon, or in the practice of the Ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this ſide the grave; and as the principal deſign of Tragedy is to raiſe commiſeration and terror in the minds of the audience, we ſhall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and ſucceſsful. Whatever croſſes and diſappointments a good man ſuffers in the body of the Tragedy, they will make but ſmall impreſſion on our minds, when we know that in the laſt act he is to arrive at the end of his wiſhes and deſires. When we ſee him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourſelves, becauſe we are ſure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great ſoever it may be at preſent, will ſoon terminate in gladneſs. For this reaſon the ancient writers of Tragedy treated men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue ſometimes happy, and ſometimes miſerable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the moſt agreeable manner. *Ariſtotle* conſiders the Tragedies that were written in either of theſe kinds, and obſerves, that thoſe which ended unhap-

unhappily, had always pleaſed the people, and carried away the prize in the public diſputes of the ſtage, from thoſe that ended happily. Terror and commiſeration leave a pleaſing anguiſh in the mind; and fix the audience in ſuch a ſerious compoſure of thought, as is much more laſting and delightful than any little tranſient ſtarts of joy and ſatisfaction. Accordingly, we find that more of our *Engliſh* Tragedies have ſucceeded, in which the favorites of the audience ſink under their calamities, than thoſe in which they recover themſelves out of them. The beſt Plays of this kind are the *Orphan, Venice preſerved, Alexander the Great, Theodoſius, All for Love, Oedipus, Oroonoko, Othello,* &c. *King Lear* is an admirable Tragedy of the ſame kind, as *Shakeſpear* wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical juſtice, in my humble opinion it has loſt half its beauty. At the ſame time I muſt allow, that there are very noble Tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; indeed moſt of the good Tragedies, which have been written ſince the ſtarting of the abovementioned criticiſm, have taken this turn: as the *Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulyſſes*, *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, with moſt of Mr. *Dryden*'s. I muſt alſo allow, that many of *Shakeſpear*'s, and ſeveral of the celebrated Tragedies of antiquity, are caſt in the ſame form. I do not therefore diſpute againſt this way of writing Tragedies, but againſt the criticiſm that would eſtabliſh this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the *Engliſh* Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The Tragi-comedy, which is the product of the *Engliſh* Theatre. is one of the moſt monſtrous inventions that ever entered into a Poet's thoughts. An Author might as well think of weaving the adventures of *AEneas* and *Hudibras* into one Poem, as of writing ſuch a motly piece of mirth and ſorrow. But the abſurdity of theſe performances is ſo very viſible, that I ſhall not inſiſt upon it.

The ſame objections which are made to Tragi-comedy, may in ſome meaſure be applied to all Tragedies that have a double Plot in them; which are likewiſe more frequent upon the *Engliſh* Stage, than upon any other: for though the grief of the audience, in ſuch performances, be not changed into another paſſion, as in Tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of ſorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great meaſure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the ſkilful choice of an Under-plot, which may bear ſuch a near relation to the principal deſign, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the ſame Cataſtrophe.

There is alſo another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemiſhes, or rather the falſe beauties of our *Engliſh* Tragedy: I mean thoſe particular Speeches which are commonly known by the name of *Rants*. The warm and paſſionate parts of a Tragedy, are always the moſt taking with the audience; for which reaſon we often ſee the Players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, ſeveral parts of the Tragedy which the Author writ with great temper, and deſigned that they ſhould have been ſo acted. I have ſeen *Powell* very often raiſe himſelf a loud clap by this artifice. The Poets that were acquainted with this ſecret, have given frequent occaſion for ſuch emotions in the Actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no paſſion, or inflaming a real paſſion into fuſtian. This hath filled the mouths of the Heroes with bombaſt; and given them ſuch ſentiments, as proceed rather from a ſwelling than a greatneſs of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curſes, vows, blaſphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the Gods, frequently paſs upon the audience for tow'ring thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applauſe.

I ſhall here add a remark, which I am afraid our Tragic writers may make an ill uſe of. As our Heroes are generally Lovers, their ſwelling and bluſtring upon the Stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleaſed to ſee a man inſulting Kings or affronting the Gods, in one Scene, and throwing himſelf at the feet of his Miſtreſs in another. Let him behave himſelf inſolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favorite of the boxes. *Dryden* and *Lee*, in ſeveral of their Tragedies, have practiſed this ſecret with good ſucceſs.

But to ſhew how a *Rant* pleaſes beyond the moſt juſt and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would deſire the Reader, when he ſees the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, to obſerve how quietly the Hero is diſmiſſed at the end of the third Act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compaſſion.

To you, good Gods, I make my laſt appeal;
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
If in the maze of Fate I blindly run,
And backward tread thoſe paths I ſought to ſhun;
Impute my errors to your own decree:
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Let us then obſerve with what thunder-claps of applauſe he leaves the ſtage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth Act; and you will wonder to ſee an audience ſo curſed and ſo pleaſed at the ſame time.

O that

O that as oft I have at Athens *ſeen*
(Where, by the way, there was no Stage till many years after *Oedipus)*
The Stage ariſe, and the big clouds deſcend;
So now in very deed, I might behold
This pond'rous Globe, and all yon marble roof,
Meet like the hands of Jove, *and cruſh mankind,*
For all the Elements, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having ſpoken of Mr. Powell, *as ſometimes raiſing himſelf applauſe from the ill taſte of an audience; I muſt do him the Juſtice to own, that he is excellently formed for a Tragedian, and, when he pleaſes, deſerves the admiration of the beſt judges; as I doubt not but he will in the* Conqueſt of Mexico, *which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.*

N° 42. *Wedneſday, April* 18.

Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Tuſcum,
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, et artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus ablitus actor
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno. Hor.

ARISTOTLE has obſerved, that ordinary writers of Tragedy endeavored to raiſe Terror and Pity in their audience, not by proper ſentiments and expreſſions, but by the dreſſes and decorations of the Stage. There is ſomething of this kind very ridiculous in the *Engliſh* Theatre. When the Author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the Stage is darkened. But among all our tragic Artifices, I am the moſt offended at thoſe which are made uſe of to inſpire us with magnificent ideas of the perſons that ſpeak. The ordinary method of making an Hero, is to clap a huge Plume of feathers upon his head,

which riſes ſo very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the ſole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a Great man and a Tall man the ſame thing. This very much embarraſſes the Actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely ſtiff and ſteady all the while he ſpeaks; and notwithſtanding any anxieties which he pretends for his Miſtreſs, his Country or his Friends, one may ſee by his action, that his greateſt care and concern is to keep the Plume of feathers from falling off his Head. For my own part, when I ſee a man uttering his complaints under ſuch a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatic, than a diſtreſſed Hero. As theſe ſuperfluous ornaments upon the head make a Great man, a Princeſs generally receives her grandeur from thoſe additional incumbrances that fall into her tail: I mean the broad ſweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds conſtant employment for a boy who ſtands behind her to open and ſpread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this ſight, but, I muſt confeſs, my eyes are wholly taken up with the Page's part; and as for the Queen, I am not ſo attentive to any thing ſhe ſpeaks, as to the right adjuſting of her train, leſt it ſhould chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her, as ſhe walks to and fro upon the Stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd ſpectacle, to ſee a Queen venting her paſſion in a diſordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her Gown. The parts that the two perſons act on the Stage at the ſame time, are very different: the Princeſs is afraid leſt ſhe ſhould incur the diſpleaſure of the King her father, or loſe the Hero her lover, whilſt her attendant is only concerned leſt ſhe ſhould entangle her feet in her Petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic Poet, to move the pity of his audience, for his exiled Kings and diſtreſſed Heroes, uſed to make the Actors repreſent them in dreſs and clothes that were thread-bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity, ſeems as ill-contrived, as that we have been ſpeaking of to inſpire us with a great idea of the perſons introduced upon the Stage. In ſhort, I would have our conceptions raiſed by the dignity of thought and ſublimity of expreſſion, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making Great men, and adding dignity to Kings and Queens, is to accompany them with Halberts and Battle-axes. Two or three ſhifters of ſcenes, with the two candle-ſnuffers, make up a complete body of Guards upon the *Engliſh* ſtage; and by the addition of a few Porters dreſſed in red coats, can repreſent above a dozen legions. I have ſometimes ſeen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the ſtage, when

when the Poet has been diſpoſed to do honor to his Generals. It is impoſſible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into ſuch prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thouſand Soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compaſs. Incidents of ſuch a nature ſhould be told, not repreſented.

———————*Non tamen intus*
Digna geri promes in ſcenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens. Hor.

Yet there are things improper for a ſcene,
Which men of judgment only will relate. Ld. ROSCOMMON.

I ſhall therefore, in this particular, recommended to my countrymen the example of the *French* Stage, where the Kings and Queens always appear unattended, and leave their Guards behind the ſcenes. I ſhould likewiſe be glad if we imitated the *French* in baniſhing from our ſtage the noiſe of drums, trumpets, and huzza's; which is ſometimes very great, that when there is a battel in the *Hay-Market* Theatre, one may hear it is far as *Charing-Croſs*.

I have here only touched upon thoſe particulars which are made uſe of to raiſe and aggrandize the perſons of a Tragedy; and ſhall ſhew in another paper the ſeveral expedients which are practiſed by Authors of a vulgar genius, to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The Taylor and the Painter often contribute to the ſucceſs of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as ſpeeches, and our Actors are very ſenſible, that a well-dreſſed Play has ſometimes brought them as full audiences, as a well-written one. The *Italians* have a very good phraſe to expreſs this art of impoſing upon the ſpectators by appearances: they call it the *Fourberia della ſcena, the knavery or trickiſh part of the drama.* But however the ſhow and outſide of the Tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more underſtanding part of the audience immediately ſee through it, and deſpiſe it.

A good Poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a diſcription, than if he actually ſaw them drawn up in ſquadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confuſion of a fight. Our minds ſhould be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious ſentiments, by what the Actor ſpeaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a King or Hero, give *Brutus* half that pomp and majeſty which he receives from a few lines in *Shakeſpear?*

Friday,

Nº 44. *Friday, April* 20.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum deſideret, audi. Hor.

AMONG the ſeveral artifices which are put in practice by the Poets to fill the minds of an audience with Terror, the firſt place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made uſe of at the deſcending of a God, or the riſing of a Ghoſt, at the vaniſhing of a Devil, or at the death of a Tyrant. I have known a Bell introduced into ſeveral Tragedies with good effect; and have ſeen the whole aſſembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our *Engliſh* Theatre ſo much as a Ghoſt, eſpecially when he appears in a bloody ſhirt. A ſpectre has very often ſaved a Play, though he has done nothing but ſtalked acroſs the ſtage, or roſe through a cleft of it, and ſunk again without ſpeaking one word. There may be a proper ſeaſon for the ſeveral terrors; and when they only come in as aids and aſſiſtances to the Poet, they are not only to be excuſed, but to be applauded. Thus the ſounding of the clock in *Venice Preſerved*, makes the hearts of the whole audience quake; and conveys a ſtronger terror to the mind, than it is poſſible for words to do. The appearance of the Ghoſt in *Hamlet* is a maſter-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumſtances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the diſcourſes that precede it: his dumb behavior at his firſt entrance, ſtrikes the imagination very ſtrongly; but every time he enters, he is ſtill more terrifying. Who can read the ſpeech with which young *Hamlet* accoſts him, without trembling?

Hor. *Look, my Lord, it comes!*
Ham. *Angels and Miniſters of grace defend us!*
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from Heav'n, or blaſts from Hell;
Be thy intent wicked or charitable;
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King,

King, Father, Royal Dane: *Oh! anſwer me,*
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell
Why thus thy canoniz'd bones. hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To caſt thee up again? what may this mean?
That thou dead coarſe again in complete ſteel
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous?

I do not therefore find fault with the Artifices above-mentioned, when they are introduced with ſkill, and accompanied by proportionable ſentiments and expreſſions in writing.

For the moving of Pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and indeed in our common Tragedies, we ſhould not know very often that the perſons are in diſtreſs by any thing they ſay, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of baniſhing this inſtrument of ſorrow from the ſtage; I know a Tragedy could not ſubſiſt without it: all that I would contend for, is, to keep it from being miſapplied. In a word, I would have the Actor's tongue ſympathize with his eyes.

A diſconſolate Mother, with a Child in her hand, has frequently drawn compaſſion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in ſeveral Tragedies. A modern writer, that obſerved how this had taken in other Plays, being reſolved to double the diſtreſs, and melt his audience twice as much as thoſe before him had done, brought a Princeſs upon the ſtage with a little Boy in one hand and a Girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third Poet being reſolved to out-write all his predeceſſors, a few years ago introduced three children, with great ſucceſs: and, as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the moſt obdurate hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the firſt perſon that appears upon the ſtage is an afflicted Widow in her mourning-weeds, with half a dozen fatherleſs Children attending her, like thoſe that uſually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus ſeveral incidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none ſo abſurd and barbarous, and that more expoſes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is ſo very

very frequent upon the *Engliſh* Stage. To delight in ſeeing men ſtabbed, poiſoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the ſign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practiſed before the *Britiſh* Audience, ſeveral *French* Critics, who think theſe are grateful ſpectacles to us, take occaſion from them to repreſent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to ſee our ſtage ſtrowed with carcaſſes in the laſt ſcene of a Tragedy; and to obſerve in the ward-robe of the play-houſe ſeveral daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poiſon, and many other inſtruments of death. Murders and executions are always tranſacted behind the ſcenes in the *French* Theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the *French* Stage, it leads them into abſurdities almoſt as ridiculous as that which falls under our preſent cenſure. I remember in the famous Play of *Corneille,* written upon the ſubject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii;* the fierce young Hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (inſtead of being congratulated by his Siſter for his victory, being upbraided by her for having ſlain her lover) in the height of his paſſion and reſentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate ſo brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a ſudden, before the ſentiments of nature, reaſon, or manhood could take place in him. However, to avoid *public Blood-ſhed*, as ſoon as his paſſion is wrought to its height, he follows his Siſter the whole length of the ſtage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the ſcenes. I muſt confeſs, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this caſe; the fact ought not to have been repreſented, but to have been told, if there was any occaſion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the Reader, to ſee how *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate circumſtances. *Oreſtes* was in the ſame condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakeſpear*, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken poſſeſſion of his Kingdom in conſpiracy with her Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his father's Death upon thoſe who filled his Throne, conveys himſelf by a beautiful ſtratagem into his Mother's apartment, with a reſolution to kill her. But becauſe ſuch a ſpectacle would have been too ſhocking to the audience, this dreadful reſolution is executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for mercy; and the Son anſwering her, that ſhe ſhewed no mercy to his Father: after which ſhe ſhrieks out that ſhe is wounded, and by what follows we find that ſhe is ſlain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are ſpeeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other inſtances of this nature to be met with in thoſe of the ancients: and I believe

believe my reader will agree with me, that there is ſomething infinitely more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have been in any thing tranſacted before the audience. *Oreſtes* immediately after meets the Uſurper at the entrance of his Palace; and by a very happy thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the Audience, by telling him that he ſhould live ſome time in his preſent bitterneſs of Soul before he would diſpatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the Palace where he had ſlain his Father, whoſe murder he would revenge in the very ſame place where it was committed. By this means the Poet obſerves that decency, which *Horace* afterwards eſtabliſhed by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the Audience.

Nec coram populo natos Medea *trucidet.*

Let not Medea *draw her murdering knife,*
And ſpill her childrens blood upon the ſtage.

The *French* have therefore refined too much upon *Horace*'s Rule, who never deſigned to baniſh all kinds of Death from the Stage; but only ſuch as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when tranſacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the practice of the ancient Poets, who were very ſparing of their public executions, and rather choſe to perform them behind the Scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the Audience. At the ſame time I muſt obſerve, that though the devoted perſons of the Tragedy were ſeldom ſlain before the Audience, which has generally ſomething ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it ſomething melancholy or terrifying; ſo that the killing on the Stage does not ſeem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but alſo as an improbabilty.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea *trucidet;*
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne *vertatur,* Cadmus *in anguem.*
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi. Hor.

Medea *muſt not draw her murd'ring Knife,*
Nor Atreus *there his horrid feaſt prepare,*
Cadmus *and* Progne's *Metamorphoſis,*
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
And whatſoever contradicts my ſenſe,
I hate to ſee, and never can believe. Ld. ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the ſeveral dramatic inventions which are made uſe of by the Ignorant Poets to ſupply the place of Tragedy, and by the Skilful to improve it; ſome of which I could wiſh entirely rejected, and the reſt to be uſed with caution. It would be an endleſs taſk to conſider Comedy in the ſame light, and to mention the innumerable ſhifts that ſmall wits put in practice to raiſe a laugh. *Bullock* in a ſhort coat, and *Norris* in a long one, ſeldom fail of this effect. In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the Scene lies in a ſhoulder-belt, and ſometimes in a pair of whiſkers. A Lover running about the Stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel, was thought a very good jeſt in King *Charles* the Second's time; and invented by one of the firſt Wits of that Age. But becauſe ridicule is not ſo delicate as compaſſion, and becauſe the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than thoſe that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for Comic than Tragic artifices, and by conſequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.

N° 45. *Saturday, April* 21.

Natio Comœda eſt—— Juv.

THERE is nothing which I more deſire than a ſafe and honorable Peace, though at the ſame time I am very apprehenſive of many ill conſequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politics, but to our Manners. What an inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What peals of laughter and impertinence ſhall we be expoſed to? For the prevention of theſe great evils, I could heartily wiſh that there was an Act of Parliament for prohibiting the importation of *French* Fopperies.

The Female Inhabitants of our Iſland have already received very ſtrong impreſſions from this ludicrous nation, though by the length of the War (as there is no evil which has not ſome good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when ſome of our well-bred Country-women kept their *Valet de Chambre,* becauſe forſooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own Sex. I myſelf have ſeen one of theſe male *Abigails* tripping about the room with a Looking-

Looking-glaſs in his hand, and combing his Lady's hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the ſtory of a Lady's being got with child by one of theſe her Handmaids, I cannot tell; but I think at preſent the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that ſeveral of our Sex were taken into this kind of ſervice, the Ladies likewiſe brought up the faſhion of receiving viſits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuſe to ſee a man, becauſe ſhe was not ſtirring; and a Porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made ſo aukward an excuſe. As I love to ſee every thing that's new, I once prevailed upon my friend *Will Honeycomb* to carry me along with him to one of theſe travelled Ladies, deſiring him, at the ſame, time to preſent me as a foreigner who could not ſpeak *Engliſh*, that ſo I might not be obliged to bear a part in the diſcourſe. The Lady, though willing to appear undreſt, had put on her beſt looks, and painted herſelf for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice diſorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her ſhoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am ſo ſhocked with every thing which looks immodeſt in the Fair ſex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when ſhe moved in her bed, and was in the greateſt confuſion imaginable every time ſhe ſtirred a leg or an arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this cuſtom, grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing that a woman of threeſcore may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impreſſions.

Sempronia is at preſent the moſt perfect admirer of the *French* nation, but is ſo modeſt as to admit her viſitants no farther than her Toilet. It is a very odd ſight that beautiful creature makes, when ſhe is talking Politics with her treſſes flowing about her ſhoulders, and examining that face in the glaſs, which does ſuch execution upon all the Male ſtanders-by. How prettily does ſhe divide her diſcourſe between her woman and her viſitants? What ſprightly tranſitions does ſhe make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory comb or a Pin-cuſhion? How have I been pleaſed to ſee her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a meſſage to her Footman? and holding her tongue in the midſt of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which expoſes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airineſs of temper, which are natural to moſt of the ſex. It ſhould be therefore the concern of every wiſe and virtuous woman, to keep this ſprightlineſs from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole diſcourſe and behavior of the *French* is to make the ſex more fantaſtical, or (as they are pleaſed to term it) *more awakened*, than is conſiſtent

either with virtue or diſcretion. To ſpeak loud in public Aſſemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that ſhould only be mentioned in private, or in whiſper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the ſame time, a bluſh is unfaſhionable, and ſilence more ill-bred than any thing that can be ſpoken. In ſhort, diſcretion and modeſty, which in all other Ages and countries have been regarded as the greateſt ornaments of the Fair ſex, are conſidered as the ingredients of narrow converſation, and family behavior.

Some years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myſelf under a woman of Quality that is ſince dead; who, as I found by the noiſe ſhe made, was newly returned from *France*. A little before the riſing of the curtain, ſhe broke out into a loud ſoliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their firſt appearance, aſked a Lady that ſat three boxes from her, on her right hand, if thoſe Witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the fineſt ſpeeches of the Play, ſhe ſhook her fan at another Lady, who ſat as far on her left hand, and told her with a whiſper, that might be heard all over the pit, We muſt not expect to ſee *Balloon* to night. Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his name, who ſat three ſeats before me, ſhe aſked him whether *Macbeth*'s Wife was ſtill alive; and before he could give an anſwer, fell a talking of the Ghoſt of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little audience to herſelf, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the ſphere of her impertinence, and planted myſelf in one of the remoteſt corners of the pit.

This pretty childiſhneſs of behavior is one of the moſt refined parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection, by Ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconſtrained behavior has ſomething in it ſo agreeable, that it is no wonder to ſee people endeavoring after it. But at the ſame time, it is ſo very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themſelves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious *French* Author tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of *France*, in his time, thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reaſon they took frequent occaſion to uſe hard words, that they might ſhew a politeneſs in murdering them. He farther adds, that a Lady of ſome Quality at Court, having accidentally made uſe of an hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole aſſembly was out of countenance for her.

I muſt however be ſo juſt as to own, that there are many Ladies who have travelled ſeveral thouſands of miles without being the worſe for it, and have brought home with them all the modeſty, diſcretion, and good ſenſe, that

that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great numbers of *travelled* Ladies, who have lived all their days within the ſmoke of *London*. I have known a woman that never was out of the pariſh of St. *James*'s betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as ſhe could have gleaned up in half the countries of *Europe*.

N° 46. *Monday, April* 23.

Non bene junctarum diſcordia ſemina rerum. Ovid.

WHEN I want materials for this paper, it is my cuſtom to go abroad in queſt of game: and when I meet any proper ſubject, I take the firſt opportunity of ſetting down an hint of it upon paper. At the ſame time I look into the letters of my correſpondents, and if I find any thing ſuggeſted in them that may afford matter of ſpeculation, I likewiſe enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole ſheet-full of hints, that would look like a Rhapſody of nonſenſe to any body but myſelf: there is nothing in them but obſcurity and confuſion, raving and inconſiſtency. In ſhort, they are my Speculations in the firſt principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, diſtinction, and order.

About a week ſince there happened to me a very odd accident, by reaſon of one of theſe my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd*'s Coffee-houſe, where the Auctions are uſually kept. Before I miſſed it, there was a cluſter of people who had found it, and were diverting themſelves with it at one end of the Coffee-houſe: it had raiſed ſo much laughter among them before I had obſerved what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the Coffee-houſe, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, aſking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but no body challenging it, he was ordered by thoſe merry Gentlemen who had before peruſed it, to get up into the auction-pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows.

MINUTES.

Sir *Roger de Coverley*'s country feat —— Yes, for I hate long ſpeeches —— Query, if a good Chriſtian may be a Conjurer —— *Childermas-day*, Salt-

feller,

ſeller, Houſe- dog, Screech-owl, Cricket——Mr. *Thomas Inkle* of *London*, in the good ſhip calld the *Achilles*. *Yarrico*——*AEgreſcitque medendo*—— Ghoſts——The Lady's Library——Lion by trade a Taylor——Dromedary called *Bucephalus*——Equipage the Lady's *ſummum bonum*—*Charles Lillie* to be taken notice of——Short face a relief to envy—Redundancies in the three profeſſions—King *Latinus* a recruit——Jew devouring an ham of Bacon——*Weſtminſter-Abbey*——*Grand Cairo*—Procraſtination——*April* fools——Blue Boars, Red Lions, Hogs in armour——Enter a King and two Fidlers *ſolus*——Admiſſion into the Ugly Club—Beauty how improveable—Families of true and falſe Humor—The Parrot's ſchool-miſtreſs—Face half *Pict* half *Britiſh*—No man to be an Hero of a Tragedy under ſix foot—Club of Sighers——Letters from Flower-pots, Elbow-chairs, Tapeſtry figures, Lion, Thunder—The Bell rings to the Puppet-ſhow——Old Woman with a Beard married to a ſmock-faced Boy——My next coat to be turned up with blue——Fable of Tongs and Gridiron——Flower Dyers——The Soldier's Prayer——Thank ye for nothing, ſays the Gally-pot——*Pactolus* in ſtockings, with golden clocks to them——Bamboos, Cudgels, Drum-ſticks——Slip of my Land-lady's eldeſt daughter——The black Mare with a ſtar in her forehead——The Barber's pole——*Will Honeycombe*'s coat-pocket—*Cæſar*'s behavior and my own in parallel circumſtances—Poem in Patch-work——*Nulli gravis eſt percuſſus Achilles*—The Female Conventicler——The Ogle-maſter.

The reading of this paper made the whole Coffee-houſe very merry; ſome of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by ſome body that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very ſubſtantial citizen, told us, with ſeveral politic winks and nods, that he wiſhed there was no more in the paper than what was expreſſed in it: that for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's pole, to ſignify ſomething more than what is uſually meant by thoſe words; and that he thought the Coffee-man could not do better, than to carry the paper to one of the Secretaries of Sate. He further added, that he did not like the name of the out-landiſh man with the golden clock in his ſtockings. A young *Oxford* Scholar, who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee-houſe, diſcovered to us who this *Pactolus* was; and by that means turned the whole ſcheme of this worthy Citizen into ridicule. While they were making their ſeveral conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the Boy, as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having caſt a curſory glance

glance over it, and ſhook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twiſted it into a kind of match, and litt my pipe with it. My profound ſilence, together with the ſteadineſs of my countenance, and the gravity of my behavior during this whole tranſaction, raiſed a very loud laugh on all ſides of me; but as I had eſcaped all ſuſpicion of being the Author, I was very well ſatisfied, and applying myſelf to my Pipe and the *Poſt-man*, took no further notice of any thing that paſſed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made uſe of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will eaſily ſuppoſe, that thoſe ſubjects which are yet untouched, were ſuch proviſions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I ſhall only give him the letters which relate to the two laſt hints. The firſt of them I ſhould not have publiſhed, were I not informed that there is many an huſband who ſuffers very much in his private affairs by the indiſcreet zeal of ſuch a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inſcription quoted by the Biſhop of *Saliſbury* in his Travels; *Dum nimia pia eſt, facta eſt impia.*

S I R,

" I Am one of thoſe unhappy men that are plagued with a Goſpel-goſſip, " ſo common among Diſſenters (eſpecially Friends.) Lectures in the " morning, Church-meetings at noon, and Preparation ſermons at night, " take up ſo much of her time, 'tis very rare ſhe knows what we have for " dinner, unleſs when the Preacher is to be at it. With him come a Tribe, " all Brothers and Siſters it ſeems; while others, really ſuch, are deemed " no relations. If at any time I have her company alone, ſhe is a mere " ſermon popgun, repeating and diſcharging texts, proofs, and applicati- " ons ſo perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the noiſe in my " head will not let me ſleep till towards morning. The miſery of my caſe, " and great numbers of ſuch ſufferers, plead your pity and ſpeedy relief; " otherwiſe muſt expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and " prayed into want, unleſs the happineſs of being ſooner talked to death " prevent it. *I am*, &c. R. G.

The ſecond Letter, relating to the Ogling Maſter, runs thus,

Mr. SPECTATOR,

" I Am an *Iriſh* Gentleman, that have travelled many years for my Im- " provement; during which time I have accompliſhed myſelf in the " whole art of Ogling, as it is at preſent practiſed in all the polite nations " of

" of *Europe*. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of my friends, " to ſet up for an Ogling-maſter. I teach the Church Ogle in the morn- " ing, and the Playhouſe Ogle by candle-light. I have alſo brought over " with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring; which I teach in the duſk of " the evening, or in any hour of the day by darkning one of my windows. " I have a manuſcript by me called *the complete Ogler*, which I ſhall be " ready to ſhew you upon any occaſion. In the mean time, I beg you " will publiſh the ſubſtance of this Letter in an advertiſement, and you will " very much oblige,

Yours, &c.

N° 47. *Tueſday, April* 24.

Ride ſi ſapis——— Mart.

MR. *Hobbs*, in his diſcourſe of human Nature, which, in my humble opinion, is much the beſt of all his works, after ſome very curious obſervations upon Laughter, concludes thus; " The paſſion of Laughter " is nothing elſe but ſudden glory ariſing from ſome ſudden conception of " ſome eminency in ourſelves by compariſon with the infirmity of others, " or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the paſt follies of them- " ſelves when they come ſuddenly to remembrance, except they bring with " them any preſent diſhonor.

According to this Author therefore, when we hear a man laugh exceſſively, inſtead of ſaying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we ſhall meet with many obſervations to confirm us in his opinion. Every one laughs at ſome body that is in an inferior ſtate of folly to himſelf. It was formerly the cuſtom for every great houſe in *England* to keep a tame Fool dreſſed in petticoats, that the Heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himſelf with his abſurdities. For the ſame reaſon Idiots are ſtill in requeſt in moſt of the Courts of *Germany*, where there is not a Prince of any great magnificence who has not two or three dreſſed, diſtinguiſhed, undiſputed Fools in his retinue, whom the reſt of the Courtiers are always breaking their jeſts upon.

The

The *Dutch*, who are more famous for their Induſtry and Application, than for Wit and Humor, hang up in ſeveral of their ſtreets what they call the ſign of the *Gaper*, that is, the head of an Idiot dreſſed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a moſt immoderate manner: this is a ſtanding jeſt at *Amſterdam*.

Thus every one diverts himſelf with ſome perſon or other that is below him in point of underſtanding, and triumphs in the ſuperiority of his genius, whilſt he has ſuch objects of deriſion before his eyes. Mr. *Dennis* has very well expreſſed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a tranſlation of a Satire in Monſieur *Boileau*.

Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And ſhakes his empty noddle at his brother.

Mr. *Hobbs*'s reflection gives us the reaſon why the inſignificant people above-mentioned are ſtirrers up of Laughter among men of a groſs taſte: but as the more underſtanding part of mankind do not find their riſibility affected by ſuch ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the ſeveral provocatives of Laughter in men of ſuperior ſenſe and knowledge.

In the firſt place I muſt obſerve, that there is a ſet of merry Drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and ſeem to love ſo well *that they could eat them*, according to the old Proverb; I mean thoſe circumforaneous Wits whom every nation calls by the name of that diſh of meat which it loves beſt. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled Herrings;* in *France, Jean Pottages;* in *Italy Maccaronies;* and in *Great-Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. Theſe merry Wags, from whatſoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a Fool's coat, and commit ſuch blunders and miſtakes in every ſtep they take, and every word they utter, as thoſe who liſten to them would be aſhamed of.

But this little triumph of the underſtanding, under the diſguiſe of laughter, is no where more viſible than in that cuſtom which prevails every where among us on the firſt day of the preſent month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies diſcovered, ſo there is more laughter raiſed on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a Haberdaſher by trade, and a very ſhallow conceited fellow, makes his boaſts that for theſe ten years ſucceſſively he has not made leſs than an hundred *April* fools. My Landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for ſending every one of her children upon ſome *ſleeveleſs errand*, as ſhe terms it. Her eldeſt Son went to buy an half-penny worth of Inkle at a Shoemaker's; the eldeſt daughter was diſpatched half a mile to ſee a Monſter; and in ſhort,

the whole family of innocent children made *April* Fools. Nay, my Landlady herſelf did not eſcape him. This empty fellow has laugh'd upon theſe conceits ever ſince.

This art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men ſprung up of late years, who are for making *April* fools every day in the year. Theſe Gentlemen are commonly diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Biters;* a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at thoſe miſtakes which are of their own production.

Thus we ſee, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chuſes his Food out of a lower or higher claſs of mankind; or, to ſpeak in a more Philoſophical language, That ſecret elation and pride of heart which is generally called Laughter, ariſes in him from his comparing himſelf with an object below him, whether it ſo happens that it be a natural or an artificial Fool. It is indeed very poſſible, that the perſons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiſer men than ourſelves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they muſt fall ſhort of us in thoſe reſpects, which ſtir up this paſſion.

I am afraid I ſhall appear too abſtracted in my ſpeculations, if I ſhew that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying ſome oddneſs or infirmity in his own character, or in the repreſentation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at any action or incident that bears a remote Analogy to ſome blunder or abſurdity in reaſonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I ſhall paſs by the conſideration of thoſe Stage Coxcombs that are able to ſhake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular ſort of men who are ſuch provokers of mirth in converſation, that it is impoſſible for a Club or merry-meeting to ſubſiſt without them; I mean thoſe honeſt Gentlemen that are always expoſed to the wit and rallery of their well-wiſhers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends, and foes, and, in a word, ſtand as *Butts* in converſation, for every one to ſhoot at that pleaſes. I know ſeveral of theſe *Butts* who are men of wit and ſenſe, though by ſome odd turn of humor, ſome unlucky caſt in their perſon or behavior, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a *Butt,* who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous ſide of his character. A ſtupid *Butt* is only fit for the converſation of ordinary people: Men of wit require one that will give them play, and beſtir himſelf in the abſurd part of his behavior. A *Butt* with theſe accompliſhments frequently gets the Laugh on his ſide, and turns the ridicule

cule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John Falſtaff* was an Hero of this ſpecies, and gives a good deſcription of himſelf in his capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner; *Men of all ſorts* (ſays that merry Knight) *take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that Wit is in other men.*

N° 50. *Friday, April* 27.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud ſapientia dixit. Juv.

WHEN the four *Indian* Kings were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully ſtruck with the ſight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, ſince their departure, employed a friend to make many enquiries of their Landlord the Upholſterer, relating to their manners and converſation, as alſo concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of ſuch ſtrangers, I ſhould be deſirous of learning what Ideas they have conceived of us.

The Upholſterer finding my friend very inquiſitive about theſe his Lodgers, brought him ſome time ſince a little bundle of papers, which he aſſured him were written by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Raſh Tow*, and, as he ſuppoſes, left behind by ſome miſtake. Theſe papers are now tranſlated, and contain abundance of very odd obſervations, which I find this little fraternity of Kings made during their ſtay in the Iſle of *Great Britain*. I ſhall preſent my reader with a ſhort ſpecimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of *London* are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of St. *Paul*.

" On the moſt riſing part of the town there ſtands a huge houſe, big e-
" nough to contain the whole nation of which I am King. Our good Bro-
" ther *E Tow O Koam*, King of the *Rivers*, is of opinion it was made by the
" hands of that great God to whom it is conſecrated. The Kings of *Grana-*
" *jah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created with the Earth, and
" produced on the ſame day with the Sun and Moon. But for my own
" part by the beſt information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to

" think that this prodigious Pile was faſhioned into the ſhape it now bears " by ſeveral tools and inſtruments, of which they have a wonderful variety " in this country. It was probably at firſt an huge miſ-ſhapen rock that " grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after " having cut it into a kind of a regular figure) bored and hollowed with in- " credible pains and induſtry, till they have wrought in it all thoſe beauti- " ful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As ſoon as " this rock was thus curiouſly ſcooped to their liking, a prodigious number of " hands muſt have been employed in chipping the out-ſide of it, which is " now as ſmooth as the ſurface of a pebble; and is in ſeveral places hewn out " into Pillars that ſtand like the trunks of ſo many trees bound about the " top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work " was begun, which muſt have been many hundred years ago, there was " ſome religion among this people; for they give it the name of a Temple, " and have a tradition that it was deſigned for men to pay their devotions " in. And indeed, there are ſeveral reaſons which make us think, that " the natives of this country had formerly among them ſome ſort of wor- " ſhip; for they ſet apart every ſeventh day as ſacred: but upon my go- " ing into one of theſe holy houſes on that day, I could not obſerve any " circumſtance of their devotion in their behavior: there was indeed a " man in black who was mounted above the reſt, and ſeemed to utter " ſomething with a great deal of vehemence; but as for thoſe underneath " him, inſtead of paying their worſhip to the Deity of the place, they were " moſt of them bowing and curteſying to one another, and a conſiderable " number of them faſt aſleep.

" The Queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had " enough of our language to make themſelves underſtood in ſome few par- " ticulars. But we ſoon perceived theſe two were great enemies to one " another, and did not always agree in the ſame ſtory. We could make a " ſhift to gather out of one of them, that this Iſland was very much infeſt- " ed with a monſtrous kind of Animals, in the ſhape of men, called *Whigs;* " and he often told us, that he hoped we ſhould meet with none of them " in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for " being Kings.

" Our other interpreter uſed to talk very much of a kind of animal cal- " led a *Tory*, that was as great a monſter as the *Whig*, and would treat us as ill " for being Foreigners. Theſe two creatures, it ſeems, are born with a ſe- " cret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally " as the Elephant and the Rhinoceros. But as we ſaw none of either of " theſe ſpecies, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with miſ-

repreſentations

" repreſentations and fictions, and amuſed us with an account of ſuch " monſters as are not really in their country.

" Theſe particulars we made a ſhift to pick out from the diſcourſe of our " interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to " underſtand but here and there a word of what they ſaid, and afterwards " made up the meaning of it among ourſelves. The men of the country " are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works; but withal ſo very " idle, that we often ſaw young luſty raw-boned fellows carried up and " down the ſtreets in little covered rooms by a couple of Porters, who are " hired for that ſervice. Their dreſs is likewiſe very barbarous, for they " almoſt ſtrangle themſelves about the neck, and bind their bodies with " many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occaſion of ſeveral diſ- " tempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Inſtead " of thoſe beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often " buy up a monſtrous buſh of hair, which covers their heads, and falls " down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they " walk up and down the ſtreets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their " own growth.

" We were invited to one of their public diverſions, where we hoped to " have ſeen the great men of their country running down a Stag or pitch- " ing a Bar, that we might have diſcovered who were the perſons of the " greateſt abilities among them; but inſtead of that, they conveyed us into " an huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy " people ſat ſtill above three hours to ſee ſeveral feats of ingenuity per- " formed by others, who it ſeems were paid for it.

" As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, " we could only make our remarks upon them at a diſtance. They let the " hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great " ſhow with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who " they ſay have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it " from being ſeen. The women look like Angels, and would be more " beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little black ſpots that are apt to " break out in their faces, and ſometimes riſe in very odd figures. I have " obſerved that thoſe little blemiſhes wear off very ſoon; but when they diſ- " appear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, " inſomuch that I have ſeen a ſpot upon the forehead in the afternoon, " which was upon the chin in the morning,

The Author then proceeds to ſhew the abſurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious obſervations, which I ſhall reſerve for another occaſion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking notice,

tice, that amidſt theſe wild remarks, there now and then appears ſomething very reaſonable. I cannot likewiſe forbear obſerving, that we are all guilty in ſome meaſure of the ſame narrow way of thinking, which we meet with in this abſtract of the *Indian* Journal; when we fancy the cuſtoms, dreſſes, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not reſemble thoſe of our own.

N° 55. *Thurſday, May* 3.

——— *Intus, et in jecore ægro*
Noſcuntur Domini ——— Perſ.

MOST of the Trades, Profeſſions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleaſure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As theſe two principles of action draw different ways, *Perſius* has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was rouzed out of his bed, in order to be ſent upon a long voyage by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-perſuaded and kept at home by *Luxury*. I ſhall ſet down at length the pleadings of theſe two imaginary perſons, as they are in the original, with Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of them.

Mane, piger, ſtertis: ſurge, inquit Averitia; eja
Surge. Negas? inſtat, Surge inquit. Non queo. Surge.
Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
Caſtoreum, ſtuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper è ſitiente camelo.
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu!
Baro, reguſtatum digito terebrare ſalinum
Contentus parages, ſi vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem ſuccinctus et œnophorum aptas;
Ocyus ad navem. Nil obſtat quin trabe vaſtâ
AEgeum rapias, niſi ſolers Luxuria ante
Sæductum moneat; Quò deinde, inſane ruis? Quo?
Quid tibi vis? Calido ſub pectore maſcula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ?
Tun' mare tranſilias? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto

Cœna

Cæna ſit in tranſtro? Veientanumque rubellum
Exhalet vapida læſum pice feſſilis obba?
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modeſto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos ſudare deunces?
Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; noſtrum eſt
Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fies,
Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde eſt.
En quid agis? Duplici in diverſum ſcinderis hamo,
Hunccine, an hunc ſequeris?———

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's lap,
When thou would'ſt take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, ſays *AVARICE;* thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain.
The rugged Tyrant no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling ſluggard wakes.
What muſt I do? he cries; What? ſays his Lord:
Why riſe, make ready, and go ſtraight aboard:
With fiſh, from *Euxine* ſeas, thy veſſel freight;
Flax, Caſtor, *Coan* wines, the precious weight
Of Pepper, and *Sabean* incenſe, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd Camel's back,
And with poſt-haſte thy running markets make.
Be ſure to turn the penny; lye and ſwear,
'Tis wholſome Sin: But *Jove,* thou ſay'ſt will hear.
Swear, fool, or ſtarve; for the *Dilemma*'s even:
A Tradeſman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Reſolv'd for Sea, the ſlaves thy baggage pack,
Each ſadled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage, now; but he,
That ſoft voluptuous Prince, call'd *LUXURY*;
And he may aſk this civil queſtion; Friend,
What doſt thou make a-ſhipboard? to what end?
Art thou of *Bethlem*'s noble College free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou would'ſt tempt the Sea?
Cubb'd in a Cabin, on a Mattreſs laid,
On a brown *George,* with lowſy Swobbers fed;

Dead

Dead wine that ſtinks of the *Borachio*, ſup
From a foul Jack, or greaſy Maple cup?
Say, would'ſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy ſtore,
From ſix i'th' hundred to ſix hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give:
For, not to live at eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does ſome looſe remnant of thy life devour.
Live while thou liv'ſt; for Death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak; wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleaſure* chuſe
To be thy Lord? Take one; and one refuſe.

When a Government floriſhes in conqueſts, and is ſecure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleaſures of Luxury; and as theſe pleaſures are very expenſive, they put thoſe who are addicted to them upon raiſing freſh ſupplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciouſneſs and corruption; ſo that Avarice and Luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in thoſe whoſe hearts are wholly ſet upon eaſe, magnificence and pleaſure. The moſt elegant and correct of all the *Latin* Hiſtorians obſerves, that in his time, when the moſt formidable States in the world were ſubdued by the *Romans*, the Republic ſunk into thoſe two Vices of a quite different nature, Luxury and Avarice: and accordingly deſcribes *Catiline* as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the ſame time that he ſquandred away his own. This obſervation on the Commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all Governments that are ſettled in a ſtate of eaſe and proſperity. At ſuch times men naturally endeavor to outſhine one another in pomp and ſplendor, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themſelves in the enjoyment of all the pleaſures they can get into their poſſeſſion; which naturally produces Avarice, and an immoderate purſuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humoring myſelf in the ſpeculation of theſe two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or Fable, with which I ſhall here preſent my reader.

There were two very powerful Tyrants engaged in a perpetual war againſt each other: the name of the firſt was *Luxury*, and of the ſecond *Avarice*. The aim of each of them was no leſs than an univerſal Monarchy over the hearts of mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals under him, who did him great ſervice, as *Pleaſure, Mirth, Pomp*, and *Faſhion*. *Avarice* was likewiſe very ſtrong in his Officers, being faithfully ſerved by *Hunger, Induſtry, Care*, and

and *Watchfulneſs:* he had likewiſe a Privy-Counſellor who was always at his elbow, and whiſpering ſomething or other in his ear: the name of this Privy-Counſellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himſelf by the counſels of *Poverty*, his antagoniſt was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of *Plenty*, who was his firſt Counſellor and Miniſter of State, that concerted all his meaſures for him, and never departed out of his ſight. While theſe two great Rivals were thus contending for Empire, their Conqueſts were very various. *Luxury* got poſſeſſion of one heart, and *Avarice* of another. The Father of a family would often range himſelf under the banners of *Avarice*, and the Son under thoſe of *Luxury*. The Wife and Huſband would often declare themſelves on the two different parties; nay, the ſame perſon would very often ſide with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wiſe men of the world ſtood *Neuter:* but alas! their numbers were not conſiderable. At length, when theſe two Potentates had wearied themſelves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their Counſellors were to be preſent. It is ſaid that *Luxury* began the parly, and after having repreſented the endleſs ſtate of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankneſs of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two ſhould be very good friends, were it not for the inſtigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counſellor, who made an ill uſe of his ear, and filled him with groundleſs apprehenſions, and prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the firſt Miniſter of his antagoniſt) to be a much more deſtructive Counſellor than *Poverty*, for that he was perpetually ſuggeſting pleaſures, baniſhing all the neceſſary cautions againſt want, and conſequently undermining thoſe principles on which the Government of *Avarice* was founded. At laſt, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them ſhould immediately diſmiſs his Privy-Counſellor. When things were thus far adjuſted towards a Peace, all other differences were ſoon accommodated, inſomuch that for the future they reſolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to ſhare between them whatever conqueſts were made on either ſide. For this reaſon, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking poſſeſſion of the ſame heart, and dividing the ſame perſon between them. To which I ſhall only add, that ſince the diſcarding of the Counſellors above-mentioned, *Avarice* ſupplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty*.

N° 56. *Friday, May* 4.

Felices errore ſua——— Lucan.

THE *Americans* believe that all creatures have Souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay even the moſt inanimate things, as ſtocks and ſtones. They believe the ſame of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glaſſes: and that as any of theſe things periſh, their ſouls go into another world, which is inhabited by the Ghoſts of men and women. For this reaſon they always place by the corpſe of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make uſe of the Souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How abſurd ſoever ſuch an opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philoſophers have maintained ſeveral notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato*'s followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with ſubſtances and beings no leſs extravagant and chimerical. Many *Ariſtotelians* have likewiſe ſpoken as unintelligibly of their ſubſtantial forms. I ſhall only inſtance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his diſſertation upon the loadſtone obſerving that fire will deſtroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidſt an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapor to ariſe from it, which he believed might be the *ſubſtantial Form*, that is, in our *Weſt-Indian* phraſe, the *Soul* of the load-ſtone.

There is a tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their countrymen deſcended in a viſion to the great repoſitory of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a diſtinct account of every thing he ſaw among thoſe regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the *Indian* Kings, to enquire of them, if poſſible, what tradition they have among them of this matter; which, as well as he could learn by thoſe many queſtions which he aſked them at ſeveral times, was in ſubſtance as follows.

The Viſionary, whoſe name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long ſpace under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of Spirits; but could not enter it by reaſon of a thick foreſt made up

up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplex'd and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or path-way that might be worn in any part of it, he saw an huge Lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The *Indian* immediately started back, whilst the Lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the Lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the Ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavored to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quick-set hedge to the Ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colors, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about an hundred beagles that were hunting down the ghost of an hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagua*, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his grea virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of *America*.

He had no ſooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with ſuch a landſcape of flowry plains, green meadows, running ſtreams, ſunny hills, and ſhady vales, as were not to be repreſented by his own expreſſions, nor, as he ſaid, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable ſwarms of Spirits, who applied themſelves to exerciſes and diverſions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were toſſing the figure of a coit; others were pitching the ſhadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horſe; and multitudes employing themſelves upon ingenious handicrafts with the Souls of *departed Utenſils;* for that is the name which in the *Indian* language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful ſcene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that roſe every where about him in the greateſt variety and profuſion, having never ſeen ſeveral of them in his own country: but he quickly found that though they were objects of his ſight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the ſide of a great river, and being a good fiſherman himſelf, ſtood upon the banks of it ſome time to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many ſhapes of fiſhes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I ſhould have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greateſt beauties of his country, by whom he had ſeveral children. This couple were ſo famous for their love and conſtancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wiſh that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not ſtood long by the fiſherman when he ſaw the ſhadow of his beloved *Yaratilda,* who had for ſome time fixed her eye upon him, before he diſcovered her. Her arms were ſtretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the ſame time ſeemed to tell him that the river was unpaſſable. Who can deſcribe the paſſion made up of joy, ſorrow, love, deſire, aſtoniſhment, that roſe in the *Indian* upon the ſight of his dear *Yaratilda?* he could expreſs it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not ſtood in this poſture long, before he plunged into the ſtream which lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he aroſe on the other ſide. At his approach *Yaratilda* flew into his arms, whilſt *Marraton* wiſhed himſelf diſincumbred of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many queſtions and endearments on both ſides, ſhe conducted him to a bower which ſhe had dreſſed with her own hands with all the ornaments that could be met with in thoſe blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding ſomething

ſomething new to it. As *Marraton* ſtood aſtoniſhed at the unſpeakable beauty of her habitation, and raviſhed with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, *Yaratilda* told him that ſhe was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life ſhould be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him. who died ſome years before, and reſided with her in the ſame delightful bower; adviſing him to breed up thoſe others which were ſtill with him in ſuch a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The traditon tells us farther, that he had afterwards a ſight of thoſe diſmal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions ſeveral molten ſeas of gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *Europeans,* who put to the ſword ſo many thouſands of poor *Indians* for the ſake of that precious metal: but having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the meaſure of my paper, I ſhall not give any further account of it.

N° 57. *Saturday, May* 5.

Quem præſtare poteſt mulier galeata pudorem
Quæ fugit a ſexu? ——— Juv.

WHEN the wife of *Hector*, in *Homer*'s *Iliads*, diſcourſes with her huſband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the Hero, deſiring her to leave that matter to his care, bids her go to her maids and mind her ſpinning: by which the Poet intimates, that men and women ought to buſy themſelves in their proper ſpheres, and on ſuch matters only as are ſuitable to their reſpective ſex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has paſſed a great part of his life in the nurſery, and, upon occaſion, can make a caudle or a ſack-poſſet better than any man in *England.* He is likewiſe a wonderful Critic in cambric and muſlins, and will talk an hour together upon a ſweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with obſervations that he makes both in Town and Court: as what Lady ſhews the niceſt fancy in her dreſs; what man of quality wears the faireſt wig; who has the fineſt linen,

linen, who the prettieſt ſnuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks that may be made in good company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the opportunity of ſeeing a rural *Andromache*, who came up to Town laſt winter, and is one of the greateſt fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horſes, and makes nothing of leaping over a ſix-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggiſh ſtory, ſhe gives him a puſh with her hand in jeſt, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her ſervant neglects his buſineſs, threatens to kick him out of the houſe. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a ſubſtantial tradeſman a louſy cur; and remember one day, when ſhe could not think of the name of a perſon, ſhe deſcribed him, in a large company of Men and Ladies, by the fellow with broad ſhoulders.

If thoſe ſpeeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong ſex, the faults and imperfections of one ſex tranſplanted into another, appear black and monſtrous. As for the men, I ſhall not in this paper any further concern myſelf about them; but as I would fain contribute to make woman-kind, which is the moſt beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all thoſe little ſpots and blemiſhes that are apt to riſe among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I ſhall dedicate this paper to their ſervice. The ſpot which I would here endeavor to clear them of, is that party-rage which of late years is very much crept into their converſation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel paſſions that are altogether repugnant to the ſoftneſs, the modeſty, and thoſe other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair ſex. Women were found to temper mankind, and ſooth them into tenderneſs and compaſſion; not to ſet an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them thoſe paſſions which are too apt to riſe of their own accord. When I have ſeen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have ſtopt it? how have I been troubled to ſee ſome of the fineſt features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party-rage? *Camilla* is one of the greateſt beauties in the *Britiſh* nation, and yet values herſelf more upon being the *Virago* of one party, than upon being the Toaſt of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountred the fierce and beautiful *Penthefilea* acroſs a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to ſhake with the earneſtneſs of the diſpute, ſhe ſcalded her fingers, and ſpilt a diſh of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, no body knows where it would have ended.

There is one conſideration which I would earneſtly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I hope, will have ſome weight with them. In

ſhort,

ſhort, it is this, that there is nothing ſo bad for the face as party-zeal. It gives an ill-natured caſt to the eye, and a diſagreeable ſourneſs to the look; beſides, that it makes the lines too ſtrong, and fluſhes them worſe than brandy. I have ſeen a woman's face break out in heats, as ſhe has been talking againſt a great Lord, whom ſhe had never ſeen in her life; and indeed never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore adviſe all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all diſputes of this nature; though, at the ſame time, I would give free liberty to all ſuperannuated motherly partizans to be as violent as they pleaſe, ſince there will be no danger either of their ſpoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part I think a man makes an odious and deſpicable figure, that is violent in a party; but a woman is too ſincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and diſcretion, and to act with that caution and reſervedneſs which are requiſite in our ſex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thouſand heats and extravagances; their generous Souls ſet no bounds to their love, or to their hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap-dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-ſhow, be the object of it, the paſſion, while it reigns, engroſſes the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates* was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend *Will Honeycomb* in a viſit to a Lady of his acquaintance: we were no ſooner ſat down, but upon caſting my eyes about the room, I found in almoſt every corner of it a print that repreſented the Doctor in all magnitudes and dimenſions. A little after, as the Lady was diſcourſing my friend, and held her ſnuff-box in her hand, who ſhould I ſee in the lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when ſhe had occaſion for her handkerchief, which upon the firſt opening diſcovered among the plaits of it the figure of the Doctor. Upon this my friend *Will*, who loves rallery, told her, that if he was in Mr. *True-love*'s place (for that was the name of her huſband) he ſhould be made as uneaſy by a handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid,* ſaid ſhe, *Mr. Honeycomb, you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a friend to the Doctor or not? Will*, inſtead of making her a reply, ſmiled in her face (for indeed ſhe was very pretty) and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjuſted it, and looking a little ſeriouſly, *Well,* ſays ſhe, *I'll be hanged if you and your ſilent friend there are not againſt the Doctor in your hearts, I ſuſpected as much by his ſaying nothing.* Upon this ſhe took her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it again diſplayed to us the figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the ſticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken poſſeſſion

poſſeſſion of her thoughts, her diſcourſe, and moſt of her furniture; but finding myſelf preſſed too cloſe by her queſtion, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.

N° 58. *Monday, May 7.*

Ut pictura, poeſis erit ——— Hor.

NOTHING is ſo much admired, and ſo little underſtood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written profeſſedly upon it; as for thoſe who make any mention of it, they only treat on the ſubject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little ſhort reflections, or in general declamatory floriſhes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I ſhall perform an acceptable work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this ſubject; which I ſhall endeavor to do in a manner ſuitable to it, that I may not incur the cenſure which a famous Critic beſtows upon one who had written a Treatiſe upon *the Sublime* in a low groveling ſtile. I intend to lay aſide a whole week for this undertaking, that the ſcheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promiſe myſelf, if my Readers will give me a week's attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* night. I ſhall endeavor to make what I ſay intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my Readers meet with any paper that in ſome parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them diſcouraged, for they may aſſure themſelves the next ſhall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of theſe my Speculations is to baniſh vice and ignorance out of the territories of *Great Britain,* I ſhall endeavor as much as poſſible to eſtabliſh among us a taſte of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavored to ſet my Readers right in ſeveral points relating to Opera's and Tragedies; and ſhall from time to time impart my notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my Bookſeller, that theſe papers of Criticiſm, with that upon Humor, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from ſuch ſubjects; for which reaſon I ſhall enter upon my preſent undertaking with greater chearfulneſs.

In this, and one or two following papers, I ſhall trace out the hiſtory of falſe wit, and diſtinguiſh the ſeveral kinds of it as they have prevailed in different

different ages of the world. This I think the more neceſſary at preſent, becauſe I obſerved there were attempts on foot laſt winter to revive ſome of thoſe antiquated modes of Wit that have been long exploded out of the Commonwealth of Letters. There were ſeveral Satires and Panegyrics handed about in Acroſtic, by which means ſome of the moſt arrant undiſputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to ſet up for polite Authors. I ſhall therefore deſcribe at length thoſe many arts of falſe Wit, in which a writer does not ſhew himſelf a man of a beautiful genius, but of great induſtry.

The firſt ſpecies of falſe wit which I have met with, is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced ſeveral pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* itſelf: I mean thoſe ſhort Poems printed among the minor *Greek* Poets, which reſemble the figure of an Egg, a pair of Wings, an Ax, a ſhepherd's Pipe and an Altar.

As for the firſt it is a little oval Poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's egg. I would endeavor to hatch it, or in more intelligible language, to tranſlate it into *Engliſh,* did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the Author ſeems to have been more intent upon the figure of his Poem, than upon the ſenſe of it.

The pair of wings conſiſts of twelve verſes, or rather feathers, every verſe decreaſing gradually in its meaſure according to its ſituation in the wing. The ſubject of it (as in the reſt of the Poems which follow) bears ſome remote affinity with the figure, for it deſcribes a God of Love, who is always painted with wings.

The Ax methinks would have been a good figure for a Lampoon, had the edge of it conſiſted of the moſt ſatirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to be nothing elſe but the poeſy of an Ax which was conſecrated to *Minerva,* and was thought to have been the ſame that *Epeus* made uſe of in the building of the *Trojan* Horſe; which is a hint I ſhall leave to the conſideration of the Critics. I am apt to think that the Poeſy was written originally upon the Ax, like thoſe which our modern Cutlers inſcribe upon their knives; and that therefore the Poeſy ſtill remains in its ancient ſhape, though the Ax itſelf is loſt.

The Shepherd's pipe may be ſaid to be full of muſic, for it is compoſed of nine different kinds of verſes, which by their ſeveral lengths reſemble the nine ſtops of the old muſical inſtrument, that is likewiſe the ſubject of the Poem.

The Altar is inſcribed with the Epitaph of *Troilus* the ſon of *Hecuba;* which, by the way, makes me believe, that theſe falſe pieces of wit are much more ancient than the Authors to whom they are generally aſcribed;

at leaſt I will never be perſuaded, that ſo fine a writer as *Theocritus* could have been the Author of any ſuch ſimple works.

It was impoſſible for a man to ſucceed in theſe performances who was not a kind of Painter, or at leaſt a Deſigner: he was firſt of all to draw the out-line of the ſubject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the deſcription to the figure of his ſubject. The Poetry was to contract or dilate itſelf according to the mould in which it was caſt. In a word, the verſes were to be cramped or extended to the dimenſions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of thoſe perſons whom the Tyrant *Procruſtes* uſed to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too ſhort, he ſtretched them on a rack, and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. *Dryden* hints at this obſolete kind of wit in one of the following Verſes in his *Mac Flecno;* which an *Engliſh* reader cannot underſtand, who does not know that there are thoſe little Poems abovementioned in the ſhape of Wings and Altars.

> ———*Chooſe for thy command*
> *Some peaceful Province in Acroſtic land;*
> *There may'ſt thou* Wings *diſplay, and* Altars *raiſe,*
> *And torture one poor word a thouſand ways.*

This faſhion of falſe wit was revived by ſeveral Poets of the laſt age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. *Herbert*'s Poems; and, if I am not miſtaken, in the tranſlation of *Du Bartas.* I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more reſembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King *Charles* the firſt, which has the whole book of *Pſalms* written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head. When I was laſt at *Oxford* I peruſed one of the whiſkers; and was reading the other, but could not go ſo far in it as I would have done, by reaſon of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them preſſed to ſee ſuch a piece of curioſity. I have ſince heard, that there is now an eminent writing-maſter in town, who has tranſcribed all the *Old Teſtament* in a full-bottom'd perriwig; and if the faſhion ſhould introduce the thick kind of Wigs which were in vogue ſome few years ago, he promiſes to add two or three ſupernumerary locks that ſhall contain all the *Apocrypha.* He deſigned this Wig originally for King *William,* having diſpoſed of the two books of *Kings* in the two forks of the foretop; but

but that glorious Monarch dying before the Wig was finiſhed, there is a ſpace left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchaſe it.

But to return to our ancient Poems in picture, I would humbly propoſe, for the benefit of our modern ſmatterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in thoſe ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical Lover of my acquaintance, who intends to preſent his Miſtreſs with a copy of verſes made in the ſhape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finiſhed the three firſt ſticks of it. He has likewiſe promiſed me to get the meaſure of his Miſtreſs's marriage-finger, with a deſign to make a poeſy in the faſhion of a ring which ſhall exactly fit it. It is ſo very eaſy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not queſtion but my ingenious Readers will apply what I have ſaid to many other particulars; and that we ſhall ſee the Town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, ſnuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I ſhall therefore conclude with a word of advice to thoſe admirable *Engliſh* Authors who call themſelves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themſelves to this kind of wit without loſs of time, as being provided better than any other Poets with verſes of all ſizes and dimenſions.

N° 59. *Tueſday, May* 8.

Operosè nihil agunt. Sen.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a Wit if he could, and notwithſtanding Pedants of pretended depth and ſolidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite Author, as *Flaſh* and *Froth*, they all of them ſhew upon occaſion that they would ſpare no pains to arrive at the character of thoſe whom they ſeem to deſpiſe. For this reaſon we often find them endeavoring at works of fancy, which coſt them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a gally-ſlave than a wit, were one to gain that title by thoſe elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of ſuch Authors as were often maſters of great learning, but no genius.

In my laſt paper I mentioned ſome of theſe falſe wits among the ancients, and in this ſhall give the Reader two or three other ſpecies of them, that floriſhed in the ſame early ages of the world. The firſt I ſhall produce are

the *Lipogrammatiſts* or *Letter-droppers* of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reaſon, againſt ſome particular letter in the alphabet, ſo as not to admit it once into a whole Poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was a great maſter in this kind of writing. He compoſed an *Odyſſey* or epic Poem on the adventures of *Ulyſſes*, conſiſting of four and twenty books, having entirely baniſhed the letter *A* from his firſt book, which was called *Alpha* (as *lucus a non lucendo)* becauſe there was not an *Alpha* in it. His ſecond book was inſcribed *Beta*, for the ſame reaſon. In ſhort, the Poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and ſhewed them, one after another, that he could do his buſineſs without them.

It muſt have been very pleaſant to have ſeen this Poet avoiding the reprobate Letter, as much as another would a falſe quantity, and making his eſcape from it through the ſeveral *Greek* dialects, when he was preſſed with it in any particular ſyllable. For the moſt apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemiſhed with a wrong letter. I ſhall only obſerve upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyſſey* of *Tryphiodorus,* in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned Pedants, than the *Odyſſey* of *Homer.* What a perpetual fund would it have been of obſolete words and phraſes, unuſual barbariſms and ruſticities, abſurd ſpellings and complicated dialects? I make no queſtion but it would have been looked upon as one of the moſt valuable treaſuries of the *Greek* tongue.

I find likewiſe among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit which the moderns diſtinguiſh by the name of a *Rebus,* that does not ſink a letter but a whole word, by ſuſtituting a picture in its place. When *Cæſar* was one of the maſters of the *Roman* mint, he placed the figure of an Elephant upon the reverſe of the public money; the word *Cæſar* ſignifying an Elephant in the *Punic* language. This was artificially contrived by *Cæſar,* becauſe it was not lawful for a private man to ſtamp his own figure upon the coin of the Commonwealth. *Cicero,* who was ſo called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the noſe with a little wen like a vetch (which is *cicer* in *Latin)* inſtead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero,* ordered the words *Marcus Tullius* with the figure of a vetch at the end of them to be inſcribed on a public monument. This was done probably to ſhew that he was neither aſhamed of his name or family, notwithſtanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the ſame manner we read of a famous building that was marked in ſeveral parts of it with the figures of a Frog and a Lizard: thoſe words in *Greek* having been the names of the architects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inſcribe

inſcribe their own names upon their works. For the ſame reaſon it is thought, that the forelock of the horſe in the antique-equeſtrian ſtatue of *Marcus Aurelius*, repreſents at a diſtance the ſhape of an Owl, to intimate the country of the ſtatuary, who, in all probability, was an *Athenian*. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practiſe it for any oblique reaſon, as the ancients abovementioned, but purely for the ſake of being witty. Among innumerable inſtances that may be given of this nature, I ſhall produce the device of one Mr. *Newberry*, as I find it mentioned by our learned *Cambden* in his remains. Mr. *Newberry*, to repreſent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the ſign of a Yew-tree, that had ſeveral berries upon it, and in the midſt of them a great golden *N* hung upon a bough of the tree, which by the help of a little falſe ſpelling made up the word *N-ew-berry*.

I ſhall conclude this topic with a *Rebus*, which has been lately hewn out in free-ſtone, and erected over two of the portals of *Blenheim* houſe, being the figure of a monſtrous Lion tearing to pieces a little Cock. For the better underſtanding of which device, I muſt acquaint my *Engliſh* reader that a Cock has the misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the ſame word that ſignifies a *French-man*, as a Lion is an emblem of the *Engliſh* nation. Such a device in ſo noble a pile of building looks like a Punn in an heroic Poem; and I am very ſorry the truly ingenious architect would ſuffer the ſtatuary to blemiſh his excellent plan with ſo poor a conceit: but I hope what I have ſaid will gain quarter for the Cock, and deliver him out of the Lion's paw.

I find likewiſe in ancient times the conceit of making an Echo talk ſenſibly, and give rational anſwers. If this could be excuſable in any writer, it would be in *Ovid*, where he introduces the Echo as a Nymph, before ſhe was worn away into nothing but a voice. The learned *Eraſmus*, though a man of wit and genius, has compoſed a Dialogue upon this ſilly kind of device, and made uſe of an Echo who ſeems to have been a very extraordinary linguiſt, for ſhe anſwers the perſon ſhe talks with in *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew*, according as ſhe found the ſyllables which ſhe was to repeat in any of thoſe learned languages. *Hudibras*, in ridicule of this falſe kind of wit, has deſcribed *Bruin* bewailing the loſs of his Bear to a ſolitary Echo, who is of great uſe to the Poet in ſeveral diſtichs, as ſhe does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verſe, and furniſhes him with *Rhymes*.

He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules *for loſs of* Hylas;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his ſad regret;

He

He beat his breaſt, and tore his hair,
For loſs of his dear crony Bear,
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall Poets ſplay-foot Rhymes,
That make her in their rueful ſtories,
To anſwer to Int'rogatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
Things of which ſhe nothing knows:
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the Lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my ——Echo, Ruin?
I thought th' hadſt ſcorn'd to budge a ſtep
For fear. (Quoth Echo) Marry guep.
Am I not here to take thy part!
Then what has quell'd thy ſtubborn heart?
Have theſe bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear ſake. (Quoth ſhe) Mum budget.
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i' th' diſh
Thou turn'ſt thy back? quoth Echo, Piſh.
To run from thoſe th' hadſt overcome
Thus cowardly? quoth Echo. Mum.
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too as thine enemy?
Or if thou hadſt no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet ſhame and honor might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who wou'd grudge to ſpend his blood in
His honor's cauſe? quoth ſhe, A pudding.

N° 60. *Wedneſday, May* 9.

Hoc eſt quod palles? cur quis non prandeat, hoc eſt? Per. Sat. 3.

SEVERAL kinds of falſe wit that vaniſhed in the refined ages of the world, diſcovered themſelves again in the times of monkiſh ignorance.

As the Monks were the maſters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely diſengaged from buſineſs, it is no wonder that ſeveral of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the compoſition of ſuch tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have ſeen half the *AEneid* turned into *Latin* rhymes by one of the *Beaux Eſprits* of that dark age; who ſays in his preface to it, that the *AEneid* wanted nothing but the ſweets of rhyme to make it the moſt perfect work in its kind. I have likewiſe ſeen an Hymn in Hexameters to the Virgin *Mary*, which filled a whole book, though it conſiſted but of the eight following words;

Tot, tibi, ſunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, ſidera, cœlo.

Thou haſt as many Virtues, O Virgin, as there are ſtars in Heaven.

The Poet rung the changes upon theſe eight ſeveral words, and by that means made his verſes almoſt as numerous as the virtues and the ſtars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had ſo much time upon their hands, did not only reſtore all the antiquated pieces of falſe wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of Anagrams, which is nothing elſe but a tranſmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the ſame ſet of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white if Chance, who is the Goddeſs that preſides over theſe ſorts of compoſition, ſhall ſo direct. I remember a witty Author, in alluſion to this kind of writing, calls his Rival, who (it ſeems) was diſtorted, and had his limbs ſet in places that did not properly belong to them, *The Anagram of a man.*

When the Anagrammatiſt takes a name to work upon, he conſiders it at firſt as a Mine not broken up, which will not ſhew the treaſure it contains till

till he ſhall have ſpent many hours in the ſearch of it: for it is his buſineſs to find out one word that conceals itſelf in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of ſtations in which they can poſſibly be ranged. I have heard of a Gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in faſhion, endeavored to gain his Miſtreſs's heart by it. She was one of the fineſt women of her age, and known by the name of the Lady *Mary Boon*. The Lover not being able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing converted it into *Moll;* and after having ſhut himſelf up for half a year, with indefatigable induſtry produced an Anagram. Upon the preſenting it to his Miſtreſs, who was a little vexed in her heart to ſee herſelf degraded into *Moll Boon*, ſhe told him, to his infinite ſurpriſe, that he had miſtaken her Sirname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bohun*.

——————— *Ibi omnis*
Effuſus labor ———————

The Lover was thunder-ſtruck with his misfortune, inſomuch that in a little time after he loſt his ſenſes, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his Anagram.

The Acroſtic was probably invented about the ſame time with the Anagram, though it is impoſſible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The *Simple* Acroſtic is nothing but the name or title of a perſon or thing made out of the initial letters of ſeveral verſes, and by that means written, after the manner of the *Chineſe*, in a perpendicular line. But beſides theſe there are *Compound* Acroſtics, when the principal letters ſtand two or tree deep. I have ſeen ſome of them where the Verſes have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the ſame name running down like a ſeam through the middle of the Poem.

There is another near relation of the Anagrams and Acroſtics, which is commonly called a Chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern Medals, eſpecially thoſe of *Germany*, when they repreſent in the Inſcription the year in which they were coined. Thus we ſee on a Medal of *Guſtavus Adolphus* the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the ſeveral words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the year in which the Medal was ſtamped: for as ſome of the Letters diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt, and over-top their fellows, they are to be conſidered in a double capacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn over a whole Dictionary for

for one of theſe ingenious devices. A man would think they were ſearching after an apt claſſical term; but inſtead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of theſe Inſcriptions, we are not ſo much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The *Bouts-Rimez* were the favorites of the *French* nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a liſt of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the ſame order that they were placed upon the liſt: the more uncommon the Rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the Poet that could accommodate his verſes to them. I do not know any greater inſtance of the decay of wit and learning among the *French* (which generally follows the declenſion of Empire) than the endeavoring to reſtore this fooliſh kind of wit. If the Reader will be at the trouble to ſee examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Gallant*; where the author every month gives a liſt of Rhymes to be filled up by the Ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the *Mercure* for the ſucceeding month. That for the month of *November* laſt, which now lies before me, is as follows.

- *Lauriers*
- *Guerriers*
- *Muſette*
- *Liſette*
- *Ceſars*
- *Etendars*
- *Houlette*
- *Folette*

One would be amazed to ſee ſo learned a man as *Menage* talking ſerioufly on this kind of trifle in the following paſſage.

Monſieur de la Chambre *has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one ſentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I ſhould write next when I was making verſes. In the firſt place I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day ſhewed Monſieur* Gombaud *a compoſition of this nature, in which among others I had made uſe of the four following rhymes,* Amaryllis, Phyllis, Marne, Arne, *deſiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my verſes were good for nothing. And upon my aſking his reaſon, he ſaid, becauſe the rhymes are too common; and for*

that reaſon eaſy to be put into verſe. Marry, ſays I, if it be ſo, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at. But by Monſieur Gombaud's *leave, notwithſtanding the ſeverity of the criticiſm, the verſes were good.* Vid. MENAGIANA. Thus far the learned *Menage,* whom I have tranſlated word for word.

The firſt occaſion of theſe *Bouts-Rimez* made them in ſome manner excuſable, as they were taſks which the *French* Ladies uſed to impoſe on their Lovers. But when a grave Author, like him above mentioned, taſked himſelf, could there be any thing more ridiculous? or would not one be apt to believe that the Author played booty, and did not make his liſt of rhymes till he had finiſhed his Poem?

I ſhall only add, that this piece of falſe Wit has been finely ridiculed by Monſieur *Saraſin,* in a Poem entitled, *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez, the Rout of the Bouts-Rimez.*

I muſt ſubjoin to this laſt kind of wit the Double rhymes, which are uſed in doggerel Poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in ſuch compoſitions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great Numbers of thoſe who admire the incomparable *Hudibras,* do it more on account of theſe doggerel rhymes, than of the parts that really deſerve admiration. I am ſure I have heard the

Pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtic,
Was beat with fiſt inſtead of a ſtick;

and

There was an ancient ſage Philoſopher
Who had read Alexander Roſs *over,*

more frequently quoted, than the fineſt pieces of Wit in the whole Poem.

Thurſday,

N° 61. *Thurſday, May,* 10.

Non equidem ſtudeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgeſcant, dare pondus idonea fumo. Perſ.

THERE is no kind of falſe Wit which has been ſo recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which conſiſts in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of *Punning*. It is indeed impoſſible to kill a weed, which the ſoil has a natural diſpoſition to produce. The ſeeds of Punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be ſubdued by reaſon, reflection, and good ſenſe, they will be very apt to ſhoot up in the greateſt genius, that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raiſe the mind to Poetry, Painting, Muſic or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in Puns and Quibbles.

Ariſtotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of Rhetoric, deſcribes two or three kinds of Puns, which he calls Paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces inſtances of them out of ſome of the greateſt Authors in the *Greek* tongue. *Cicero* has ſprinkled ſeveral of his works with Puns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of Oratory, quotes abundance of ſayings as pieces of Wit, which alſo upon examination prove arrant Puns. But the age in which *the Pun* chiefly floriſhed, was the reign of King *James* the firſt. That learned Monarch was himſelf a tolerable Punſter, and made very few Biſhops or Privy-Councellors that had not ſome time or other ſignalized themſelves by a Clinch, or a *Conundrum*. It was therefore in this age that the Pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry ſpeeches and ludicrous compoſitions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the moſt ſolemn manner at the Council-table. The greateſt Authors, in their moſt ſerious works, made frequent uſe of Puns. The Sermons of Biſhop *Andrews*, and the Tragedies of *Shakeſpear*, are full of them. The ſinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more uſual than to ſee a Hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I muſt add to theſe great Authorities, which ſeem to have given a kind of ſanction to this piece of falſe Wit, that all the writers of Rhetoric have treated of Punning with very great reſpect, and divided the ſeveral kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of ſpeech, and recommended as ornaments in diſcourſe. I remember a country ſchoolmaſter of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a Genleman whom he looked upon to be the greateſt *Paragrammatiſt* among the moderns. Upon enquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. *Swan*, the famous Punſter; and deſiring him to give me ſome account of Mr. *Swan*'s converſation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomaſia*, that he ſometimes gave into the *Plocè*, but that in his humble opinion he ſhined moſt in the *Antanaclaſis*.

I muſt not here omit, that a famous Univerſity of this land was formerly very much infeſted with Puns; but whether or no this might not ariſe from the fens and marſhes in which it was ſituated, and which are now drained, I muſt leave to the determination of more ſkilful Naturaliſts.

After this ſhort hiſtory of Punning, one would wonder how it ſhould be ſo entirely baniſhed out of the learned world, as it is at preſent, eſpecially ſince it had found a place in the writings of the moſt ancient polite Authors. To account for this we muſt conſider, that the firſt race of Authors, who were the great Heroes in writing, were deſtitute of all rules and arts of criticiſm; and for that reaſon, though they excel later writers in greatneſs of genius, they fall ſhort of them in accuracy and correctneſs. The Moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furniſhed with theſe Authors of the firſt eminence, there grew up another ſet of writers, who gained themſelves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of thoſe who preceded them. It was one of the employments of theſe ſecondary Authors, to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral kinds of Wit by terms of art, and to conſider them as more or leſs perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even ſuch Authors as *Iſocrates*, *Plato*, and *Cicero*, ſhould have ſuch little blemiſhes as are not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior character, who have written ſince thoſe ſeveral blemiſhes were diſcovered. I do not find that there was a proper ſeparation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient Authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. But when this diſtinction was once ſettled, it was very natural for all men of ſenſe to agree in it. As for the revival of this falſe Wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as ſoon as it was once detected, it immediately vaniſhed and diſappeared. At the ſame time there is no queſtion, but has it has ſunk in one age, and roſe in another, it will again recover

recover itſelf in ſome diſtant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance ſhall prevail upon wit and ſenſe. And, to ſpeak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by ſome of the laſt winter's productions, which had their ſets of admirers, that our poſterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of Punſters: at leaſt, a man may be very excuſable for any apprehenſions of this kind, that has ſeen *Acroſtics* handed about the Town with great ſecrecy and applauſe; to which I muſt alſo add a little *Epigram* called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into verſe when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it curſed one way and bleſſed the other. When one ſees there are actually ſuch pains-takers among our *Britiſh* Wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we muſt laſh one another, let it be with the manly ſtrokes of Wit and Satire; for I am of the old Philoſopher's opinion, that if I muſt ſuffer from one or the other, I would rather it ſhould be from the paw of a Lion, than the hoof of an Aſs. I do not ſpeak this out of any ſpirit of party. There is a moſt crying dulneſs on both ſides. I have ſeen Tory *Acroſtics* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either of them, becauſe they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but becauſe they are *Anagrams* and *Acroſtics*.

But to return to Punning. Having purſued the hiſtory of a Pun, from its original to its downfal, I ſhall here define it to be a conceit ariſing from the uſe of two words that agree in the ſound, but differ in the ſenſe. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to tranſlate it into a different language: if it bears the teſt, you may pronounce it true; but if it vaniſhes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a Pun. In ſhort, one may ſay of a Pun as the country-man deſcribed his Nightingale, that is, *vox et præterea nihil*, a ſound, and nothing but a ſound. On the contrary one may repreſent true Wit by the deſcription which *Ariſtenetus* makes of a fine woman, when ſhe is *dreſſed* ſhe is beautiful, when ſhe is *undreſſed* ſhe is beautiful: Or as, *Mercerus* has tranſlated it more emphatically, *Induitur, formoſa eſt: Exuitur, ipſa forma eſt.*

Friday,

N° 62. *Friday, May* 11.

Scribendi recte ſapere eſt et principium et fons. Hor.

MR. *Locke* has an admirable reflection upon the difference of Wit and Judgement, whereby he endeavors to ſhew the reaſon why they are not always the talents of the ſame perſon. His words are as follow: *And hence, perhaps, may be given ſome reaſon of that common obſervation, That men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories, have not always the cleareſt judgment, or deepeſt reaſon. For Wit lying moſt in the aſſemblage of Ideas, and putting thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleaſant pictures and agreeable viſions in the fancy; Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other ſide, in ſeparating carefully one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the leaſt difference, thereby to avoid being miſ-led by ſimilitude, and by affinity, to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Alluſion; wherein, for the moſt part, lies that entertainment and pleaſantry of Wit which ſtrikes ſo lively on the fancy, and is therefore ſo acceptable to all people.*

This is, I think, the beſt and moſt philoſophical account that I have ever met with of Wit, which generally, though not always, conſiſts in ſuch a reſemblance and congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I ſhall only add to it, by way of explanation, That every reſemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unleſs it be ſuch an one that gives *Delight* and *Surpriſe* to the Reader: theſe two properties ſeem eſſential to Wit, more particularly the leaſt of them. In order therefore that the reſemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is neceſſary that the Ideas ſhould not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeneſs is obvious, it gives no ſurpriſe. To compare one man's ſinging to that of another, or to repreſent the whiteneſs of any object by that of Milk and Snow, or the variety of its colors by thoſe of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unleſs, beſides this obvious reſemblance, there be ſome further congruity diſcovered in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader ſome ſurpriſe. Thus when a poet tells us, the boſom of his Miſtreſs is as white as ſnow, there is no Wit in the compariſon; but when he adds, with a ſigh, that it is as cold too,

too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader's memory may ſupply him with innumerable inſtances of the ſame nature. For this reaſon, the ſimilitudes in heroic Poets, who endeavor rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with ſuch as are new and ſurpriſing, have ſeldom any thing in them that can be called Wit. Mr. *Locke*'s account of Wit, with this ſhort explanation, comprehends moſt of the ſpecies of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, AEnigmas, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Viſions, Dramatic writings, Burleſque, and all the method, of Alluſion: as there are many other pieces of Wit, (how remote ſoever they may appear at firſt ſight from the foregoing deſcription) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As *true Wit* generally conſiſts in this reſemblance and congruity of Ideas, *falſe Wit* chiefly conſiſts in the reſemblance and congruity ſometimes of ſingle Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acroſtics: ſometimes of Syllables, as in Echoes and Doggerel Rhymes: ſometimes of Words, as in Puns and Quibbles; and ſometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, caſt into the figures of *Eggs, Axes*, or *Altars:* nay, ſome carry the notion of Wit ſo far, as to aſcribe it even to external Mimickry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious perſon, that can reſemble the tone, poſture, or face of another.

As *true Wit* conſiſts in the reſemblance of Ideas, and *falſe Wit* in the reſemblance of Words, according to the foregoing inſtances; there is another kind of Wit which conſiſts partly in the reſemblance of Ideas, and partly in the reſemblance of Words; which, for diſtinction ſake, I ſhall call *mixt Wit.* This kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. *Waller* has likewiſe a great deal of it. Mr. *Dryden* is very ſparing in it. *Milton* has a genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the ſame Claſs with *Milton.* The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monſieur *Boileau*, who formed himſelf upon the ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with ſcorn. If we look after mixt Wit among the *Greek* writers, we ſhall find it no where but in the Epigrammatiſts. There are indeed ſome ſtrokes of it in the little Poem aſcribed to *Muſæus*, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itſelf to be a modern compoſition. If we look into the *Latin* writers, we find none of this mixt Wit in *Virgil, Lucretius* or *Catullus;* very little in *Horace,* but a great deal of it in *Ovid,* and ſcarce any thing elſe in *Martial.*

Out of the innumerable branches of *mixt Wit,* I ſhall chuſe one inſtance which may be met with in all the writers of this Claſs. The paſſion of Love in its nature has been thought to reſemble fire; for which reaſon the words Fire and Flame are made uſe of to ſignify Love. The witty

Poets

Poets therefore have taken an advantage from the doubtful meaning of the word Fire, to make an infinite number of Witticiſms. *Cowley* obſerving the cold regard of his Miſtreſs's eyes, and at the ſame time their power of producing love in him, conſiders them as Burning-glaſſes made of ice; and finding himſelf able to live in the greateſt extremities of Love, concludes the torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Miſtreſs has read his letter written in Juice of Lemmon by holding it to the fire, he deſires her to read it over a ſecond time by Love's flames. When ſhe weeps, he wiſhes it were inward heat that diſtilled thoſe drops from the Limbec. When ſhe is abſent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the Pole than when ſhe is with him. His ambitious Love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love flames of Hell. When it does not let him ſleep, it is a flame that ſends up no ſmoke; when it is oppoſed by counſel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he obſerves that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he reſolves to give over his paſſion, he tells us that one burnt like him, for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an *AEtna*, that inſtead of *Vulcan*'s ſhop incloſes *Cupid*'s forge in it. His endeavoring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would inſinuate to his Miſtreſs, that the fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces ſo many living creatures) ſhould not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks Pleaſure at his fire. Sometimes the Poet's heart is frozen in every breaſt, and ſometimes ſcorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ſhip ſet on fire in the middle of the ſea.

The Reader may obſerve in every one of theſe inſtances, that the Poet mixes the qualities of fire with thoſe of love; and in the ſame ſentence ſpeaking of it both as a paſſion, and as real fire, ſurpriſes the Reader with thoſe ſeeming reſemblances or contradictions that make up all the Wit in this kind of writing. Mixt Wit therefore is a compoſition of Pun and true Wit, and is more or leſs perfect as the reſemblance lies in the Ideas, or in the Words: its foundations are laid partly in falſehood and partly in truth: reaſon puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or thoſe little occaſional Poems that in their own nature are nothing elſe but a tiſſue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of *mixt Wit,* without owning that the admirable Poet out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ: and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, ſince I am upon this ſubject, that I ſhould take notice of Mr. *Dryden*'s definition of Wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of ſo great a man, is not ſo properly a definition of Wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the ſubject." If this be a true definition of Wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* was the greateſt Wit that ever ſet pen to paper: it is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the ſubject, than what that Author has made uſe of in his *Elements*. I ſhall only appeal to my Reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of Wit: if it be a true one, I am ſure Mr. *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr. *Cowley;* and *Virgil* a much more facetious man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the moſt penetrating of all the *French* Critics, has taken pains to ſhew, that it is impoſſible for any thought to be beautiful which is not juſt, and has not its foundation in the nature of things: that the baſis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good ſenſe is not the ground-work. *Boileau* has endeavored to inculcate the ſame notion in ſeveral parts of his writings, both in proſe and verſe. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful ſimplicity, which we ſo much admire in the compoſitions of the ancients; and which no body deviates from, but thoſe who want ſtrength of genius to make a thought ſhine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this ſtrength of genius, to give that majeſtic ſimplicity to nature, which we ſo much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of Wit of what kind ſoever eſcape them. I look upon theſe writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like thoſe in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful ſimplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavored to ſupply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy. Mr. *Dryden* makes a very handſome obſervation on *Ovid*'s writing a letter from *Dido* to *AEneas,* in the following words: "*Ovid* (ſays he, ſpeaking of *Virgil*'s fiction of *Dido* and *AEneas)* "takes it up after "him, even in the ſame age, and makes an ancient Heroine of *Virgil*'s "new-created *Dido;* dictates a letter for her juſt before her death to the "ungrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himſelf, is for meaſuring a "ſword with a man ſo much ſuperior in force to him on the ſame ſubject. "I think I may be judge of this, becauſe I have tranſlated both. The "famous Author of the *Art of Love* has nothing of his own; he borrows all "from a greater maſter in his own profeſſion, and, which is worſe, improves nothing which he finds: nature fails him, and being forced to his

" old ſhift, he has recourſe to witticiſm. This paſſes indeed with his ſoft " admirers, and gives him the preference to *Virgil* in their eſteem.

Were I not ſupported by ſo great an authority as that of Mr. *Dryden*, I ſhould not venture to obſerve, that the taſte of moſt of our *Engliſh* Poets as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothic*. He quotes Monſieur *Segrais* for a three-fold diſtinction of the Readers of Poetry: in the firſt of which he comprehends the rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as ſuch with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarſeneſs of their taſte. His words are as follow: " *Segrais* has diſtinguiſhed the Readers of Poetry, " according to their capacity of judging, into three Claſſes. (He might " have ſaid the ſame of writers too, if he had pleaſed.) In the loweſt form " he places thoſe whom he calls *Les Petits Eſprits*, ſuch things as are our " upper-gallery audience in a Play-houſe; who like nothing but the huſk " and rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a conceit, an Epigram before ſolid " ſenſe, and elegant expreſſion: theſe are Mob-readers. If *Virgil* and *Mar-* " *tial* ſtood for Parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. " But though they make the greateſt appearance in the field, and cry the " loudeſt, the beſt on't is they are but a ſort of *French* Huguenots, or *Dutch* " Boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands " of two Pounds *per Annum* in *Parnaſſus*, and therefore are not privileged to " Poll. Their Authors are of the ſame level, fit to repreſent them on a " Mountebank's ſtage, or to be maſters of the ceremonies in a Bear-garden; " yet theſe are they who have the moſt admirers. but it often happens, " to their mortification, that as their Readers improve their ſtock of ſenſe, " (as they may by reading better books, and by converſation with men of " judgment) they ſoon forſake them.

I muſt not diſmiſs this ſubject without obſerving, that as Mr. *Locke* in the paſſage above-mentioned has diſcovered the moſt fruitful ſource of Wit, ſo there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewiſe branch itſelf out into ſeveral kinds. For not only the *Reſemblance* but the *Oppoſi-* *tion* of Ideas does very often produce Wit; as I could ſhew in ſeveral little points, turns, and antitheſes, that I may poſſibly enlarge upon in ſome future Speculation.

Saturday,

N° 63. *Saturday, May* 12.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſupernè;
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici?
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum
Perſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Finguntur ſpecies ——— Hor.

IT is very hard for the mind to diſengage itſelf from a ſubject in which it has been long employed The thoughts will be riſing of themſelves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the toſſings and fluctuations of the ſea continue ſeveral hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my laſt night's Dream or Viſion, which formed into one continued allegory the ſeveral ſchemes of Wit, whether falſe, mixed, or true, that have been the ſubject of my late papers.

Methought I was tranſported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the Goddeſs of *Falſehood*, and entitled the *region of falſe Wit.* There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees bloſſomed in leaf-gold, ſome of them produced bone-lace, and ſome of them precious ſtones. The fountains bubbled in an Opera tune, and were filled with Stags, Wild boars, and Mermaids, that lived among the waters; at the ſame time that Dolphins and ſeveral kinds of fiſh played upon the banks, or took their paſtime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with ſmells of incenſe, amber-greeſe and pulvillos; and were ſo interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with ſighs and meſſages of diſtant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderneſs, I could not forbear breaking out into ſoliloquies upon the ſeveral wonders which lay before me, when to my great ſurpriſe, I found there were artificial Echoes in every walk, that by repetitions of certain words which I ſpoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me,

in every thing I ſaid. In the midſt of my converſation with theſe inviſible companions, I diſcovered in the centre of a very dark grove a monſtrous fabric built after the *Gothic* manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of ſculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple conſecrated to the God of *Dulneſs*. Upon my entrance I ſaw the deity of the place dreſſed in the habit of a Monk, with a book in one hand and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was *Induſtry*, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left *Caprice*, with a Monkey ſitting on her ſhoulder. Before his feet there ſtood an *Altar* of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was ſhaped in that manner to comply with the inſcription that ſurrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay ſeveral offerings of *Axes*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in paper, and inſcribed with verſes. The Temple was filled with votaries, who applied themſelves to different diverſions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I ſaw a regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, ſhifting their ſtations, and throwing themſelves into all the figures and counter-marches of the moſt changeable and perplexed exerciſe.

Not far from theſe was a body of *Acroſtics*, made up of very diſproportioned perſons. It was diſpoſed into three columns, the Officers planting themſelves in a line on the left hand of each column. The Officers were all of them at leaſt ſix foot high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common Soldiers, who filled up the ſpaces between the Officers, were ſuch dwarfs, cripples, and ſcarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acroſtics* two or three files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the figure of Time) with an hourglaſs in one hand, and a ſcythe in the other, and took their poſts promiſcuouſly among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the Deity, methought I ſaw the Phantom of *Tryphiodorus* and *Lipogrammatiſt*, engaged in a ball with four and twenty perſons, who purſued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country dance, without being able to overtake him.

Obſerving ſeveral to be very buſy at the weſtern end of the *Temple*, I enquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of *Rebuſes*. Theſe were ſeveral things of the moſt different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like faggots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and a hobby-horſe bound up together. One of the workmen ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed,

priſed, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in ſeveral of thoſe bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleaſed: I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haſte at that time. As I was going out of the Temple, I obſerved in one corner of it a cluſter of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themſelves at a game of *Crambo*. I heard ſeveral *double rhymes* as I paſſed by them, which raiſed a great deal of mirth.

Not far from theſe was another ſet of merry people engaged at a diverſion, in which the whole jeſt was to miſtake one perſon for another. To give occaſion for theſe ludicrous miſtakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the ſame kind of dreſs, though perhaps there was not the leaſt reſemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was ſometimes miſtaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an *Europian*, which very often produced great peals of laughter. Theſe I gueſſed to be a party of *Puns*. But being very deſirous to get out of this world of magic, which had almoſt turned my brain, I left the Temple, and croſſed over the fields that lay about it with all the ſpeed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the ſound of trumpets and alarms, which ſeemed to proclame the march of an enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great diſtance a very ſhining light, and in the midſt of it a perſon of a moſt beautiful aſpect; her name was *Truth*. On her right hand there marched a male Deity, who bore ſeveral quivers on his ſhoulders, and graſped ſeveral Arrows in his hand. His name was *Wit*. The approach of theſe two enemies filled all the territories of *Falſe Wit* with an unſpeakable conſternation, inſomuch that the Goddeſs of thoſe Regions appeared in perſon upon the frontiers, with the ſeveral inferior Deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before ſeen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very ſlow, it gave time to the ſeveral Inhabitants who bordered upon the *Regions* of *Falſehood* to draw their forces into a body, with a deſign to ſtand upon their guard as neuters, and attend the iſſue of the combat.

I muſt here inform my Reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before deſcribed, were inhabited by the Species of *Mixed Wit*, who made a very odd appearance when they were muſtered together in an army. There were men whoſe bodies were ſtuck full of darts, and women whoſe eyes were burning-glaſſes: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breaſts of ſnow. It would be endleſs to deſcribe ſeveral Monſters of the like nature, that compoſed this great army; which immediately

diately fell aſunder and divided itſelf into two parts, the one half throwing themſelves behind the banners of *Truth*, and the others behind thoſe of *Falſehood*.

The Goddeſs of *Falſehood* was of a gigantic ſtature, and advanced ſome paces before the front of the Army; but as the dazling light, which flowed from *Truth*, began to ſhine upon her, ſhe faded inſenſibly; inſomuch that in a little ſpace ſhe looked rather like an huge Phantom, than a real ſubſtance. At length, as the Goddeſs of *Truth* approached ſtill nearer to her, ſhe fell away entirely, and vaniſhed amidſt the brightneſs of her preſence; ſo that there did not remain the leaſt trace or impreſſion of her figure in the place where ſhe had been ſeen.

As at the riſing of the Sun the Conſtellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemiſphere is extinguiſhed; ſuch was the vaniſhing of the Goddeſs: and not only of the Goddeſs herſelf, but of the whole Army that attended her, which ſympathized with their leader, and ſhrunk into nothing, in proportion as the Goddeſs diſappeared. At the ſame time the whole Temple ſunk, the fiſh betook themſelves to the ſtreams, and the wild beaſts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their ſcents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I ſtill continued aſleep, I fancied myſelf as it were awakened out of a dream, when I ſaw this region of Prodigies reſtored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild ſcene of wonders, which had very much diſturbed my imagination, I took a full ſurvey of the perſons of *Wit* and *Truth;* for indeed it was impoſſible to look upon the firſt, without ſeeing the other at the ſame time. There was behind them a ſtrong and compact body of Figures. The genius of *Heroic Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her hand, and a Laurel on her head. *Tragedy* was crowned with Cypreſs, and covered with robes dipped in blood. *Satire* had ſmiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. *Rhetoric* was known by her Thunderbolt; and *Comedy* by her Maſk. After ſeveral other figures, *Epigram* marched up in the rear, who had been poſted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was ſuſpected to favor in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the God of *Wit;* there was ſomething ſo amiable and yet ſo piercing in his looks, as inſpired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him to my unſpeakable joy, he took a quiver of arrows from his ſhoulder, in order to make me a preſent of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it againſt a chair, and by that means awaked.

Friday,

N° 68. *Friday, May* 18.

Nos duo turba ſumus ——— Ovid.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and ſubjects would be ſtarted in diſcourſe; but inſtead of this, we find that Converſation is never ſo much ſtraitned and confined as in numerous Aſſemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any ſubject of diſcourſe, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general poſitions; nay, if we come into a more contracted Aſſembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, faſhions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion, as converſation gets into Clubs and knots of friends, it deſcends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the moſt open, inſtructive, and unreſerved diſcourſe, is that which paſſes between two perſons who are familiar and intimate friends. On theſe occaſions, a man gives a looſe to every paſſion and every thought that is uppermoſt, diſcovers his moſt retired opinions of perſons and things, tries the beauty and ſtrength of his ſentiments, and expoſes his whole Soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the firſt who obſerved, that friendſhip improves happineſs and abates miſery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the eſſayers upon friendſhip, that have written ſince his time. Sir *Francis Bacon* has finely deſcribed other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendſhip; and indeed there is no ſubject of Morality which has been better handled and more exhauſted than this. Among the ſeveral fine things which have been ſpoken of it, I ſhall beg leave to quote ſome out of a very ancient Author, whoſe book would be regarded by our modern Wits as one of the moſt ſhining tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a *Confucius,* or of any celebrated *Grecian* Philoſopher: I mean the little Apocryphal treatiſe entitled, *The Wiſdom of the Son of* Sirach. How finely has he deſcribed the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behavior? and laid down that precept which a late excellent Author has delivered as his own, "That we ſhould have many well-wiſhers, but few friends." *Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair ſpeaking tongue will encreaſe kind greetings.*

greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheleſs have but one counſellor of a thouſand. With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends? and with what ſtrokes of nature (I could almoſt ſay of humor) has he deſcribed the behavior of a treacherous; and ſelf intereſted friend? *If thou would'ſt get a friend, prove him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him: for ſome man is a friend for his own occaſion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend who being turned to enmity and ſtrife, will diſcover thy reproach.* Again, *Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy proſperity he will be as thyſelf, and will be bold over thy ſervants. If thou be brought low he will be againſt thee, and hide himſelf from thy face.* What can be more ſtrong and pointed than the following verſe? *Separate thyſelf from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends.* In the next words he particularizes one of thoſe fruits of friendſhip which is deſcribed at length by the two famous Authors abovementioned, and falls into a general elogium of friendſhip, which is very juſt as well as very ſublime. *A faithful friend is a ſtrong defence; and he that hath found ſuch an one, hath found a treaſure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is unvaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord ſhall find him. Whoſo feareth the Lord ſhall direct his friendſhip aright; for as he is, ſo ſhall his neighbour* (that is his friend) *be alſo.* I do not remember to have met with any ſaying that has pleaſed me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to expreſs the efficacy of friendſhip in healing the pains and anguiſh which naturally cleave to our exiſtence in this world; and am wonderfully pleaſed with the turn in the laſt ſentence, That a virtuous man ſhall as a bleſſing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himſelf. There is another ſaying in the ſame Author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer; *Forſake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou ſhalt drink it with pleaſure.* With what ſtrength of alluſion, and force of thought, has he deſcribed the breaches and violations of friendſhip? *Whoſo caſteth a ſtone at the birds, frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendſhip. Though thou draweſt a ſword at a friend, yet deſpair not, for there may be a returning to favor. If thou haſt opened thy mouth againſt thy friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or diſcloſing of ſecrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for theſe things every friend will depart.* We may obſerve in this and ſeveral other precepts in this Author, thoſe little familiar inſtances and illuſtrations which are ſo much admired in the moral writings of *Horace* and *Epictetus.* There are very beautiful inſtances of this nature in the following paſſages, which are likewiſe written upon the ſame ſubject: *Whoſo diſcovereth ſecrets, loſeth his credit, and ſhall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend*

friend and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayeſt his ſecrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath deſtroyed his enemy, ſo haſt thou loſt the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, ſo haſt thou let thy friend go, and ſhalt not get him again. Follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a roe eſcaped out of the ſnare. As for a wound, it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth ſecrets, is without hope.

Among the ſeveral qualifications of a good friend, this wiſe man has very juſtly ſingled out conſtancy and faithfulneſs as the principal: to theſe, others have added virtue, knowledge, diſcretion, equality in age and fortune, and, as *Cicero* calls it, *morum comitas*, a pleaſantneſs of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon ſuch an exhauſted ſubject, I ſhould join to theſe other qualifications a certain æquability or evenneſs of behavior. A man often contracts a friendſhip with one whom perhaps he does not find out 'till after a year's converſation; when on a ſudden ſome latent ill humor breaks out upon him, which he never diſcovered or ſuſpected at his firſt entering into an intimacy with him. There are ſeveral perſons who in ſome certain periods of their lives are inexpreſſibly agreeable, and in others as odious and deteſtable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty picture of one of this ſpecies in the following Epigram;

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te.

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt ſuch a touchy, teſty, pleaſant fellow;
Haſt ſo much wit, and mirth, and ſpleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendſhip with one, who by theſe changes and viciſſitudes of humor is ſometimes amiable and ſometimes odious: and as moſt men are at ſome times in an admirable frame and diſpoſition of mind, it ſhould be one of the greateſt taſks of wiſdom to keep ourſelves well when we are ſo, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

N° 69. *Saturday, May* 19.

Hic ſegetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arborei fœtus alibi, atque injuſſa vireſcunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles ſua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, viroſaque Pontus
Caſtorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Impoſuit natura locis——— Virg.

THERE is no place in the Town which I ſo much love to frequent as the *Royal Exchange*. It gives me a ſecret ſatisfaction, and, in ſome meaſure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an *Engliſhman*, to ſee ſo rich an aſſembly of country-men and foreigners conſulting together upon the private buſineſs of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole Earth. I muſt confeſs I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all conſiderable nations have their repreſentatives. Factors in the trading world are what Ambaſſadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correſpondence between thoſe wealthy ſocieties of men that are divided from one another by ſeas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleaſed to hear diſputes adjuſted between an inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to ſee a ſubject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a league with one of the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with theſe ſeveral miniſters of commerce, as they are diſtinguiſhed by their different walks and different languages: ſometimes I am juſtled among a body of *Armenians:* ſometimes I am loſt in a crowd of *Jews;* and ſometimes make one in a groupe of *Dutchmen*, I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy myſelf like the old Philoſopher, who upon being aſked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently viſit this buſy multitude of people, I am known to no body there but my friend Sir *Andrew*, who often ſmiles upon me as he

he ſees me buſtling in the crowd, but at the ſame time connives at my preſence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of *Egypt*, who juſt knows me by ſight, having formerly remitted me ſome money to *Grand Cairo;* but as I am not verſed in the modern *Coptic*, our conferrences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand ſcene of buſineſs gives me an infinite variety of ſolid and ſubſtantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleaſure at the ſight of a proſperous and happy multitude, inſomuch that at many public ſolemnities I cannot forbear expreſſing my joy with tears that have ſtoln down my cheeks. For this reaſon I am wonderfully delighted to ſee ſuch a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the ſame time promoting the public ſtock: or in other words, raiſing eſtates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is ſuperfluous.

Nature ſeems to have taken a particular care to diſſeminate her bleſſings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourſe and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the ſeveral parts of the globe might have a kind of dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common intereſt. Almoſt every *Degree* produces ſomething peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the ſauce in another. The fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the products of *Barbadoes:* the infuſion of a *China* plant ſweetned with the pith of an *Indian* cane. The *Philippic* Iſlands give a flavor to our *European* bowels. The ſingle dreſs of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the Earth. The Scarf is ſent from the torrid Zone, and the tippet from beneath the Pole. The brocade petticoat riſes out of the mines of *Peru,* and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of *Indoſtan.*

If we conſider our own country in its natural proſpect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable ſpot of Earth falls to our ſhare! Natural Hiſtorians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, beſides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itſelf, and without the aſſiſtance of art, can make no further advances towards a plumb than to a ſloe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are ſtrangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our *Engliſh* gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the traſh of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left

to the mercy of our ſun and ſoil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ſhips are laden with the harveſt of every Climate: our tables are ſtored with ſpices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China,* and adorned with the workmanſhip of *Japan:* our morning's-draught comes to us from the remoteſt corners of the Earth: we repair our bodies by the drugs of *America,* and repoſe ourſelves under *Indian* canopies. My friend Sir *Andrew* calls the vineyards of *France* our garden: the ſpice-Iſlands our hot-beds: the *Perſians* our ſilk-weavers and the *Chineſe* our potters. Nature indeed furniſhes us with the bare neceſſaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is uſeful, and at the ſame time ſupplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the leaſt part of this our happineſs, that whilſt we enjoy the remoteſt products of the north and ſouth, we are free from thoſe extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreſhed with the green fields of *Britain*, at the ſame time that our palates are feaſted with fruits that riſe between the Tropics.

For theſe reaſons there are not more uſeful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourſe of good offices, diſtribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our *Engliſh* merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The *Mahometans* are clothed in our *Britiſh* manufactures, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our ſheep.

When I have been upon the *Change*, I have often fancied one of our old Kings ſtanding in perſon, where he is repreſented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourſe of people with which that place is every day filled. In this caſe, how would he be ſurpriſed to hear all the languages of *Europe* ſpoken in this little ſpot of his former dominions, and to ſee ſo many private men, who in his time would have been the Vaſſals of ſome powerful Baron, negociating like princes for greater ſums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treaſury! Trade, without enlarging the *Britiſh* territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed Eſtates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an acceſſion of other Eſtates as valuable as the lands themſelves.

Monday,

N° 70. *Monday, May* 21.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt. Hor.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are moſt in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I paſſed; for it is impoſſible that any thing ſhould be univerſally taſted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it ſome peculiar aptneſs to pleaſe and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the ſame in all reaſonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers among Readers of all qualities and conditions. *Moliere,* as we are told by Monſieur *Boileau,* uſed to read all his Comedies to an old woman who was his Houſe-keeper, as ſhe ſat with him at her work by the chimney-corner; and could foretell the ſucceſs of his Play in the Theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-ſide: for he tells us the Audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the ſame place.

I know nothing which more ſhews the eſſential and inherent perfection of ſimplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this; that the firſt pleaſes all kinds of palates, and the latter only ſuch as have formed to themſelves a wrong artificial taſte upon little fanciful Authors and writers of Epigram. *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton,* ſo far as the Language of their Poems is underſtood, will pleaſe a Reader of plain common ſenſe, who would neither reliſh nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial,* or a Poem of *Cowley:* ſo, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or Ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to pleaſe all ſuch Readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance; and the reaſon is plain, becauſe the ſame paintings of Nature which recommend it to the moſt ordinary Reader, will appear beautiful to the moſt refined.

The old Song of *Chevy-Chaſe* is the favorite Ballad of the common people of *England,* and *Ben Johnſon* uſed to ſay he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his works. Sir *Philip Sidney* in his diſcourſe of Poetry ſpeaks of it in the following words; *I never heard the old Song of* Piercy *and* Douglas, *that I found not my heart more moved than with a Trumpet; and yet it is ſung*

ſung by ſome blind Crowder with no rougher voice than rude ſtile; which being ſo evil apparelled in the duſt and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? For my own part I am ſo profeſſed an admirer of this antiquated Song, that I ſhall give my reader a Critic upon it, without any further apology for ſo doing.

The greateſt modern Critics have laid it down as a rule, That an heroic Poem ſhould be founded upon ſome important precept of Morality, adapted to the conſtitution of the country in which the Poet writers. *Homer* and *Virgil* have formed their plans in this view. As *Greece* was a collection of many Governments, who ſuffered very much among themſelves, and gave the *Perſian* Emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealouſies and animoſities, *Homer*, in order to eſtabliſh among them an union, which was ſo neceſſary for their ſafety, grounds his Poem upon the diſcords of the ſeveral *Grecian* Princes who were engaged in a confederacy againſt an *Aſiatic* Prince, and the ſeveral advantages which the enemy gained by ſuch their diſcords. At the time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the diſſentions of the Barons, who were then ſo many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themſelves, or with their neighbours, and produced unſpeakable calamities to the country: The Poet, to deter men from ſuch unnatural contentions, deſcribes a bloody battle and dreadful ſcene of death, occaſioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an *Engliſh* and *Scotch* Nobleman: that he deſigned this for the inſtruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four laſt lines, in which, after the example of the modern Tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his Readers.

God ſave the King, and bleſs the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt Noblemen may ceaſe.

The next point obſerved by the greateſt heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate perſons and actions which do honor to their country: thus *Virgil*'s Hero was the Founder of *Rome*, *Homer*'s a Prince of *Greece*; and for this reaſon *Valerius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, might be juſtly derided for having choſen the expedition of the *Golden Fleece* and *the wars of Thebes*, for the ſubject of their Epic writings.

The Poet before us, has not only found out an Hero in his own country, but raiſes the reputation of it by ſeveral beautiful incidents. The *Engliſh* are the firſt who take the field, and the laſt who quit it. The *Engliſh* bring only

only fifteen hundred to the battle, and the *Scotch* two thouſand. The *Engliſh* keep the field with fifty three: the *Scotch* retire with fifty-five: all the reſt on each ſide being ſlain in battle. But the moſt remarkable circumſtance of this kind, is the different manner in which the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* Kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great mens deaths who commanded in it.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's *King did reign,*
That brave Earl Douglas *ſuddenly*
Was with an arrow ſlain.

Oh heavy news, King James *did ſay,*
Scotland *can witneſs be,*
I have not any Captain more
Of ſuch account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry *came*
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Piercy *of* Northumberland
Was ſlain in Chevy-Chaſe.

Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my Realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet ſhall not Scot *nor* Scotland *ſay*
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's *ſake.*

This Vow full well the King perform'd,
After on Humble-down,
In one day fifty Knights were ſlain,
With Lords of great renown.

And of the reſt of ſmall account
Did many thouſands dye, &c.

At the ſame time that our Poet ſhews a laudable partiality to his Countymen, he repreſents the *Scots* after a manner not unbecoming ſo bold and brave a people.

Earl

Earl Douglas *on a milk-white ſteed,*
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the company,
Whoſe armour ſhone like Gold.

His ſentiments and actions are every way ſuitable to an Hero. One of us two, ſays he, muſt dye: I am an Earl as well as yourſelf, ſo that you can have no pretence for refuſing the combat: however, ſays he, 'tis pity, and indeed would be a ſin, that ſo many innocent men ſhould periſh for our ſakes, rather let you and I end our quarrel in ſingle fight.

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall die?
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, *ſo am I.*

But truſt me, Piercy, *pity it were,*
And great offence, to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And ſet our men aſide;
Accurſt be he, Lord Piercy *ſaid,*
By whom this is deny'd.

When theſe brave men had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the battle, and in ſingle combat with each other, in the midſt of a generous parly, full of heroic ſentiments, the *Scotch* Earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, repreſenting to them, as the moſt bitter circumſtance of it, that his rival ſaw him fall.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh *bow,*
Which ſtruck Earl Douglas *to the heart*
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never ſpoke more Words than theſe,
Fight on my merry men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy *ſees me fall.*

Merry

Merry Men, in the language of thoſe times, is no more than a chearful word for companions and fellow-ſoldiers. A paſſage in the eleventh book of *Virgil*'s *AEneids* is very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her laſt agonies inſtead of weeping over the wound ſhe had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her ſex, conſiders only (like the Hero of whom we are now ſpeaking) how the battle ſhould be continued after her death.

Tum ſic expirans, &c.

A gathering miſt o'erclouds her chearful eyes;
And from her cheeks the roſy color flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She truſted moſt, and thus ſhe ſpeaks with pain.
Acca, *'tis paſt! he ſwims before my ſight,*
Inexorable death; and claims his right.
Bear my laſt words to Turnus, *fly with ſpeed,*
And bid him timely to my charge ſucceed:
Repel the Trojans, *and the Town relieve:*
Farewel. ———

Turnus did not die in ſo heroic a manner: though our Poet ſeems to have had his eye upon *Turnus*'s ſpeech in the laſt verſe.

Lord Piercy *ſees my fall.*

——*Viciſti, et victum tendere palmas*
Auſonii videre————

Earl *Piercy*'s lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and paſſionate; I muſt only caution the Reader not to let the ſimplicity of the ſtyle, which one may well pardon in ſo old a Poet, prejudice him againſt the greatneſs of the thought.

Then leaving life, Earl Piercy *took*
The dead man by the hand,
And ſaid, Earl Douglas *for thy life*
Would I had loſt my land.

O Chriſt! my very heart doth bleed
With ſorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure a more renowned Knight
Miſchance did never take.

That beautiful line, *Taking the dead man by the hand,* will put the Reader in mind of *AEneas*'s behavior towards *Lauſus,* whom he himſelf had ſlain as he came to the reſcue of his aged father.

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,
Ora modis Anchiſiades pallentia miris:
Ingemuit miſerans graviter, dextramque tetendit, &c.

The pious Prince beheld young Lauſus *dead;*
He griev'd, he wept; then graſp'd his hand, and ſaid,
Poor helpleſs youth! what praiſes can be paid
To worth ſo great————!

I ſhall take another opportunity to conſider the other parts of this old Song.

N° 72. *Wedneſday, May* 23.

——*Genus immortale manet, multoſque per annos.*
Stat fortuna, et avi numerantur avorum. Virg.

HAVING already given my Reader an account of ſeveral extraordinary Clubs both ancient and modern; I did not deſign to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a Club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare ſay will be no leſs ſurpriſing to my Reader than it was to myſelf; for which reaſon I ſhall communicate it to the public as one of the greateſt curioſities of its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradeſman who is related to him, after having repreſented him as a very idle worthleſs fellow, who neglected his family, and ſpent moſt of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the *everlaſting Club.* So very odd a title raiſed my curioſity to enquire into the nature of a Club that had ſuch a ſounding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account.

THE *everlaſting Club* conſiſts of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in ſuch a manner, that the Club ſits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party preſuming to riſe till they are relieved by thoſe who are in courſe to ſucceed them.

them. By this means a member of the *everlaſting Club* never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himſelf, he is ſure to find ſome who are; ſo that if he be diſpoſed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the Club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this Club that the Steward never dies: for as they ſucceed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which ſtands at the upper end of the table, till his ſucceſſor is in readineſs to fill it; inſomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the memory of man.

This Club was inſtituted towards the end (or, as ſome of them ſay, about the middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the *Great Fire*, which burnt them out, and diſperſed them for ſeveral weeks. The Steward at that time maintained his poſt till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring houſe, (which was demoliſhed in order to ſtop the fire) and would not leave the chair at laſt, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the Club to withdraw himſelf. This Steward is frequently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man, than the famous Captain mentioned in my Lord *Clarendon*, who was burnt in his ſhip becauſe he would not quit it without orders. It is ſaid that towards the cloſe of 1700, being the great year of Jubilee, the Club had it under conſideration whether they ſhould break up or continue their ſeſſion; but after many ſpeeches and debates, it was at length agreed to ſit out the other century. This reſolution paſſed in a general Club *Nemine contradicente*.

Having given this ſhort account of the inſtitution and continuation of the *everlaſting Club*, I ſhall here endeavor to ſay ſomething of the manners and characters of its ſeveral members, which I ſhall do according to the beſt lights I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that ſince their firſt inſtitution they have ſmoaked fifty tun of tobacco, drank thirty thouſand butts of ale, one thouſand hogſheds of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of ſmall beer: there has been likewiſe a great conſumption of cards. It is alſo ſaid, that they obſerve the law in *Ben Johnſon*'s Club, which orders the fire to be always kept in *(focus perennis eſto)* as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampneſs of the Club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a Veſtal, whoſe buſineſs it is to cheriſh and perpetuate the fire, which burns from generation to generation, and has ſeen the glaſs-houſe fires in and out above an hundred times.

The *everlaſting Club* treats all other Clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of upſtarts. Their ordinary diſcourſe (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon ſuch adventures as have paſſed in their own aſſembly; of members who have taken the glaſs in their turns for a week together, without ſtirring out of the Club; of others who have ſmoaked an hundred pipes at a ſitting; of others who have not miſſed their morning's draught for twenty years together: ſometimes they ſpeak in raptures of a run of ale in King *Charles*'s reign; and ſometimes reflect with aſtoniſhment upon games at whiſt, which have been miraculouſly recovered by members of the ſociety, when in all human probability the caſe was deſperate.

They delight in ſeveral old catches, which they ſing at all hours to encourage one another to moiſten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general Clubs held in a year, at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, ſettle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other neceſſaries.

The ſenior member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of ſome of the preſent ſitting members.

N° 73. *Thurſday, May* 24.

———*O Dea certe!* Virg.

IT is very ſtrange to conſider, that a creature like man, who is ſenſible of ſo many weakneſſes and imperfections, ſhould be actuated by a love of fame: that vice and ignorance, imperfection and miſery ſhould contend for praiſe, and endeavor as much as poſſible to make themſelves objects of admiration.

But notwithſtanding man's eſſential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very conſiderable. If he looks upon himſelf in an abſtracted light, he has not much to boaſt of; but if he conſiders himſelf with regard to others, he may find occaſion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at leaſt in the abſence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wiſe man and the fool. The firſt endeavors to ſhine in himſelf, and the laſt to out-ſhine others. The firſt is humbled by the ſenſe of his own infirmities, the laſt is lifted up by the diſcovery

diſcovery of thoſe which he obſerves in other men. The wiſe man conſiders what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wiſe man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himſelf to the applauſe of thoſe about him.

But however unreaſonable and abſurd this paſſion for admiration may appear in ſuch a creature as man, it is not wholly to be diſcouraged; ſince it often produces very good effects, not only as it reſtrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it puſhes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the conſequences it produces are ſo good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguiſhed.

It is obſerved by *Cicero*, that men of the greateſt and the moſt ſhining parts are the moſt actuated by ambition; and if we look into the two ſexes, I believe we ſhall find this principle of action ſtronger in women than in men.

The paſſion for praiſe, which is ſo very vehement in the fair Sex, produces excellent effects in women of ſenſe, who deſire to be admired for that only which deſerves admiration: and I think we may obſerve, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform courſe of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honor, than what we find in the generality of our own ſex. How many inſtances have we of Chaſtity, Fidelity, Devotion? How many Ladies diſtinguiſh themſelves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their huſbands, which are the great qualities and atchievements of womankind: as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the adminiſtration of juſtice, are thoſe by which men grow famous, and get themſelves a name.

But as this paſſion for admiration, when it works according to reaſon, improves the beautiful part of our ſpecies in every thing that is laudable; ſo nothing is more deſtructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to ſay, only regards the vain part of the ſex, whom for certain reaſons, which the reader will hereafter ſee at large, I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the adorning of her perſon. You ſee in every poſture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her buſineſs and employment to gain adorers. For this reaſon your *Idols* appear in all public places and aſſemblies, in order to ſeduce men to their worſhip. The Play-houſe is very frequently filled with *Idols;* ſeveral of them are carried in proceſſion every evening about the Ring, and ſeveral of them ſet up their worſhip even in Churches. They are to be accoſted in the language proper to the Deity.

Life

Life and death are in their power: Joys of Heaven and pains of Hell are at their diſpoſal: Paradiſe is in their arms, and Eternity in every moment that you are preſent with them. Raptures, tranſports and ecſtacies are the rewards which they confer: ſighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts are the offerings which are paid to them. Their ſmiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to deſpair. I ſhall only add under this head, that *Ovid*'s book of *the Art of Love* is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worſhip which are made uſe of to an *Idol.*

It would be as difficult a taſk to reckon up theſe different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton*'s was to number thoſe that were known in *Canaan*, and the lands adjoining. Moſt of them are worſhipped, like *Moloch*, in fire, and flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to ſee their votaries cut and flaſhed, and ſhedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, muſt have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It has indeed been known, that ſome of them have been uſed by their incenſed worſhippers like the *Chineſe Idols*, who are whipped and ſcourged when they refuſe to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I muſt here obſerve, that thoſe Idolaters who devote themſelves to the *Idols* I am here ſpeaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as all others fall out becauſe they worſhip different *Idols*, theſe Idolaters quarrel becauſe they worſhip the ſame.

The intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the wiſhes of the Idolater; as the one deſires to confine the *Idol* to himſelf, the whole buſineſs and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humor of an *Idol* is prettily deſcribed in a Tale of *Chaucer:* he repreſents one of them ſitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favor, and paying their adorations: ſhe ſmiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which was under the table. Now which of theſe three, ſays the old Bard, do you think was the favorite? In troth, ſays he, not one of all the three.

The behavior of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greateſt *Idols* among the moderns. She is worſhipped once a week by candle-light in the midſt of a large congregation generally called an Aſſembly. Some of the gayeſt youths in the nation endeavor to plant themſelves in her eye, while ſhe ſits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her Idolaters, ſhe beſtows a mark of her favor upon every one of them before they go out of her preſence. She aſks a queſtion of one, tells a ſtory to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of ſnuff from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occaſion of taking it up. In ſhort,

every

every one goes away ſatisfied with his ſucceſs, and encouraged to renew his Devotions at the ſame canonical hour that day ſevennight.

An *Idol* may be undeified by many accidental cauſes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter-*Apotheoſis,* or a Deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his Goddeſs, ſhe quickly ſinks into a woman.

Old age is likewiſe a great decayer of your *Idol:* the truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a ſuperannuated *Idol*, eſpecially when ſhe has contracted ſuch airs and behavior as are only graceful when her worſhippers are about her.

Conſidering therefore that in theſe and many other caſes the *Woman* generally out-lives the *Idol*, I muſt return to the Moral of this paper, and deſire my fair Readers to give a proper direction to their paſſion for being admired: in order to which, they muſt endeavor to make themſelves the objects of a reaſonable and laſting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dreſs, or faſhion, but from thoſe inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or ſickneſs, and which appear moſt amiable to thoſe who are moſt acquainted with them.

N° 74. *Friday, May* 25.

——— *Pendent opera interrupta* ——— Virg.

IN my laſt *Monday*'s paper I gave ſome general inſtances of thoſe beautiful ſtrokes which pleaſe the Reader in the old Song of *Chevy-Chaſe;* I ſhall here, according to my promiſe, be more particular, and ſhew that the ſentiments in that Ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majeſtic ſimplicity which we admire in the greateſt of the ancient Poets: for which reaſon I ſhall quote ſeveral paſſages of it, in which the thought is altogether the ſame with what we meet in ſeveral paſſages of the *AEneid;* not that I would infer from thence, that the Poet (whoever he was) propoſed to himſelf any imitation of thoſe paſſages, but that he was directed to them in general by the ſame kind of poetical genius, and by the ſame copyings after nature.

Had this old Song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleaſed the wrong taſte of ſome Readers; but it would never

never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like the ſound of a trumpet; it is only Nature that can have this effect, and pleaſe thoſe taſtes which are the moſt unprejudiced or the moſt refined. I muſt however beg leave to diſſent from ſo great an authority as that of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the judgment which he has paſſed as to the rude ſtyle and evil apparel of this antiquated Song; for there are ſeveral parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majeſtic, and the numbers ſonorous; at leaſt, the *Apparel* is much more *gorgeous* than many of the Poets made uſe of in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time, as the Reader will ſee in ſeveral of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expreſſion in that Stanza?

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Piercy *took his way;*
The child may rue that was unborn
The hunting of that day!

This way of conſidering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon poſterity, not only on thoſe who were born immediately after the battle, and loſt their fathers in it, but on thoſe alſo who periſhed in future battles which took their riſe from this quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient Poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus. Hor.

What can be more ſounding and poetical, or reſemble more the majeſtic ſimplicity of the ancients, than the following ſtanzas?

The ſtout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleaſure in the Scottiſh *woods*
Three ſummers days to take.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All choſen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their ſhafts aright.

The hounds ran ſwiftly thro' the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An Echo ſhrill did make.

——Vocat

——Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas *come,*
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottiſh *ſpears,*
All marching in our ſight.

All men of pleaſant Tividale,
Faſt by the river Tweed, *&c.*

The country of the *Scotch* warriors deſcribed in theſe two laſt verſes has a fine romantic ſituation, and affords a couple of ſmooth words for verſe. If the Reader compares the foregoing ſix lines of the ſong with the following latin verſes, he will ſee how much they are written in the ſpirit of *Virgil.*

Adverſi campo apparent, haſtaſque reductis
Protendunt longè dextris; et ſpicula vibrant:
Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roſcida rivis
Hernica ſaxa colunt:——qui roſea rura Velini,
Qui terricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Caſperiamque colunt, Foruloſque et flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.——

But to proceed,

Earl Douglas *on a milk white ſteed,*
Moſt like a baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the company,
Whoſe armor ſhone like gold.

Turnus ut antevolans tardum præceſſerat agmen, *&c.*
Vidiſti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus——————

Our Engliſh *archers bent their bows,*
Their hearts were good and true;
At the firſt flight of arrows ſent,
Full threeſcore Scots *they ſlew.*

They clos'd full faſt on ev'ry ſide,
No ſlackneſs there was found;

And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gaſping on the ground.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh *bow,*
Which ſtruck Earl Douglas *to the heart,*
A deep and deadly blow.

AEneas was wounded after the ſame manner by an unknown hand in the midſt of a parley.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro ſtridens alis allapſa ſagitta eſt,
Incertum quâ pulſa manu————

But of all the deſcriptive parts of this ſong, there are none more beautiful than the four following ſtanzas, which have a great force and ſpirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumſtances. The thought in the third ſtanza was never touched by any other Poet, and is ſuch an one as would have ſhined in *Homer* or in *Virgil.*

So thus did both thoſe Nobles die,
Whoſe courage none could ſtain:
An Engliſh *archer then perceiv'd*
The noble Earl was ſlain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he.

Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his ſhaft he ſet,
The gray-gooſe wing that was thereon,
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did laſt from break of day
Till ſetting of the ſun;
For when they rung the evening bell
The battle ſcarce was done.

One may obſerve likewiſe, that in the catalogue of the ſlain the Author has followed the example of the greateſt ancient Poets, not only in giving a long

long liſt of the dead, but by diverſifying it with little characters of particular perſons.

And with Earl Douglas *there was ſlain*
Sir Hugh Montgomery.
Sir Charles Carrel, *that from the field*
One foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel *of* Ratcliff *too,*
His ſiſter's ſon was he;
Sir David Lamb, *ſo well eſteem'd,*
Yet ſaved could not be.

The familiar found in theſe names deſtroys the majeſty of the deſcription; for this reaſon I do not mention this part of the Poem but to ſhew the natural caſt of thought which appears in it, as the two laſt verſes look almoſt like a tranſlation of *Virgil.*

——*Cadit et Ripheus juſtiſſimus unus*
Qui fuit in Teucris et ſervantiſſimus æqui,
Diis aliter viſum eſt——

In the catalogue of the *Engliſh* who fell, *Witherington*'s behaviour is in the ſame manner particularized very artfully, as the Reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am ſatisfied your little buffoon Readers (who have ſeen that paſſage ridiculed in *Hudibras)* will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reaſon I dare not ſo much as quote it.

Then ſtept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington *was his name,*
Who ſaid, I would not have it told
To Henry *our King for ſhame,*

That e'er my Captain fought on foot
And I ſtood looking on.

We meet with the ſame heroic ſentiments in *Virgil.*

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non ſumus——*?*

What can be more natural or more moving, than the circumſtances in which he deſcribes the behaviour of thoſe women who had loſt their huſbands on this fatal day?

Next day did many widows come,
Their Huſbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their wounds in briniſh tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times,
When they were clad in clay.

Thus we ſee how the thoughts of this Poem, which naturally ariſe from the ſubject, are always ſimple, and ſometimes exquiſitely noble; that the language is often very ſounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical ſpirit.

If this Song had been written in the *Gothic* manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the Taſte of ſo many ages, and have pleaſed the readers of all ranks and conditions. I ſhall only beg pardon for ſuch a profuſion of *Latin* quotations; which I ſhould not have made uſe of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too ſingular on ſuch a ſubject, had not I ſupported it by the practice and authority of *Virgil.*

N° 81. *Saturday, June* 2.

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris
Horruit in maculas ——— Statius.

ABOUT the middle of laſt winter I went to ſee an Opera at the Theatre in the *Hay-market,* where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themſelves in the oppoſite ſide-boxes, and ſeemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one againſt another. After a ſhort ſurvey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces, on one hand, being ſpotted on the right ſide of the forehead, and thoſe upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they caſt hoſtile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in thoſe different ſituations, as party-ſignals to diſtinguiſh friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between theſe two oppoſite bodies, were ſeveral Ladies who patched indifferently on both ſides of their faces, and ſeemed to ſit there with no other

other intention but to ſee the Opera. Upon enquiry I found, that the body of *Amazons* on my right hand were Whigs, and thoſe on my left, Tories: and that thoſe who had placed themſelves in the middle-boxes were a neutral party, whoſe faces had not yet declared themſelves. Theſe laſt, however, as I afterwards found, diminiſhed daily, and took their party with one ſide or the other; inſomuch that I obſerved in ſeveral of them, the patches, which were before diſperſed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory ſide of the face. The cenſorious ſay, that the men whoſe hearts are aimed at, are very often the occaſions that one part of the face is thus diſhonored, and lies under a kind of diſgrace, while the other is ſo much ſet off and adorned by the owner; and that the Patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is moſt in favor. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantaſtical Coquettes, who do not patch for the public good ſo much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are ſeveral women of honor who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the intereſt of their country. Nay, I am informed that ſome of them adhere ſo ſtedfaſtly to their party, and are ſo far from ſacrificing their zeal for the public to their paſſion for any particular perſon, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a Lady has ſtipulated with her huſband, that whatever his opinions are, ſhe ſhall be at liberty to patch on which ſide ſhe pleaſes.

I muſt here take notice, that *Roſalinda,* a famous Whig partizan, has moſt unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which being very conſpicuous, has occaſioned many miſtakes, and given an handle to her enemies to miſrepreſent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig intereſt. But, whatever this natural patch may ſeem to inſinuate, it is well known that her notions of Government are ſtill the ſame. This unlucky mole, however, has miſled ſeveral coxcombs; and like the hanging out of falſe colors, made ſome of them converſe with *Roſalinda* in what they thought the ſpirit of her party, when on a ſudden ſhe has given them an unexpected fire, that has ſunk them all at once. If *Roſalinda* is unfortunate in her mole, *Nigranilla* is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, againſt her inclinations, to patch on the whig ſide.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial ſpotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cauſe, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the Tygreſs, that ſeveral ſpots riſe in her ſkin when ſhe is angry; or as Mr. *Cowley* has imitated the verſes that ſtand as the Motto of this paper.

——*She*

——She ſwells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her ſpots on every ſide.

When I was in the Theatre the time above-mentioned, I had the curioſity to count the Patches on both ſides, and found the Tory Patches to be about twenty ſtronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this ſmall inequality, I the next morning found the whole Puppet-ſhow filled with faces ſpotted after the Whiggiſh manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in ſo great a body to the Opera, that they out-numbered the enemy.

This account of Party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to thoſe who live at a diſtance from the faſhionable world; but as it is a diſtinction of a very ſingular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I ſhould not have diſcharged the Office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expoſe this Party-rage in women, as it only ſerves to aggravate the hatred, and animoſities that reign among men, and in a great meaſure deprives the Fair ſex of thoſe peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the *Romans* and *Sabines* were at war, and juſt upon the point of giving battle, the women who were allied to both of them, interpoſed with ſo many tears and intreaties, that they prevented the mutual ſlaughter which threatned both parties, and united them together in a firm and laſting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our *Britiſh* Ladies, at a time when their country is torn with ſo many unnatural diviſions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The *Greeks* thought it ſo improper for women to intereſt themſelves in competitions and contentions, that for this reaſon, among others, they forbad them, under pain of death, to be preſent at the *Olympic* games, notwithſtanding theſe were the public diverſions of all *Greece*.

As our *Engliſh* women excel thoſe of all nations in beauty, they ſhould endeavour to outſhine them in all other accompliſhments proper to the ſex, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domeſtic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to ſhine in. If they muſt be ſhewing their zeal for the public, let it not be againſt thoſe who are perhaps of the ſame family, or at leaſt of the ſame religion or nation, but againſt thoſe who are the open, profeſſed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty and country. When the *Romans* were preſſed with a foreign enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to aſſiſt the

the Government under the public exigence, which appeared ſo laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praiſe of the deceaſed perſon, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our *Engliſh* Ladies, inſtead of ſticking on a patch againſt thoſe of their own country, ſhew themſelves ſo truly public-ſpirited as to ſacrifice every one her necklace againſt the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favor of them?

Since I am collecting upon this ſubject ſuch paſſages as occur to my memory out of ancient Authors; I cannot omit a ſentence in the celebrated funeral oration of *Pericles,* which he made in honor of thoſe brave *Athenians* that were ſlain in a fight with the *Lacedemonians.* After having addreſſed himſelf to the ſeveral ranks and orders of his countrymen, and ſhewn them how they ſhould behave themſelves in the public cauſe, he turns to the female part of his audience; "And as for you (ſays he) I ſhall adviſe you "in very few words: Aſpire only to thoſe virtues that are peculiar to your "ſex; follow your natural modeſty, and think it your greateſt commenda- "tion, not to be talked of one way or other.

N° 83. *Tueſday, June* 5.

——*Animum* pictura *paſcit* inani. Virg.

WHEN the weather hinders me from taking my diverſions without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three ſelect friends, to viſit any thing curious that may be ſeen under covert. My principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, inſomuch that when I have found the weather ſet in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to ſee a gallery that is furniſhed by the hands of great maſters. By this means, when the Heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth ſwims in rain, and all Nature wears a louring countenance, I withdraw myſelf from thoſe uncomfortable ſcenes into the viſionary worlds of art; where I meet with ſhining landſcapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all thoſe other objects that fill the mind with gay Ideas, and diſperſe that gloomineſs which is apt to hang upon it in thoſe dark diſconſolate ſeaſons.

I was ſome weeks ago in a courſe of theſe diverſions: which had taken ſuch an entire poſſeſſion of my imagination, that they formed in it a ſhort morning's

morning's dream, which I ſhall communicate to my Reader, rather as the firſt ſketch and outlines of a viſion, than as a finiſhed piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long ſpacious gallery, which had one ſide covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greateſt maſters that are dead.

On the ſide of the *living*, I ſaw ſeveral perſons buſy in drawing, coloring and deſigning; on the ſide of the *dead* Painters, I could not diſcover more than one perſon at work, who was exceeding ſlow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was reſolved to examine the ſeveral Artiſts that ſtood before me, and accordingly applied myſelf to the ſide of the *living*. The firſt I obſerved at work in this part of the gallery was *Vanity*, with his hair tied behind him in a ribbon, and dreſſed like a *Frenchman*. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their ſmiles, and a certain ſmirking air, which he beſtowed indifferently on every age and degree of either ſex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his Judges, Biſhops, and privy counſellors: in a word, all his men were *Petits Maitres*, and all his women *Coquettes*. The Drapery of his figures was extremely well-ſuited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colors that could be mixt together; every part of the dreſs was in a flutter, and endeavored to diſtinguiſh itſelf above the reſt.

On the left hand of *Vanity* ſtood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dreſſed like a *German*, and had a very hard name that ſounded ſomething like *Stupidity*.

The third Artiſt that I looked over was *Fantaſque*, dreſſed like a *Venetian* Scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at *Chimæra*, and dealt very much in diſtortions and grimaces. He would ſometimes affright himſelf with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In ſhort, the moſt elaborate of his pieces was at beſt but a terrifying dream; and one could ſay nothing more of his fineſt figures, than that they were agreeable monſters.

The fourth perſon I examined, was very remarkable for his haſty hand, which left his piece ſo unfiniſhed, that the beauty in the picture (which was deſigned to continue as a monument of it to poſterity) faded ſooner than in the perſon after whom it was drawn. He made ſo much haſte to diſpatch his buſineſs, that he neither gave himſelf time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colors. The name of this expeditious workman was *Avarice*.

Not far from this Artiſt I ſaw another of a quite different nature, who was dreſſed in the habit of a *Dutchman*, and known by the name of *Induſtry*. His figures were wonderfully labored; if he drew the portraiture of a man, he

he did not omit a ſingle hair in his face; if the figure of a ſhip, there was not a rope among the tackle that eſcaped him. He had likewiſe hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that ſeemed to ſhew themſelves by the candles which were lighted up in ſeveral parts of them; and were ſo inflamed by the ſun-ſhine which accidentally fell upon them, that at firſt ſight I could ſcarce forbear crying out, *Fire.*

The five foregoing Artiſts were the moſt conſiderable on this ſide the gallery; there were indeed ſeveral others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear obſerving, who was very buſy in retouching the fineſt pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before over-charged, loaded every defect, and poiſoned every color it touched. Though this workman did ſo much miſchief on the ſide of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was *Envy.*

Having taken a curſory view of one ſide of the gallery, I turned myſelf to that which was filled by the works of thoſe great maſters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myſelf ſtanding before a multitude of ſpectators, and thouſands of eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared ſo like men and women, that I almoſt forgot they were pictures. *Raphael*'s figures ſtood in one row, *Titian*'s in another, *Guido Rheni*'s in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by *Hannibal Carrache*, another by *Correggio*, and another by *Rubens.* To be ſhort, there was not a great maſter among the dead who had not contributed to the embelliſhment of this ſide of the gallery. The perſons that owed their being to theſe ſeveral maſters appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their ſhapes, complexions, and cloaths; ſo that they looked like different nations of the ſame ſpecies.

Obſerving an old man (who was the ſame perſon I before mentioned, as the only Artiſt that was at work on this ſide of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that ſtood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was ſo very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thouſand touches, ſcarce produced any viſible effect in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he buſied himſelf inceſſantly, and repeated touch after touch without reſt or intermiſſion, he wore off inſenſibly every little diſagreeable gloſs that hung upon a figure: he alſo added ſuch a beautiful brown to the ſhades, and mellowneſs to the colors, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came freſh from the maſter's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient

workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, diſcovered him to be *Time*.

Whether it were becauſe the thread of my dream was at an end, I cannot tell, but upon my taking a ſurvey of this imaginary old man, my ſleep left me.

N° 85. *Thurſday, June 7.*

Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataque recte
Fabula nullius Veneris, ſine pondere et arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliuſque moratur,
Quam verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ. Hor.

IT is the cuſtom of the *Mahometans*, if they ſee any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aſide carefully, as not knowing but it may contain ſome piece of their *Alcoran*. I muſt confeſs I have ſo much of the *Muſſulman* in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatſoever deſpicable circumſtances it may appear: for as no mortal Author, in the ordinary fate and viciſſitude of things, knows to what uſe his works may, ſome time or other, be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a Prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for theſe ſeveral years, has converted the Eſſays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candleſticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a Poem of an eminent Author on a victory, I met with ſeveral fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in ſquibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its ſubject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. *Baxter* under a *Chriſtmas* Pye. Whether or no the paſtry-cook had made uſe of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that ſuperſtitious *Viande*, I know not; but upon the peruſal of it, I conceived ſo good an Idea of the Author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have often profited by theſe accidental readings, and have ſometimes found very curious pieces that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the ſhops of our *London* bookſellers. For this reaſon, when my friends take a

ſurvey

ſurvey of my library, they are very much ſurpriſed to find, upon the ſhelf of folios, two long band-boxes ſtanding upright among my books, till I let them ſee that they are both of them lined with deep erudition, and abſtruſe literature. I might likewiſe mention a paper-kite, from which I have received great improvement: and a hat-caſe, which I would not exchange for all the beavers in *Great-Britain*. This my inquiſitive temper, or rather impertinent humor of prying into all ſorts of writing, with my natural averſion to loquacity, gives me a good deal of employment when I enter any houſe in the country; for I cannot for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly ſtudied the walls of it, and examined the ſeveral printed papers which are uſually paſted upon them. The laſt piece that I met with upon this occaſion, gave me a moſt exquiſite pleaſure. My Reader will think I am not ſerious, when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to ſpeak of was the old Ballad of the *Two children in the Wood*, which is one of the darling Songs of the common people, and has been the delight of moſt *Engliſhmen* in ſome part of their age.

This Song is a plain ſimple copy of nature, deſtitute of all the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty tragical ſtory, and pleaſes for no other reaſon but becauſe it it a copy of nature. There is even a deſpicable ſimplicity in the verſe; and yet becauſe the ſentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the moſt polite Reader with inward meltings of humanity and compaſſion. The incidents grow out of the ſubject, and are ſuch as are the moſt proper to excite pity; for which reaſon the whole narration has ſomething in it very moving, notwithſtanding the Author of it (whoever he was) has delivered it in ſuch an abject phraſe and poorneſs of expreſſion, that the quoting any part of it would look like a deſign of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before ſaid, from one end to the other are natural, and therefore cannot fail to pleaſe thoſe who are not judges of language, or thoſe who, notwithſtanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taſte of nature. The condition, ſpeech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with the age, innocence, and diſtreſs of the children, are ſet forth in ſuch tender circumſtances, that it is impoſſible for a Reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumſtance of the *Robin-red-breaſt*, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to ſhew the genius of the Author amidſt all his ſimplicity, it is juſt the ſame kind of fiction which one of the greateſt of the *Latin* Poets has made uſe of upon a parallel occaſion; I mean that paſſage in *Horace*, where he deſcribes himſelf when he was a child, fallen aſleep in a deſert wood, and covered with leaves by the Turtles that took pity on him.

Me fabuloſæ Vulture in Appulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque ſomno
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
Texere———

I have heard that the late Lord *Dorſet,* who had the greateſt wit tempered with the greateſt candor, and was one of the fineſt Critics as well as the beſt Poets, of his age, had a numerous collection of old *Engliſh* Ballads, and took a particular pleaſure in the reading of them. I can affirm the ſame of Mr. *Dryden,* and know ſeveral of the moſt refined writers of our preſent age who are of the ſame humor.

I might likewiſe refer my Reader to *Moliere*'s thoughts on this ſubject, as he has expreſſed them in the character of the *Miſanthrope;* but thoſe only who are endowed with a true greatneſs of Soul and Genius, can diveſt themſelves of the little Images of Ridicule, and admire nature in her ſimplicity and nakedneſs. As for the little conceited Wits of the age, who can only ſhew their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be ſuppoſed to admire theſe productions, which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to reliſh even thoſe compoſitions that, with all the beauties of Nature, have alſo the additional advantages of Art.

N° 86. *Friday, June* 8.

Heu quam difficile eſt crimen non prodere vultu! Ovid.

THERE are ſeveral Arts which all men are in ſome meaſure maſters of, without having been at the pains of learning them. Every one that ſpeaks or reaſons is a Grammarian and a Logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of Grammar or Logic, as they are delivered in books and ſyſtems. In the ſame manner, every one is in ſome degree a maſter of that Art which is generally diſtinguiſhed by the name of Phyſiognomy; and naturally forms to himſelf the character or fortune of a ſtranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no ſooner preſented to any one we never ſaw before, but we are immediately ſtruck with the idea of a proud, a reſerved, an affable, or a good-natured

natured man; and upon our firſt going into a company of ſtrangers, our benevolence or averſion, awe or contempt, riſes naturally towards ſeveral particular perſons, before we have heard them ſpeak a ſingle word, or ſo much as know who they are.

Every paſſion gives a particular caſt to the countenance, and is apt to diſcover itſelf in ſome feature or other. I have ſeen an eye curſe for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man ſcoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, reſent, languiſh, deſpair, and die, in dumb ſhow. For my own part, I am ſo apt to frame a notion of every man's humor or circumſtances by his looks, that I have ſometimes employed myſelf from *Charing-Croſs* to the *Royal-Exchange* in drawing the characters of thoſe who have paſſed by me. When I ſee a man with a ſour rivell'd face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, I think on the happineſs of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous ſaying to a ſtranger who ſtood ſilent in his company, *Speak that I may ſee thee*. But, with ſubmiſſion, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's ſpeech is much more eaſily diſguiſed than his countenance. In this caſe, however, I think the air of the whole face is much more expreſſive than the lines of it: the truth of it is, the air is generally nothing elſe but the inward diſpoſition of the mind made viſible.

Thoſe who have eſtabliſhed Phyſiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging mens tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this ſubject.

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læſus;
Rem magnam præſtas, Zoile, ſi bonus es.

Thy beard and head are of a different die;
Short of one foot, diſtorted in an eye:
With all theſe tokens of a knave complete,
Should'ſt thou be honeſt, thou'rt a dev'liſh cheat.

I have ſeen a very ingenious Author on this ſubject, who founds his ſpeculations on the ſuppoſition, that as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeneſs to that of an Ox, a Sheep, a Lion, an Hog, or any other creature; he hath the ſame reſemblance in the frame of his mind, and is ſubject to thoſe paſſions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of ſeveral faces that are of a different mould, and by a little over-charging the likeneſs, diſcovers the

the figures of theſe ſeveral kinds of brutal faces in human features. I remember in the life of the famous Prince of *Conde* the writer obſerves, the face of that Prince was like the face of an Eagle, and that the Prince was very well pleaſed to be told ſo. In this caſe therefore we may be ſure, that he had in his mind ſome general implicit notion of this art of Phyſiognomy which I have juſt now mentioned; and that when his Courtiers told him his face was made like an Eagle's, he underſtood them in the ſame manner as if they had told him, there was ſomething in his looks which ſhewed him to be ſtrong, active, piercing, and of a royal deſcent. Whether or no the different motions of the animal ſpirits in different paſſions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the ſame kind of ſouls require the ſame kind of habitations, I ſhall leave to the conſideration of the curious. In the mean time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honeſt, juſt, good-natured man, in ſpite of all thoſe marks and ſignatures which nature ſeems to have ſet upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among thoſe, who inſtead of being exaſperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themſelves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting thoſe beauties which are more laſting, and more ornamental. I have ſeen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have obſerved a certain chearfulneſs in as bad a ſyſtem of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an inſolent beauty. There is a double praiſe due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that ſeems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many ſuch caſes the ſoul and the body do not ſeem to be fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary inſtance of this nature. There chanced to be a great Phyſiognomiſt in his time at *Athens,* who had made ſtrange diſcoveries of mens tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. *Socrates*'s diſciples, that they might put this Artiſt to the trial, carried him to their maſter, whom he had never ſeen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a ſhort examination of his face, the Phyſiognomiſt pronounced him the moſt lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow, that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the diſciples all burſt out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falſhood and vanity of his art. But *Socrates* told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithſtanding his preſent miſtake: for that he himſelf was naturally inclined to thoſe particular vices which the Phyſiognomiſt had diſcovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the ſtrong diſpoſitions he was born with by the dictates of Philoſophy.

We

We are indeed told by an ancient Author, that *Socrates* very much reſembled *Silenus* in his face; which we find to have been very rightly obſerved from the ſtatues and buſts of both, that are ſtill extant; as well as on ſeveral antique ſeals and precious ſtones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however obſervations of this nature may ſometimes hold, a wiſe man ſhould be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injuſtice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of thoſe whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred againſt a perſon of worth, or fancy a man to be proud and ill-natured by his aſpect, whom we think we cannot eſteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character? Dr. *Moore*, in his admirable ſyſtem of ethics, reckons this particular inclination to take a prejudice againſt a man for his looks, among the ſmaller vices in morality, and, if I remember, gives it the name of a *Proſopolepſia*.

N° 89. *Tueſday, June* 12.

——— *Petite hinc juveneſque ſeneſque*
Finem animo certum, miſeriſque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quaſi magnum
Nempe diem donas; ſed cum lux altera venit
Jam cras heſternum conſumpſimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, et ſemper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone ſub uno
Vertentem ſeſe ſruſtra ſectabere canthum. Perſ.

AS my correſpondents upon the ſubject of love are very numerous, it is my deſign, if poſſible, to range them under ſeveral heads, and addreſs myſelf to them at different times. The firſt branch of them, to whoſe ſervice I ſhall dedicate this paper, are thoſe that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for ſpinning out the time of courtſhip to an immoderate length, without being able either to cloſe with their lovers, or to diſmiſs them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints againſt this ſort of women. In one of them no leſs a man than a brother of the coiff tells me, that he began his ſuit *Viceſimo nono Caroli ſecundi* before he had

had been a twelve-month at the *Temple;* that he profecuted it for many years after he was called to the Bar; that at preſent he is a Serjeant at Law; and notwithſtanding he hoped that matters would have been long ſince brought to an iſſue, the fair one ſtill *demurs.* I am ſo well pleaſed with this Gentleman's Phraſe, that I ſhall diſtinguiſh this ſect of women by the title of *Demurrers.* I find by another letter from one that calls himſelf *Thyrſis*, that his miſtreſs has been demurring above theſe ſeven years. But among all my Plaintiffs of this nature, I muſt pity the unfortunate *Philander*, a man of a conſtant paſſion and plentiful fortune, who ſets forth that the timorous and irreſolute *Sylvia* has demurred till ſhe is paſt child-bearing. *Strephon* appears by his letter to be a very choleric lover, and irrevocably ſmitten with one that demurs out of ſelf-intereſt. He tells me with great paſſion that ſhe has bubbled him out of his youth; that ſhe drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily believes ſhe will drop him in his old age if ſhe can find her account in another. I ſhall conclude this narrative with a letter from honeſt *Sam Hopewell*, a very pleaſant fellow, who it ſeems has at laſt married a *Demurrer:* I muſt only premiſe, that *Sam*, who is a very good bottle-companion, has been the diverſion of his friends, upon account of his paſſion, ever ſince the year one thouſand ſix hundred and eighty one.

Dear Sir,

" YOU know very well my paſſion for Mrs. *Martha*, and what a dance " ſhe has led me: ſhe took me out at the age of two and twenty, and " dodged with me above thirty years. I have loved her till ſhe is grown as " gray as a cat, and am with much ado become the maſter of her perſon, " ſuch as it is at preſent. She is however in my eye a very charming old " woman. We often lament that we did not marry ſooner, but ſhe has no- " body to blame for it but herſelf: You know very well that ſhe would never " think of me whilſt ſhe had a tooth in her head. I have put the date of " my paſſion *(Anno Amoris trigeſimo primo)* inſtead of a poeſy, on my wed- " ding-ring. I expect you ſhould ſend me a congratulatory letter, or, if " you pleaſe, an *Epithalamium*, upon this occaſion.

Mrs. Martha's *and yours eternally,*

SAM HOPEWELL.

In order to baniſh an evil out of the world, that does not only produce great uneaſineſs to private perſons, but has alſo a very bad influence on the public, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew the folly of *Demurring* from two or three reflections, which I earneſtly recommend to the thoughts of my fair Readers.

Firſt

First of all I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the flood, a lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had she nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the *Jews*, before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

In the second place, I would desire my female Readers to consider, that as the term of life is short, that of beauty is much shorter. The finest skin wrinkles in a few years, and loses the strength of its coloring so soon, that we have scarce time to admire it. I might embellish this subject with roses and rainbows, and several other ingenious conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another opportunity.

There is a third consideration which I would likewise recommend to a demurrer, and that is the great danger of her falling in love when she is about threescore, if she cannot satisfy her doubts and scruples before that time. There is a kind of *latter spring*, that sometimes gets into the blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an animal. I would therefore have the demurrer consider what a strange figure she will make, if she chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final resolution, in that unseasonable part of her life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural modesty in the sex, which renders a retreat from the first approaches of a lover both fashionable and graceful; all that I intend, is, to advise them, when they are prompted by reason and inclination, to demur only out of form, and so far as decency requires. A virtuous woman should reject the first offer of marriage, as a good man does that of a bishopric; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this particular propose the example of *Eve* to all her daughters, as *Milton* has represented her in the following passage, which I cannot forbear transcribing entire, though only the twelve last lines are to my present purpose.

The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but diff'rent sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,

And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart unfelt before:
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable. On ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial ſanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf . . . . .
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd
The more deſirable; or, to ſay all,
Nature herſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me ſhe turn'd;
I follow'd her: She what was honor knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approved
My pleaded reaſon. To the nuptial bower
I led her bluſhing like the morn——

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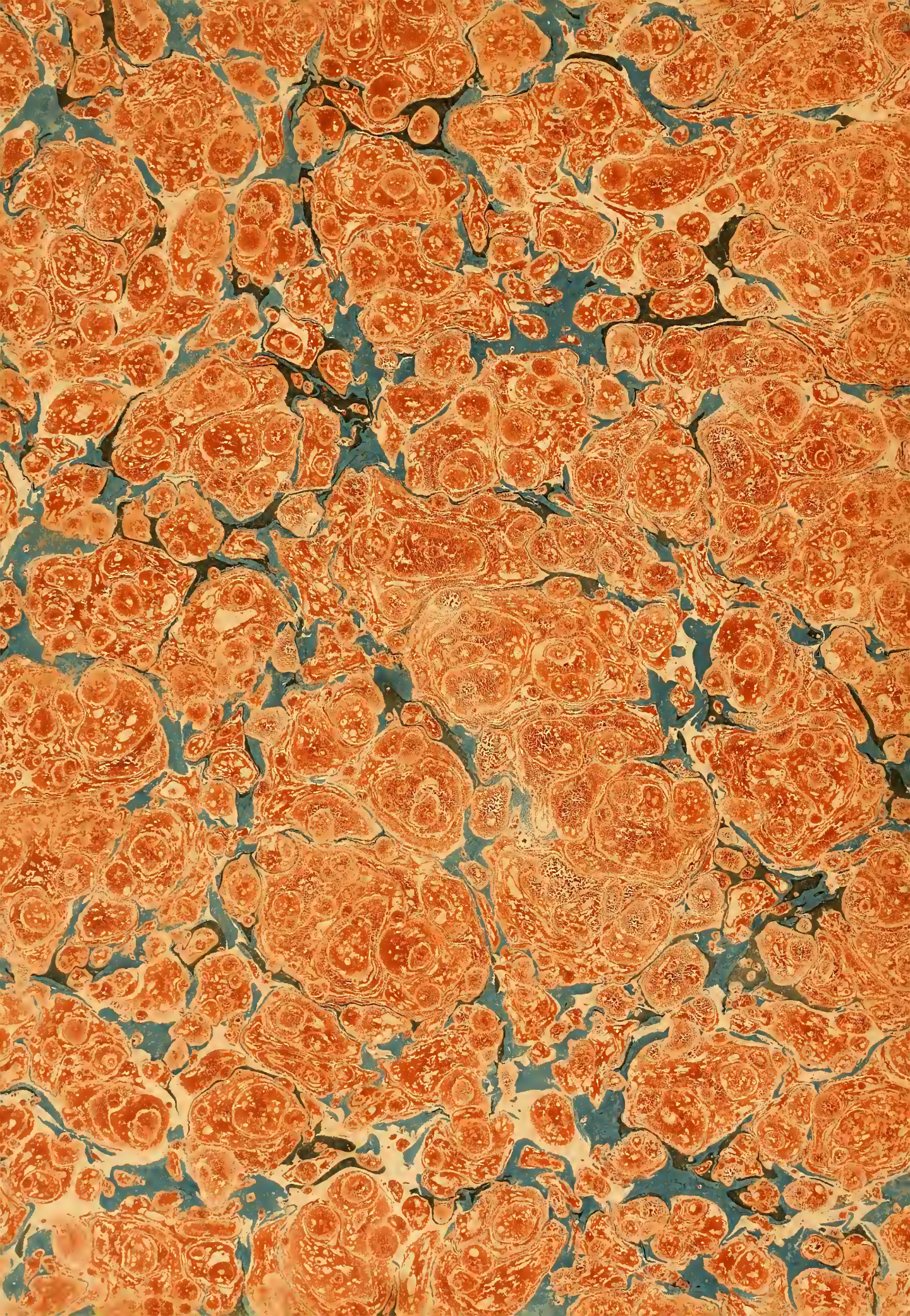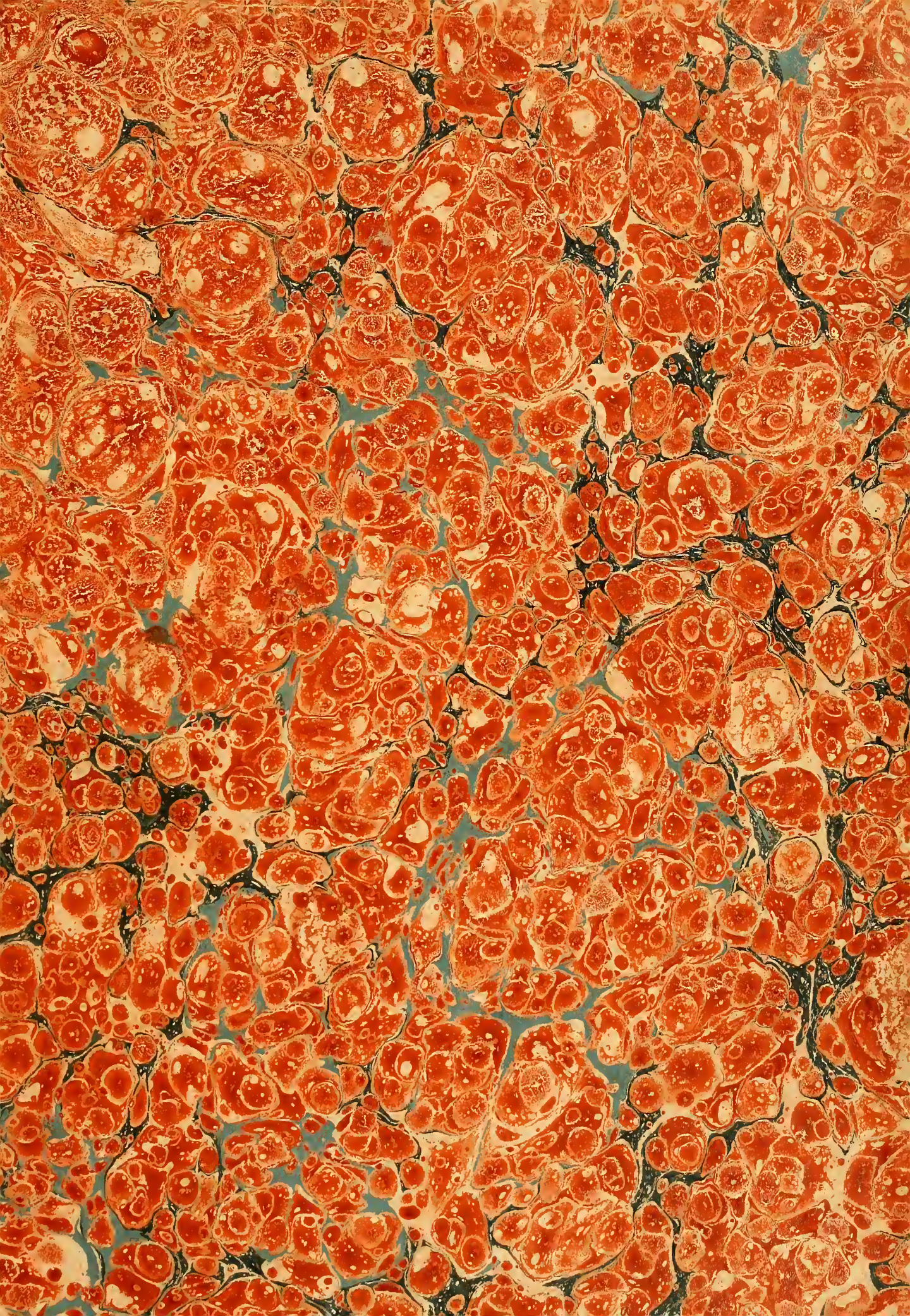
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